THE CHURCH AND HOME Metrical PSALTER AND HYMNAL

WINDLE

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCC
4161

Division

Section

3/1/48

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/memetric00wind

THE CHURCH AND HOME

Metrical Psalter and Hymnal.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 31 1933
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE CHURCH AND HOME

Metrical Psalter and Hymnal:

CONTAINING

NEARLY SIX HUNDRED PSALMS AND HYMNS

WITH APPROPRIATE TUNES,

TOGETHER WITH A COLLECTION OF CHANTS AND RESPONSES,

Adapted for Congregational and Family Use.

EDITED BY

THE REV. WILLIAM WINDLE, M.A.,

RECTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK, AND ST. BENET'S.

The Music Revised by

GEORGE COOPER, ESQ.,

ORGANIST OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPEL ROYAL, AND OF ST. SEPULCHRE'S, LONDON.

LONDON:

ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE,

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, TYPOGRAPHICAL MUSIC AND GENERAL PRINTERS,
CHANDOS STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE vii

INDEX OF SUBJECTS xi

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES xvi

GENERAL CHANT 1

PSALMS AND HYMNS. 7.6. 1

„ „ C.M. 2

„ „ L.M. 66

„ „ S.M. 109

„ „ 7s. 122

„ „ Old 112th 142

„ „ 8.7.4. 143

„ „ 8.7. 150

„ „ Various 158

„ „ (Addenda) 190

DOXOLOGIES (1 to 8) 191

SINGLE CHANTS 192

DOUBLE CHANTS 198

THE CANTICLES POINTED FOR CHANTING 210

Venite, exultemus Domino 210

Anthem for Easter Day 211

Te Deum 211

Benedicite, omnia opera 214

Benedictus 215

Jubilate Deo 216

THE CANTICLES—*continued.*

PAGE

Magnificat 216

Cantate Domino 216

Nunc dimittis 217

Deus misereatur 217

QUADRUPLE CHANT 212

RESPONSES 218

DOXOLOGIES 221

TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE REFERRED TO IN HYMNS 224

PSALMS AND HYMNS ARRANGED FOR THE YEAR 227

INDEX OF PSALMS 228

„ HYMNS 231

PREFACE.

THE Editor deems it necessary to state that a work, bearing a similar title to this, was issued by the Publishers nearly three years ago. It is at their request that he has undertaken to remodel that book, with a view to the requirements of his own, and other congregations. Accordingly, many hymns have been removed and others substituted in their place, suited to the various occasions and seasons of the Church, sermons for charitable and missionary objects, days of national thanksgiving and humiliation, &c. Some which were curtailed have been lengthened, and others have been corrected, where necessary, by collation with their originals, wherever practicable. A copious Index of Subjects has also been drawn up.

The book is for *Church and Home* use. The hymns have not, however, been separated on this account, as clergymen differ so much in the choice of hymns for public worship. That which one might regard as applicable only to the retirement of the closet, another might select as suitable to the subject of his sermon, or to the special circumstances of his congregation at a particular time. There will be no real difficulty in distinguishing, after consulting the Index of Subjects. From this it will be seen that they embrace every condition of humanity, and every variety of Christian experience. The Editor believes that they will be found to be in harmony with the teaching of Holy Scripture and the Articles of the Church. A collection of nearly six hundred psalms and hymns may surely be regarded as sufficient for every purpose. Some may deem it too long; but this is a fault (if it be one), on the right side, as it affords ample range, while the size is not inconvenient, nor the price high.

As to the *arrangement:*—it will be observed that in the editions of this work without music,* the Psalms are given first by themselves, and then the Hymns in alphabetical *and* numerical order. This arrangement was, of course, impracticable in the present book, unless the tunes had been frequently repeated. And here the Editor must be permitted to say that in no existing work which he has ever seen,

* Fcap. 24mo, price 4d. and 9d.; 8vo, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

has the arrangement been such as altogether to satisfy him. The two modes generally aimed at are, to classify according to the Church's seasons,—or, to the various phases of Christian experience. But many hymns which are thus grouped, will, on a more careful perusal, be found to have a double, or even a more extensive application. To place these where they can, in strict propriety, only be sung at one particular season of the year, or at one particular time, when they are applicable to several, is to impair their usefulness, and to require a larger number than is really necessary. The Editor does not permit himself to hope that the plan here pursued will obviate all defects. It was strongly represented that the alphabetical arrangement was preferable for those who would use the editions without music —particularly the labouring classes and Sunday-school children, while it has the positive advantage of easy reference. In the present or musical edition, the psalms and hymns are placed with that particular tune to which they are suited, and bearing the same numbers as those of the smaller book. There is no difficulty in using the two hymnals together; inasmuch as at the head of each psalm and hymn in the smaller edition, the tune and page of the same psalm or hymn in this book are given, showing there where they may here be found.* A glance at the Index of Subjects will enable the reader to turn to hymns suitable to any topic or season. By this arrangement no one tune is repeated.

A few words with regard to the TUNES. For the selection of these, and for the adaptation of the hymns to them, the Editor is mainly responsible; while for the harmony, the able assistance of Mr. Cooper has been obtained. They will, it is confidently hoped, commend themselves to all who appreciate good music in the Church and in the family,† and will be found adequate to the requirements which the present improved taste for sacred music, of a classical character, happily demands. They have been selected from the best sources, both ancient and modern, excellence being aimed at rather than novelty. Many well-known standard tunes, together with

* Let the *number* of the Psalm or Hymn AND the page be announced to the congregation. The small book is not paged.

† To those who sing at home, but not at church, the following remarks of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie are commended: "People seem to forget that of all parts of this earthly worship the singing is the only part we shall take with us to heaven. There will be no preaching there; there will be no praying there; but there the sound of God's praise is never to cease. For myself I know nothing more revolting than to see a fine lady sit down at a piano, on a fine evening, and warble out the finest music, who, when she comes to the house of God, sits mute there, as if God's praises were not worthy of being sung!"

several valuable ones from German chorales, will be found here. Some appear now in print for the first time, and are, with many of the others, private property; the copyright having either been purchased,* or permission having been obtained by the Editor for their insertion in this work. He trusts that they will be found to be characterized by solemnity without tediousness, and cheerfulness without levity. But these valuable elements will be undistinguishable if the *time* be not carefully attended to. While no tune should be taken so slowly as to drawl, yet a caution may not be out of place against a too rapid rate. We want devotional singing, not operatic—and to go through a penitential hymn in *presto* time, is little short of mockery. A devotional spirit and a correct taste will rarely miss the right *tempo*.

There is also added a good collection of Chants, Responses, and Doxologies.

The Editor has the pleasing duty of returning grateful thanks to his former Diocesan, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ely, not only for original tunes to this work, but for much valuable criticism; also to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, for permission to print the tune on page 167; to Sir George Smart, composer and organist of the Chapel Royal, for kindly writing out, at the advanced age of eighty-six, his beautiful tune Brunswick, for this work; to the Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., for two new tunes and much valuable research; to the Rev. W. H. Havergal, for permission to insert several tunes; to the Rev. W. Mercer, for permission to print Bohemia and Upsal; to Andrew Jackson, Esq., for a new tune and excellent suggestions; to A. W. Reinagle, C. H. Purday, and J. A. Novello, Esquires, for leave to use certain of their compositions; to the Rev. T. R. Matthews, for the arrangement of Missionary and Innocents from his work, *Congregational Melodies;* also to the Rev. Dr. Neale, for the insertion of the hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden;" and to various kind friends, who will only look for this general acknowledgment; specially excepting the Rev. D. T. Barry, who for some time was associated with the Editor in this work, and to whose labours it is greatly indebted,—and George Cooper, Esq., organist of her Majesty's Chapel Royal, who has carefully revised or supplied the harmonies, and enriched it with several of his own compositions.

In conclusion. This humble contribution to the service of sacred song, of con-

* The public is perhaps scarcely aware of the expense of purchasing copyright music. The Editor wished to have a certain double chant for the "Te Deum," with an adagio part for several of its verses, by an eminent Composer; but permission for its insertion was refused under the sum of fifty pounds! It is needless to add that that chant does *not* appear here.

gregational and domestic worship—a "labour of love" on the part of the Editor—is committed to the press with earnest prayer that the great Head of the Church will make it effective in the promotion of His glory, and in aiding all sincere worshippers to offer up not only the language and song of the lips, but the true homage of the heart.

W. W.

53, *Doughty-street, W.C.*
December 9th, 1862.

Two years have elapsed since the above was written, and the Editor has now the satisfaction of knowing that this work has been introduced into MORE THAN A HUNDRED Churches, while testimony to its value is continually being received from the Clergy, both at home and abroad.

In this edition the Canticles are pointed. It has a large additional number of Chants, an additional Response, and several Doxologies. The names of the Composers of the hymns are also given, together with an Index of Texts and an Arrangement of Psalms and Hymns to be sung throughout the year.

January, 1865.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

The *first* number refers to the PSALM or HYMN; the *second* (in the parenthesis) to its PAGE.

ADOPTION, 37 (120).
Adoration, 151 (176); 390 (99).
Advent, Christ's first, *v.* Feasts, Christmas.
,, ,, second, Ps. 72 (180); Ps. 97 (93); Ps. 98 (14): Hy. 2 (67); 31 (177); 49 (7); 72 (152); 137 (37); 144 (8); 147 (127); 217, 222 (143); 234 (151); 411 (74); 429 (42).
Affliction, comfort in, 2 (67); 74 (85); 110 (136); 154 (155); 406 (110); 431 (95).
,, prayer under, Ps. 69 (67); Ps. 119, ii., (30): Hy. 252 (102); 274 (99); 284 (13); 418 (159).
,, sanctified, 291 (5); 316 (81); 417 (177).
Age, old, Ps. 71 (46).
Agony, *v.* Passion-week.
Alms-giving, *v.* Liberality.
Angels, ministry of, 170 (96); 186 (29); 188 (166).
,, saints joining the song of, 123 (139); 249 (78).
Annunciation of B. V. Mary, *v.* Saints' days.
Anxiety, *v.* Care.
Armour, Christian, *v.* Life, a warfare.
Ashamed of Christ, not, *v.* Christ.
Assurance, *v.* Faith.
Ascension, *v.* Feasts.
Atonement, *v.* Christ.

BACKSLIDING, Ps. 25 (111): Hy. 229 (2); 299 (6); 326 (75); 441 (175).
Baptism, 156 (140); 185 (15); 203 (47); 334 (156); 335 (10); 336 (55).
Believers, character and duties of, Ps. 1 (2); Ps. 1, ii., (53): Hy. 389 (11).
,, exhorted, 30 (98); 298 (132); 368 (3).
,, happiness and privileges of. Ps. 33 (7); Ps. 84 (126): Hy. 37 (120); 52 (132); 293 (173); 324 (12).
,, security of, Ps. 27 (9); Ps. 107 (5); Ps. 121 (23): Hy. 170 (96); 186 (29); 377 (22); 392 (171); 398 (113); 406 (110).
,, strength and grace promised to, 5 (82); 30 (98); 298 (132).
Benefit Society, *v.* Charities.
Bereavement, *v.* Affliction, Mourning.
Bible, *v.* Holy Scriptures.
Bride, the Church, Christ's, 49 (7).
Britain, *v.* National.
Burden, cast on the Lord, 51 (131).
Burial, 38 (38); 435 (63).

CANAAN, *v.* Heaven.
Care, 32 (108); 51 (131); 114 (180); 157 (130).
Care, deliverance from, 127 (97); 342 (181); 416 (41).
Charity, Ps. 112 (91): Hy. 150 (84); 153 (81); 243 (53).
Charities, Hospital, Ps. 41 (15).
,, School, 44 (53); 335 (10); *v.* Children.
,, Orphanage, 150 (84); 335 (10).
,, Friendly Society, 314 (69).
Child, spirit of, Ps. 131 (155): Hy. 232 (123); 323 (141).
Children, 12 (48); 160 (131); 228 (44); 334 (156); 335 (10); 336 (55); 420 (22).
Christ, His birth, *v.* Advent first, Christmas.
,, love, 14 (178); 20 (27); 28 (66); 143 (139); 199 (154); 242 (78); 246 (153); 264 (79); 315 (63).
,, Name, 152 (61); 171 (16); 177 (181); 196 (41); 353 (141); 369 (19); 385 (17).
,, sufferings and death, *v.* Passion-week, Good Friday.
,, sympathy, 365 (95); 414 (83); 415 (179); 424 (138); 430 (76); 440 (29).
,, triumph and kingdom, Ps. 72 (180); Ps. 98 (14): Hy. 9 (43); 147 (127); 200 (87); 215 (44); 222 (143); 255 (86); 329 (69); 344 (93); 363 (169); 429 (42).
,, not ashamed of, 194 (75).
,, our Advocate, 286 (172); 364 (27); 365 (95); 430 (76).
,, all, 177 (181); 197 (153); 232 (123).
,, Brother and Friend, 309 (150); 414 (83).
,, Example, 177 (181); 196 (41); 249 (78).
,, Foundation, Ps. 118 (10).
,, Guide, 33 (171); 52 (132); 93 (122).
,, Head of the Church, 151 (176).
,, our High Priest, 385 (17); 440 (29).
,, Judge, 366 (99).
,, Righteousness, 100 (123); 106 (22); 177 (181); 202 (86); 242 (78); 261 (115); 375 (29).
,, Shield, Rock, and Refuge, 20 (27); 84 (26); 199 (154); 327 (125).
,, Shepherd, *v.* Shepherd.
,, Strength, 30 (98); 213 (103); 386 (173).
,, the Lamb, 65 (42); 118 (183); 139 (146); 148 (145); 206 (172); 261 (115); 375 (29); 385 (17).
,, our Light and Sun, 55 (137); 92 (64); 216 (153); 236 (186); 342 (181).
,, coming to, 152 (61); 206 (172).
,, leaning on, 51 (131); 84 (26); 106 (22); 210 (102); 415 (179).
,, leaving all for, 195 (148); 197 (153).
,, longing for, 53 (74); 246 (153); 280 (93).
,, our debt to, 201 (78); 428 (137).

Christ, rejoicing in, *v.* Rejoicing.
,, rest in, 84 (26); 212 (85); 262 (125); 294 (190).
,, the way, &c., 321 (4); 383 (36).
,, triumphing or glorying in, 194 (75); 262 (125).
,, unchangeable, 143 (139); 176 (70).
Christian, *v.* Believer.
Christmas, *v.* Feasts.
Church, privileges and security of, Ps. 87 (147).
,, building, 381 (81).
,, in heaven and earth, one, 66 (28); 340 (65).
,, glorified, 117 (18); 169 (31); 219 (101); 407 (104).
,, militant, 371 (32); *v.* Life, a warfare.
,, Zion, a type of, Ps. 87 (147): Hy. 444 (157).
,, the National, *v.* National.
Circumcision, *v.* Feasts.
Clinging to God, Ps. 141 (123): Hy. 157 (130); 241 (127); 259 (158).
Coldness and deadness of Spirit, 220 (39); 418 (159).
Comfort, *v.* Affliction.
Communion of Saints, 66 (28); 135 (135).
,, with God, *v.* God.
,, first, 238 (160).
,, service, thanksgiving in, 397 (45).
Confidence, *v.* Trust.
Confirmation, 221 (80); 238 (160); 301 (105).
Conflict, *v.* Life, a warfare.
Consecration, self, 7 (62); 70 (74); 164 (32); 242 (78); 279 (168); 387 (179); 419 (93).
,, Church, 134 (43); 386 (173).
Contentment, 182 (158); 316 (81).
Contrition and Confession, Ps. 6 (47); Ps. 51 (116), Pt. ii. (95), Pt. iii. (83); Ps. 78 (26): Hy. 68 (39); 98 (165); 116 (133); 229 (2); 239 (20); 244 (35); 333 (138); 367 (18).
Conversion, *v.* Grace.
Covenant, 253 (59).
Courage, Christian, Ps. 77 (21): Hy. 30 (93); 93 (122); 288 (70); 298 (132).
Creation, *v.* God, His works.
Cross, the Christian's, 197 (153); 304 (26); 370 (36).

Daily duties and cares, 1 (119); 22 (179); 109 (100); 260 (89).
Darkness, spiritual, Ps. 13 (9); Ps. 42 (49): Hy. 55 (137); 386 (173); 413 (88); 439 (107).
Death of Christ, *v.* Fasts, Passion-week, Good Friday.
,, of a Christian, 3 (164); 25 (82); 155 (49); 167 (72); 311 (159); 395 (5).
,, deliverance from fear of, 28 (66); 168 (31); 421 (57); 422 (25).
,, prayer in prospect of, 3 (164); 23 (48); 129 (189); 184 (188); 208 (185); 281 (48); 286 (172); 297 (72); 379 (33).
,, warning voice of, 38 (38); 297 (72); 373 (39); 379 (33); 410 (58).
Decision, 41 (135); 301 (105).
Delay, 75 (121); 399 (112).
Delight in God, Ps. 42 (50): Hy. 254 (60); 276 (29).
Diligence, 1 (119); 29 (25).
Dismissal, *v.* Worship.
Distress, spiritual, 84 (26); 437 (68).
,, temporal, 278 (45); 316 (81); 415 (179); 439 (107).
,, prayer under, 241 (127); 278 (45).
Doubts and fears, 84 (26); 131 (123); 262 (125); 413 (88); 438 (149).
Doxologies, (191).

Ember Week, *v.* Fasts.
Emmanuel, 33 (171); 152 (61); 353 (141).
Epiphany, *v.* Feasts.
Evening, 121 (80); 183 (31); 332 (155); 351 (84); 393 (150).
,, Sabbath, 331 (112); 360 (105).
,, Saturday, 328 (135).

Faith, assurance of, Ps. 17 (71): Hy. 20 (27); 33 (171); 202 (86); 394 (189); 416 (41); 436 (24); 438 (149).
,, power of, 94 (60); 422 (25).
Fall, *v.* Backsliding.
Fasts:—Ember weeks, 102 (97); 166 (119); 318 (71).
Lent, Ps. 6 (47); Ps. 13 (9); Ps. 69 (67); Ps. 78 (26); Ps. 86 (54); Ps. 112 (91); Ps. 130 (49): Hy. 230 (139); 274 (99); 296 (53).
Passion-week, 14 (178); 79 (63); 123 (139); 231 (62); 315 (63); 333 (138); 352 (152); 396 (63); 424 (138).
Good Friday, 7 (62); 120 (145); 139 (146); 148 (145); 419 (98).
Public or National, 86 (157); 233 (25); 274 (99).
Fear of God, Ps. 19 (36); Ps. 111 (97).
Feasts:—Lord's Day, *v.* Lord's Day.
Advent, *v.* Advent.
Christmas, 17 (146); 56 (162); 108 (20); 145 (124); 159 (37); 282 (37); 325 (111); 343 (124); 361 (182).
Circumcision, 87 (33).
Epiphany, 50 (85); 140 (154); 218 (106).
Easter, 18 (129); 54 (129); 58 (74); 149 (73); 176 (70); 205 (129); 357 (175); 380 (59).
Ascension, Ps. 24 (27); Ps. 68 (76): Hy. 138 (129); 139 (146); 189 (77); 215 (44); 236 (186); 382 (115); 401 (51).
Whit Sunday, Ps. 68 (76): Hy. 60 (88); 61 (77); 78 (161); 347 (43); 348 (77); 349 (47).
Trinity, 40 (106); 90 (176); 101 (103); 119 (134); 135 (135); 162 (184); 173 (175); 209 (148); 391 (183).
Festive occasion, 187 (104).
Forgiveness, blessedness of, Ps. 32 (100).
,, duty of, 389 (11).
Friendly Society, *v.* Charities.
Funeral, *v.* Death, Burial.

God—Covenant-keeping and faithful, Ps. 146 (55): Hy. 253 (59); 296 (53); 319 (145).
,, His attributes, Ps. 36 (105): Hy. 245 (40); 398 (113); 443 (3).
,, glory in His works, Ps. 19 (19); Ps. 93 (75).
,, love, Ps. 103 (89); Ps. 106 (71): Hy. 387 (179); 415 (179).
,, majesty, Ps. 8 (53); Ps. 18 (9); Ps. 97 (93); Ps. 99 (100); Ps. 104 (171): Hy. 306 (170).
,, omniscience, Ps. 139 (71), Pt. ii. (104): Hy. 12 (48); 288 (70).
,, pardoning mercy, Ps. 32 (100); Ps. 103 (89); Ps. 130 (117): Hy. 98 (165); 132 (178); 306 (170).
,, providence and care, Ps. 136 (174): Hy. 89 (9); 110 (136); 392 (171); 398 (113); 431 (95).
,, our Father, Ps. 78 (26): Hy. 252 (102); 310 (45).
,, Guide, 136 (149); 271 (57); 338 (145).
,, Help and Defence, Ps. 3 (55); Ps. 27 (9); Ps. 62 (60); Ps. 90 (21), Pt. iii. (25); Ps. 91 (142); Ps. 146 (55): Hy. 437 (68).
,, Portion, Ps. 17 (71): Hy. 241 (127); 276 (29).
,, Rock and Refuge, Ps. 9 (11); Ps. 18 (90); Ps. 46 (64), Pt. ii. (142); Ps. 61 (117); Ps. 62 (60): Hy. 230 (139); 377 (22).
,, Sun, Light and Shield, Ps. 84 (24): Hy. 45 (125); 125 (147); 188 (166); 254 (60); 256 (58); 293 (173).
,, communion with, Ps. 42 (50): Hy. 96 (15).
,, walking with, Ps. 111 (97): Hy. 157 (130); 180 (96); 259 (153); 260 (89); 279 (168); 299 (6).
,, unchangeable, Ps. 90 (21).
Good Friday, *v.* Fasts.
Gospel, blessings of, Ps. 89 (3): Hy. 166 (119).
,, feast, 115 (141); 359 (52); 390 (99).
,, spread of, *v.* Missions.
Grace, converting and assisting, Ps. 84 (126); Ps. 119, iii., (30): Hy. 71 (153); 130 (113); 180 (96).
Gratitude, 71 (153); 127 (97); 243 (58).
Guidance, *v.* God our Guide.

Happiness in Christ, 141 (122).
Harvest, *v.* Seasons.
Heart, broken, *v.* Contrition.
,, given to Christ, 164 (32).
,, renewed, 229 (2); 269 (50).
Heathen, *v.* Missions.
Heaven, happiness and glory of, Ps. 55 (166), Pt. ii. (187): Hy. 97 (28); 117 (18); 179 (161); 376 (35); 444 (157); 445 (1).
,, our home and rest, 95 (109); 182 (158).
,, desired, Ps. 55 (166), Pt. ii. (187): Hy. 95 (109); 107 (119); 112 (120); 192 (56); 211 (107); 212 (85); 258 (187).
Heaven, type of Canaan, 112 (120); 376 (35).
,, ,, Jerusalem, 192 (56); 193 (167).
,, ,, Zion, 26 (118).
Holiness, longed for, 70 (74); 180 (96); 299 (6).
Holy Spirit, gift of, *v.* Whit Sunday.
,, Comforter, 62 (117); 95 (109); 161 (155); 436 (24).
,, Sanctifier, 60 (88); 64 (47); 78 (161); 163 (130).
,, Teacher, 61 (77); 283 (91); 372 (10).
,, various emblems of, 347 (43).
,, ,, offices of, 131 (123).
Hope, Ps. 97 (182): Hy. 256 (58); 304 (26).
Humiliation, *v.* Fasts.
Humility, Ps. 123 (130); Ps. 131 (155): Hy. 196 (41); 229 (2); 232 (123); 239 (20); 323 (141).

Idolatry, Spiritual, 299 (6).
Intercession, *v.* Christ, our Advocate.

Jerusalem, prayer for, Ps. 122 (23); Ps. 137 (68): Hy. 80 (85); 302 (167).
,, typical, *v.* Church, Heaven.
,, a warning, 191 (35).
Jesus, *v.* Christ.
Jews, *v.* Missions.
Journey, *v.* Life.
Joy, *v.* Rejoicing.
Jubilee, 146 (121); 147 (127).
Judgment, day of, 82 (121); 83 (186); 133 (169); 355 (73); 366 (99); 411 (74); 425 (49).
Justification, *v.* Christ, our Righteousness.

King or Queen, *v.* National.

Lamb of God, *v.* Christ.
Liberality, 270 (118).
Life, shortness and uncertainty of, Ps. 39 (51); Ps. 90 (25): Hy. 373 (39); 399 (112); 445 (1).
,, the Christian, a pilgrimage, 24 (99); 52 (132); 95 (109); 136 (149); 182 (158); 252 (102); 271 (57); 304 (26); 338 (145); 405 (72).
,, ,, a race, Ps. 119, ii., (30); 29 (25); 30 (98).
,, ,, a voyage, 199 (154); 209 (148); 280 (93); 438 (149); 439 (107).
,, ,, a warfare, 93 (122); 298 (132); 341 (109).
Litany to the Saviour, 333 (138).
Light, *v.* God, Christ.
Lord's Day, Ps. 92 (81): Hy. 237 (87).
,, Morning, 6 (164); 19 (92); 404 (110).
,, Evening, 88 (133); 345 (165).
,, House, *v.* Sanctuary.
,, Prayer, 310 (45); 354 (54).
,, Supper, 4 (6); 45 (125); 46 (149); 47 (151); 115 (141); 181 (31); 207 (123); 250 (75); 272 (8); 293 (173); 404 (110).
Love, God's, *v.* God.
,, Christ's, *v.* Christ.
,, to God and Christ, 64 (47); 77 (15); 142 (15); 289 (66); 428 (137).

Love, brotherly and Christian, Ps. 133 (135): Hy. 42 (3); 158 (81); 312 (12); 314 (69).
,, brotherly and Christian, excellency of, 142 (15).

Manna, the heavenly, Ps. 84 (126): Hy. 338 (145).
Marriage, 187 (104).
Martyrs, 9 (43); 371 (32).
,, *v.* also Saints' Days.
Meekness, *v.* Humility.
Meditation, 175 (165); 216 (153); 342 (181).
Meeting and Parting, 42 (3); 98 (165); 403 (147).
Melchisedec, Christ our, 385 (17).
Mercy, *v.* God, Praise.
Mercy-seat, 20 (27); 84 (26); 113 (83); 198 (86); 204 (85); 408 (88).
Millennium, *v.* Christ's kingdom and triumph.
Minister, *v.* Ember weeks.
Missions, Colonial, 146 (121).
,, Heathen, Ps. 67 (111); Ps. 72 (87), Pt. ii. (180); Ps. 117 (105): Hy. 73 (134); 114 (180); 147 (127); 200 (87); 247 (97); 283 (91); 295 (144); 358 (76); 391 (183).
,, Jews, 9 (43); 21 (101); 80 (85); 81 (29); 240 (131); 305 (91); 307 (144).
Morning, Ps. 5 (19); Ps. 69 (79): Hy. 10 (92); 22 (179); 27 (92); 260 (89); 400 (19); 426 (161).
Mourning, *v.* Affliction.
Murmuring, *v.* Contentment, Resignation.
Mystery of God's dealings, Ps. 77 (21).

National humiliation, *v.* Fast, National.
,, thanksgiving, Ps. 136 (140): Hy. 235 (156).
,, prayer for Church, 235 (156).
,, ,, Parliament, 226 (190).
,, ,, Sovereign, 235 (156); 275 (77).
,, ,, Country, 339 (65).
Nearness to God, 259 (158).
New Earth and Heavens, 303 (108).

Old Age, *v.* Age.

Palm Sunday, 370 (36); 420 (22).
Pardon, *v.* God's Pardoning Mercy.
Parliament, *v.* National.
Paschal Lamb, *v.* Christ, Easter.
Parting, *v.* Meeting.
Passion-week, *v.* Fasts.
Penitence, *v.* Contrition.
Pentecost, *v.* Holy Spirit.
Pilgrimage, *v.* Life.
Poor, care for, *v.* Charity.
Poor man, lot of, Ps. 123 (130): Hy. 316 (81).
Praise to God, Ps. 9 (50); Ps. 33 (7); Ps. 57 (101); Ps. 66 (41); Ps. 100 (94), Pt. ii. (94); Ps. 103 (111); Ps. 104 (171); Ps. 105 (59); Ps. 106 (71); Ps. 107 (175); Ps. 108 (42); Ps. 117 (12), Pt. ii. (105); Ps. 136 (103); Ps 145 (61); Ps. 146 (142); Ps. 148 (163), Pt. ii. (156); Ps. 149 (170); Ps. 150 (89): Hy. 343 (124); 397 (45).
Praise to Christ, Ps. 71 (57); Ps. 117 (105): Hy. 26 (118); 48 (133); 108 (20); 264 (79); 265 (79); 289 (66); 315 (63).
,, for grace and help, Ps. 9 (11), Pt. ii. (50); Ps. 18 (90); Ps. 103 (89); Ps. 138 (67): Hy. 8 (168); 319 (145).
,, redemption, Ps. 136 (103): Hy. 28 (66); 63 (4); 65 (42); 118 (183); 132 (178); 234 (151); 300 (14); 330 (4).
,, temporal blessings, Ps. 3 (67); Ps. 136 (174), Pt. ii. (140): Hy. 98 (165); 170 (96); 267 (114); 409 (45).
,, in trouble, Ps. 34 (51): Hy. 214 (151); 241 (127).
Prayer, 251 (103); 321 (4).
,, answered by crosses, 172 (96).
,, invitations and encouragement to, 15 (91); 36 (116); 69 (140).
,, in affliction and distress, Ps. 51 (95), Pt. iii. (83); Ps. 61 (117); Ps. 86 (54); Ps. 130 (117), Pt. ii. (49): Hy. 152 (61); 153 (68); 184 (188); 199 (154); 223 (157); 230 (139); 241 (127); 273 (11); 284 (13); 286 (172); 356 (73); 439 (107).
,, in prospect of Death, *v.* Death.
,, in prosperity, 384 (31).
,, for divine guidance, Ps. 119, iii., (30): Hy. 126 (125); 285 (191); 388 (62).
,, for quickening grace, Ps. 19 (17); Ps. 119, ii., (30): Hy. 64 (47); 374 (160); 400 (19); 418 (159).
,, needful blessings, Ps. 143 (38): Hy. 11 (7); 15 (91); 36 (116); 229 (2); 239 (20); 278 (45); 286 (172); 288 (70); 289 (66); 292 (90); 327 (125).
,, meeting, 198 (86); 403 (147).
,, power of, 204 (85); 408 (88).
Pride, *v.* Humility.
Promises, 20 (27); 256 (58); 295 (144); 392 (171).
Propagation of Gospel, *v.* Missions.
Prosperity, *v.* Prayer.
Providence, *v.* God, His Providence.

Queen, *v.* National.

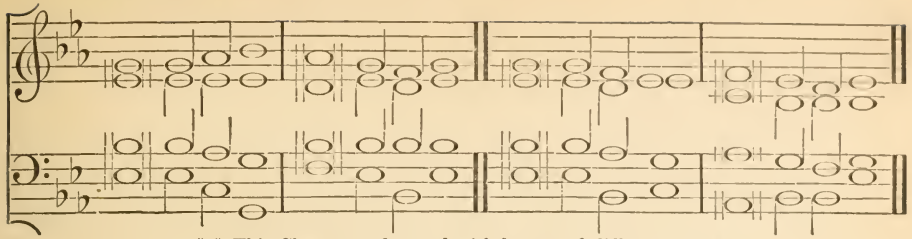
Race, the Christian, *v.* Life.
Redemption, *v.* Christ, Praise.
Religion, pleasantness of, 76 (120); 141 (122).
Rejoicing, Ps. 97 (182): Hy. 127 (97); 214 (151); 254 (60); 324 (12); 421 (57).
Repentance, *v.* Contrition.
Resignation, Ps. 17 (71); Ps. 42 (49): Hy. 33 (171); 104 (6); 252 (102); 257 (113); 277 (11); 292 (90); 417 (177); 443 (3).
Rest, *v.* Christ, rest in.
Restoration, 229 (2); 374 (160); 402 (17).
Resurrection, Ps. 17 (71): Hy. 176 (70).
Retirement, 96 (15).
Revival, *v.* Prayer for quickening grace.
Riches, the true, Ps. 62 (60).
Righteous, *v.* Believers, Christ.

Sabbath, *v.* Lord's Day.
Sacrifices, Spiritual, 164 (32).
Sacraments, *v.* Baptism, Lord's Supper.
Salvation, 329 (69); 330 (4); 337 (46); *v.* also Christ.
Saints' Days:—All Saints', 66 (28); 117 (18); 169 (31); 219 (101); 371 (32).
St. Andrew, 195 (148).
,, Barnabas, 169 (31).
,, Bartholomew, 117 (18).
Innocents, 122 (190).
St. James, 66 (28).
,, John, 210 (102).
,, John the Baptist, 412 (83).
,, Luke, 124 (105).
,, Mark, 166 (119).
,, Matthew, 105 (109).
,, Matthias, 341 (109).
,, Michael and all angels, 188 (166).
,, Paul, conversion of, 166 (119); 419 (98).
,, Peter, 53 (114).
SS. Philip and James, 105 (109).
,, Simon and Jude, 219 (101).
St. Stephen, 151 (176); 371 (32).
,, Thomas, 290 (24).
Virgin Mary, annunciation of, 287 (35).
,, purification of, Ps. 84 (103).
Saints, Departed, *v.* Church glorified; Heaven, glory of.
Sanctification, *v.* Holy Spirit, Holiness.
Sanctuary, Ps. 84 (24), Pt. ii. (163), Pt. iii. (126), Pt. iv. (64), Pt. v. (103): Hy. 237 (87); 245 (40).
Satan, his temptations, 180 (96).
Saturday, *v.* Evening.
Schools, *v.* Charities.
Scriptures, Holy, Ps. 19 (17); Ps. 119 (16), Pt. v. (21): Hy. 160 (131); 178 (107); 372 (10).
,, prayer for a blessing on, 13 (23); 266 (98); 317 (8).
Sea, Ps. 130 (49): Hy. 113 (83); 280 (93); 311 (159); 356 (73); 438 (149).
Seasons of Year, 91 (69); 111 (23); 320 (137): 350 (56); 362 (90).
Self Examination, 67 (39); 367 (18).
Sermon, before, 266 (98); 372 (10).
,, after, 13 (23); 227 (59); *v.* also Scriptures.
Shepherd, God our, Ps. 23 (5), Pt. ii. (61), Pt. iii. (160): Hy. 134 (43); 186 (29); 338 (145).
,, Christ our, Ps. 112 (91): Hy. 335 (10); 336 (55).
Sickness, 208 (185); 252 (102); 277 (11); 421 (57).
Sin, conviction and confession of, } *v.* Contrition and
,, prayer for pardon of, } Confession.
Sinai, Ps. 114 (59).
Sinai and Calvary, 363 (169); 423 (131).
Sinners invited, 75 (121); 441 (175).
,, pleaded with, 38 (38).
Soldiers of Christ, *v.* Life, a warfare.
Solitude, *v.* Retirement.
Sovereign, *v.* National.
Sowing, Spiritual, Ps. 126 (40): Hy. 13 (23); 303 (182); 346 (113).
Stewardship, Christian, 270 (113).
Strength according to need, *v.* Believers.
Sympathy of Christ, *v.* Christ.
,, Christian, Ps. 112 (91): Hy. 103 (40).
Submission, *v.* Resignation.
Tabor, Mount, 423 (131).
Temptation, 388 (62).
Thanksgiving, *v.* Praise, Gratitude, National.
Throne of Grace, 36 (116); *v.* Mercy Seat, Prayer.
Times, our, in God's hands, 230 (139); 257 (113).
Transfiguration of Christ, 423 (131).
Trinity, *v.* Feasts.
Trials, *v.* Affliction, Distress.
Trust in God, Ps. 46 (64); Ps. 71 (46): Hy. 110 (136); 322 (119); 341 (109); 417 (177).
Types of Christ, 139 (146); 190 (174); 261 (115).
Unbelief, 33 (171); 55 (137).
Unity, *v.* Love.
Waiting on God, Ps. 25 (111); Ps. 33 (7); Ps. 62 (60); Ps. 123 (130): Hy. 368 (3).
Watchfulness, 1 (119); 49 (7); 418 (159); 442 (116).
Walking with God, *v.* God.
Wandering from God, 326 (75).
War, time of, Ps. 121 (23): Hy. 86 (157).
Way, the narrow, 378 (33); *v.* also Christ, the Way.
Weary, the, *v.* Christ, rest in.
Will, renewed, 70 (74); 153 (63); 244 (35); 252 (102); 292 (90).
Wisdom, heavenly, 11 (7).
Word of God, *v.* Holy Scriptures.
World resigned, *v.* Christ, leaving all for.
Worship, commencement of, Ps. 100 (94), Pt. ii. (94): Hy. 134 (43); 165 (66); 386 (173).
,, close of, 57 (135); 85 (94); 99 (21); 224 (151); 225 (148); 248 (151); 308 (182).
,, family and social, Ps. 5 (19); Ps. 95 (79): Hy. 57 (135); 76 (120); 98 (165); 135 (135): 204 (85); 317 (8); 331 (112); 403 (147).
,, public, Ps. 5 (38); Ps. 27 (41); Ps. 84 (24): Hy. 124 (105); 134 (43); 204 (85); 263 (46); 317 (8).
Year, close of, 91 (69); 313 (106); 337 (46); 433 (133).
,, new, Ps. 90 (7): Hy. 16 (13); 39 (134); 128 (33); 263 (46).
Young, the, Ps. 119 (55): Hy. 228 (44).
,, prayer for, 221 (80).
Zeal, Christ, an Example of, 370 (36).
Zion, *v.* Heaven, Jerusalem.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

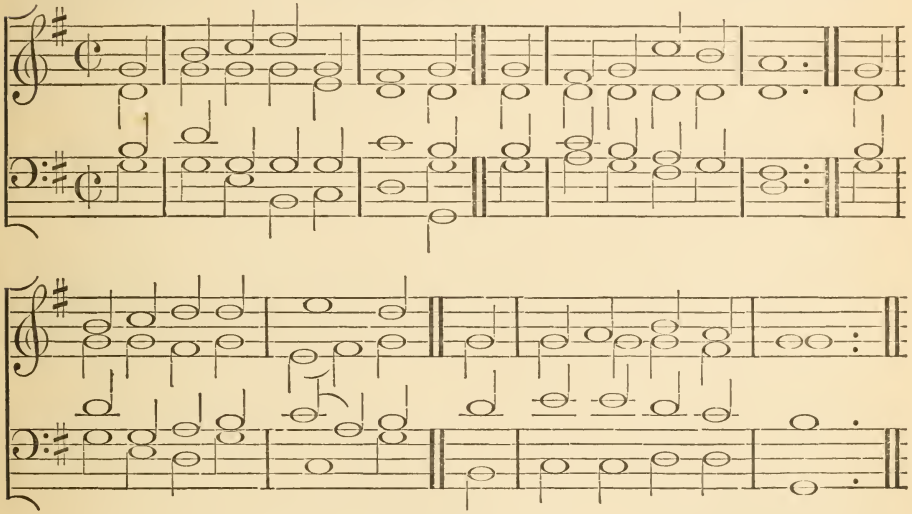
Name.	Metre.	Page.
Abridge	C.M.	2
Advent Chorale	8.7.4.	143
Advent Second	8.7.4.	146
Angel's	L.M.	66
Ashley New	C.M.	4
Babylon Streams	L.M.	68
Baden	L.M.	69
Basle	8.7.	150
Bayswater	6.4.	158
Bedford	C.M.	6
Beethoven	L.M.	70
Belgrave	C.M.	8
Belmont	C.M.	10
Bishopthorpe	C.M.	12
Bohemia	6.5.	188
Boyce	7s.	122
Brunswick	L.M.	74
Burlington	6.7.	159
Bremen	L.M.	72
Calvary New	8.7.4.	144
Carey's	6–8s.	160
Carlisle	S.M.	109
Chester	7s.	124
Christmas Hymn	6–10s.	162
Coburg	L.M.	76
Colney	8s.	166
Corinth	8.7.	152
Croft's	148th	163
Dedham	C.M.	14
Deptford	10s.	164
Dowland's	7s.	126
Easter Hymn	P. 7s.	128
Ely	L.M.	78
Evening Hymn	L.M.	80
Ewing's	7.6.	167
Foundling	C.M.	16
Franconia	S.M.	112
French	C.M.	18
Gainsbro'	C.M.	20
Gainsworth	8.8.8.6.	172
General Chant		1
Gennesaret	L.M.	82
German Hymn	7s.	130
Gloucester	C.M.	22
Hanover	10.11.	170
Hereford	8.8.6.	173
Hodnet	S.M.	110
Hollingside	8.7.	154
Innocents	7s.	132
Irish	C.M.	24
Jubilate	P.M.	176
Keble	L.M.	84
Kent	L.M.	86
Lawes	148th	174
Leipzig	8.7.	121
Leyden	8.7.	168
Liege	8.6.8.8.	177
London New	C.M.	26
Lubeck	7s.	134
Luther's Hymn	8.7.7.	169
Mamre's Plain	6–8s.	178
Manchester	C.M.	28
Martyrdom	C.M.	30
Melcombe	L.M.	88
Melrose	C.M.	32
Missionary	7.6.	180
Montgomery	L.M.	90
Moriah	148th	182
Morning Hymn	L.M.	92
Moscow	6.6.4.	183
Mount Carmel	S.M.	114
Mount Ephraim	S.M.	120
Nassau	7s.	136
Newmarket	L.M.	93
Nicæa	P.M.	184
Norwich	7s.	138
Nottingham	C.M.	46
Old 100th	L.M.	94
Old 137th	D.C.M.	34
Peterboro'	S.M.	115
Rockingham	L.M.	95
Salisbury	C.M.	36
Sandon	10.4.10.	185
Schein	L.M.	96
Second Advent	8.7.4.	146
Spires	L.M.	108
Stockwell	7.7.7.5.	186
St. Agnes	L.M.	98
St. Alphege	7.6.	1
St. Ann's	C.M.	38
St. Bride's	S.M.	116
St. David's	C.M.	40
St. David's New	7s.	140
St. George's	C.M.	42
St. James's	C.M.	44
St. Magnus	C.M.	46
St. Mark's	L.M.	100
St. Mary's	C.M.	48
St. Matthias	C.M.	13
St. Michael's	S.M.	118
St. Paul's	C.M.	50
St. Peter's	C.M.	52
St. Petersburg	8.7.4.	148
St. Stephen's	C.M.	65
Submission	8.8.8.4.	102
Tallis	C.M.	54
Tiverton	C.M.	56
Upsal	P.M.	188
Vienna	8.7.	156
Wareham	11s.	187
Warwick	C.M.	58
Weimar	L.M.	104
Winchester	L.M.	106
Winchester Old	C.M.	60
Windsor	C.M.	62
Worms	6–8s.	142
York	C.M.	64

GENERAL CHANT. (By permission.) A. H. D. Troyte.



*** This Chant may be used with hymns of different metres.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6. (By permission.) Dr. Gauntlett.



445

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turn'd to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:

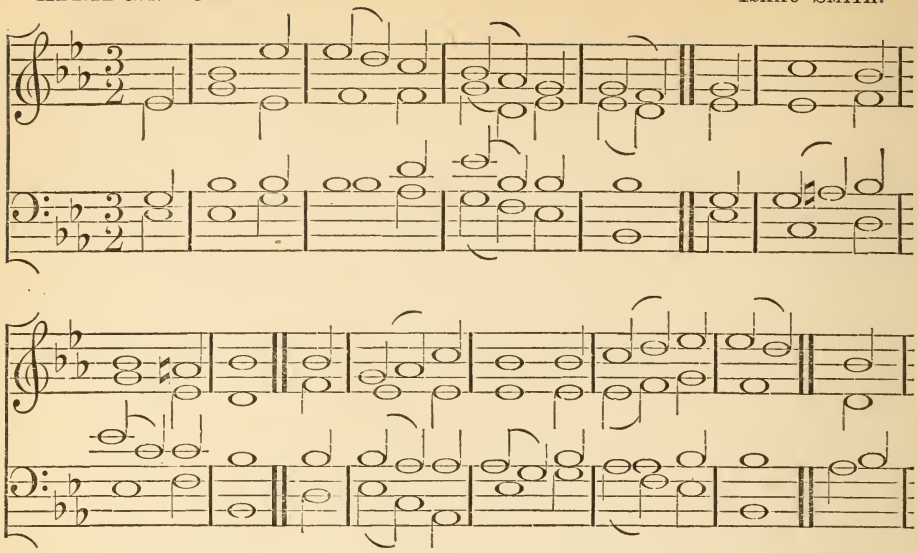
And now we watch and struggle
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

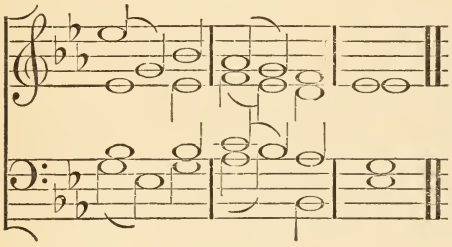
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!

There, God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face

ABRIDGE. C.M. ISAAC SMITH.





PSALM 1.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend:
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

43

BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
Sweet hour of joy and praise!

Daily, O Lord, Thy flocks are blest
In pastures large and fair;
But better is the weekly feast
Provided by Thy care.

This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead;
And, as a conqueror, His foes
In glorious triumph led.

Welcome, kind Shepherd, to Thy sheep
Are these sweet tastes of love:
But what a Sabbath shall they keep
When safe with Thee above!

229

LORD, I have sinned; but oh! forgive,
Nor cast me quite away.
Restore my soul, and bid me live,
And be my future stay.

Oh! let me from my fall arise,
More watchful and more strong;
Light up my dim and tearful eyes,
And fill my mouth with song.

On Christ's prevailing sacrifice
I all my hopes recline:
A broken spirit Thou dost prize;
And such, O Lord, be mine.

Give me a meek dependent heart,
For all my days to come;
Nor let Thy Spirit e'er depart,
Till I am safe at home!

PSALM 89.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

They glory in His cross alone;
They conquer by His grace;
And near the King's eternal throne
Will soon possess a place.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

368

THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear,
For when they least expect His aid,
The Saviour will appear.

Blest proofs of power and grace divine
Are taught us in His Word;
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

Wait for His seasonable aid;
And, though it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

443

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows,
In one continual stream.

Fear not the want of outward good:
He will for His provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

Fear not that He will e'er forsake
Or leave His work undone;
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.

Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

You in His wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, His power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

42

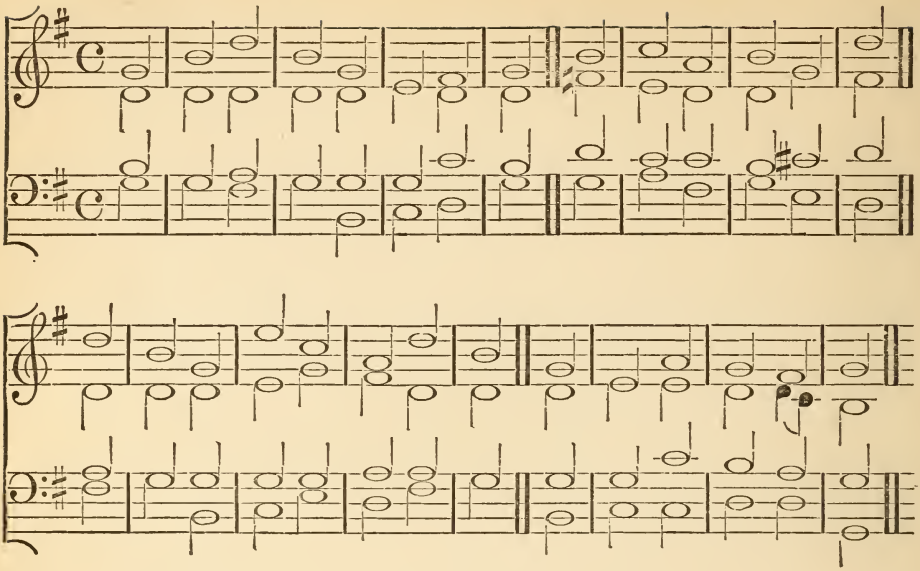
BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

Oh, may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

ASHLEY NEW. C.M. C. H. PURDAY.



330

SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb;
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

321

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Nor pray'r is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

63

COME, Holy Spirit, guide my song
With Thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's glorious name.

The Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell on the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

God's only Son (stupendous grace!)
Forsook His throne above,
And swift, to save a wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

How rich the depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call Thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

291

O THOU, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Some peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

PSALM 107.

HOW are Thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

395

'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
Whose spirits now with Him are blest,
According to His word.

They once were pilgrims here with us,
In Jesus now they sleep;
And we, for them while resting thus,
As hopeless, cannot weep.

The Lord who died, in triumph rose
Victorious o'er the tomb;
E'en so we know that, with Him, those
Who sleep in Him will come.

The rais'd and living saints will meet,
All grief and care removed;
What joy 'twill be to us to greet
Each saint whom here we loved.

Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
Whose blood for us was shed;
With Him for ever we shall be,
Made like our glorious Head.

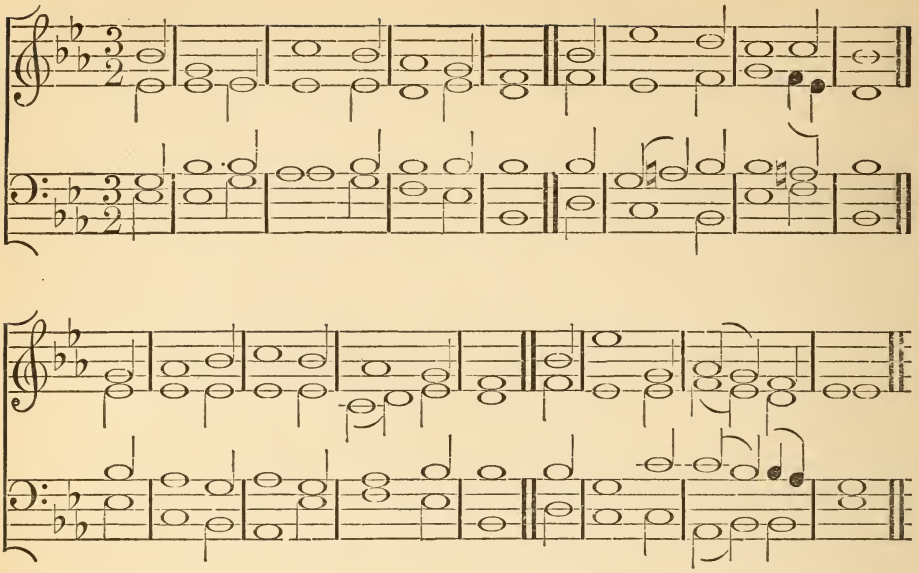
PSALM 23. O.V.

MY Shepherd is the living Lord—
What, therefore, shall I need?
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He leads me forth to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.

Yea, though I tread the vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff shall comfort me,
For Thou art with me still.

Goodness and mercy all my days
Shall be vouchsafed to me,
And in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

BEDFORD. C.M. W. Wheall, Mus. Bac.

299

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

104

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

4

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In deep humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord:
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heav'n shall be;
Thy sacramental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And gaze on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
I will remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

PSALM 33.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with His goodness crown'd.

Happy are they alone to whom
The Lord for God is known;
Whom He from all the world besides
Has chosen for His own!

Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is He;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.

11

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift,
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

We ask not honours which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

49

BRIDE of the Lamb! awake, awake,
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine—
A child of glory thou.

Thy spirit through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heav'nly throne,
Its rightful King shall see.

Thou, too, shalt reign. He will not wear
His crown of joys alone;
And earth His royal bride shall see
Beside Him on His throne.

PSALM 90. PT. II.

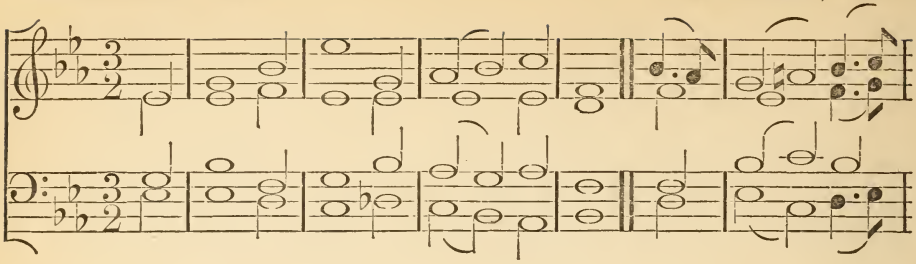
REMARK with awe the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

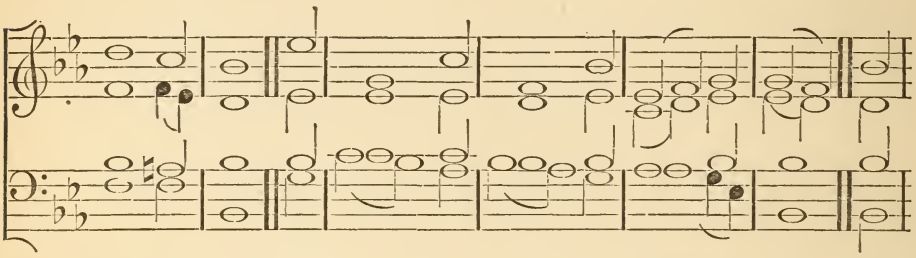
So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

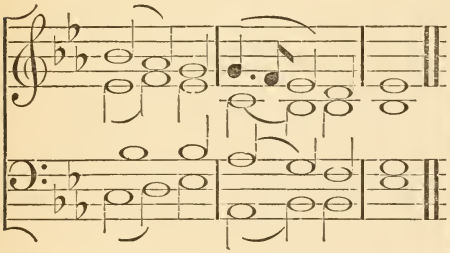
Waken, O God! each trifling heart
Its great concern to see;
That all may act the Christian part,
And give the year to Thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll
If future years arise;
Or *this* shall bear the willing soul
To joy which never dies.

BELGRAVE. C.M. W. Horsley, M.B.







144

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye long closed in night
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

317

POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive th' engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in Thy name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love Thy Name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy grace and mercy first prevail'd
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had fail'd,
Unless renew'd by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow!
To Thee for help we call;
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
Our Hope, our Joy, our All!

272

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thy table kneel!

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love:
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above!

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heav'nly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine.

PSALM 18. O.V.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heav'ns most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky:

On Cherubs and on Cherubims
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

Now, who is God, except the Lord?
For other there is none:
And who is there omnipotent,
Saving our God alone?

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

89

ETERNAL God! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let Thy grace supply:
The good, unask'd, in mercy grant;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

To God, Who freely loved us first,
All might, all glory, be;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through all eternity.

PSALM 27. PT. II.

THE Lord my strong salvation is,
My helper ever near;
While He is mine, and I am His,
What has my soul to fear?

One wish, one ardent wish, is mine;
Lord, grant my humble plea!
To dwell for ever near Thy shrine,
And find my all in Thee.

Oh! give me at Thy side a place
Secure from every harm;
Where I may daily view Thy face,
And feel Thy helping arm.

From light to light, from strength to strength,
My soul enlarge and raise;
Till from all bonds I burst at length
To endless joy and praise.

PSALM 13.

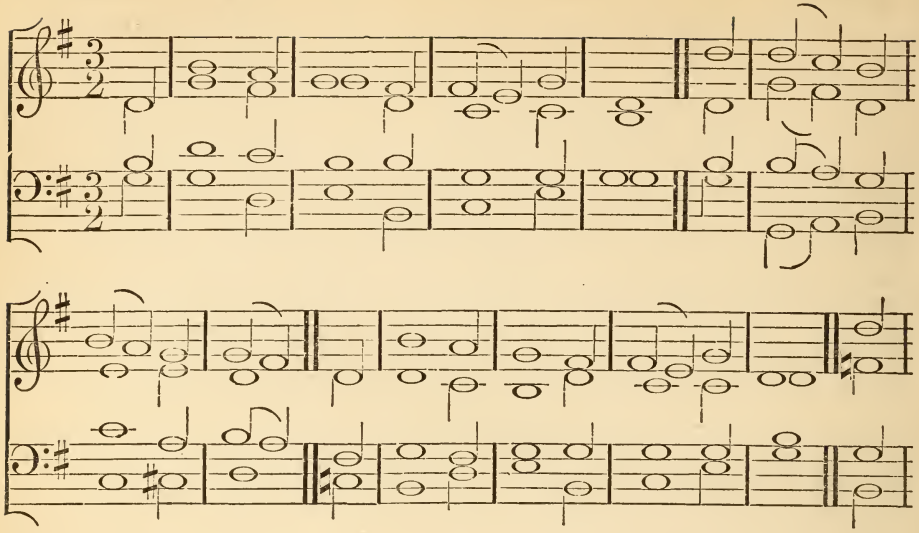
HOW long wilt Thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
For ever weep an absent God,
And sigh for His return?

How long shall darkness cloud my soul,
And fears my heart oppress?
How long shall enemies insult,
And I have no redress?

Oh! hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore Thy wonted light;
Nor let my sun of comfort set
In everlasting night.

Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To Thee, my God, ascend;
Who to Thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

Oh! come, and change my sighs to songs,
My grief to lasting joy;
And save my life, and bid me still
That life to Thee employ.

BELMONT. C.M. S. WEBBE.

PSALM 118.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

Chosen of God, to sinners dear;
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest;
And envy rage in vain.

What, though the gates of hell withstood!
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis Thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

372

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age:
It gives, but borrows none.

The God who gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

335

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms:
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

"Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

273

O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee!
O help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be!

277

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee:
Who never hast good things withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
"Still bind me to Thy sway;"
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

389

THOU ransom'd sinner, wouldst thou know,
How often to forgive,
How dearly to embrace thy foe?—
Look where thou hop'st to live.

When thou hast told those isles of light,
And fancied all beyond,
Whatever owns in depth or height
Creation's wondrous bond;

Then in their solemn pageant learn
Sweet mercy's praise to see;—
Their Lord resign'd them all, to earn
The bliss of pardoning thee.

PSALM 9.

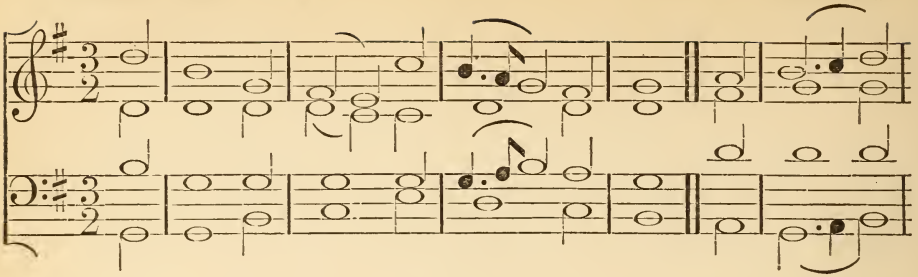
LORD, I will praise Thee; all my heart
Thy wonders shall proclaim:
My lips shall tell how good Thou art,
While they can speak Thy name.

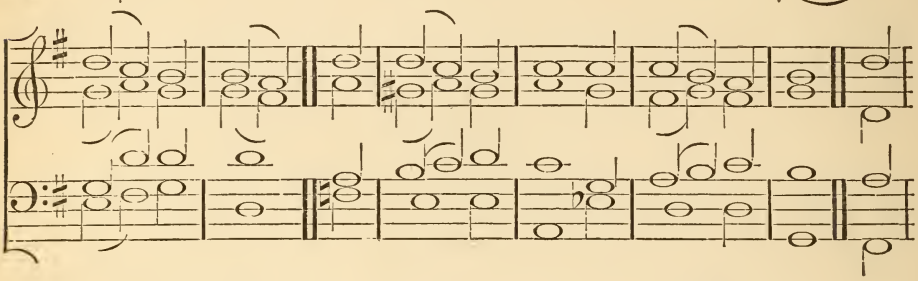
When countless hosts against me rose,
Thy word dispersed them all:
My soul, upon thy God repose,
He will not let thee fall!

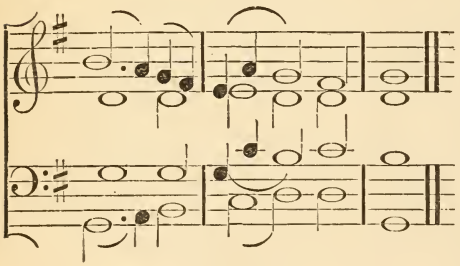
O Refuge of the poor and weak,
O Light of the distrest!
Thou hearest still when sinners seek,
And givest still the best.

Here on Thy grace my soul shall dwell,
And trust for all to Thee.
Oh! when the wicked sink to hell,
Arise and rescue me!

BISHOPTHORPE. C.M. JER. CLARK.







324

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His Word
Can ne'er be overthrown!

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high!

Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,—
Then what have you to fear?

As surely as He overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love His name,
Shall triumph in Him too!

312

OUR God is love and all His saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

Our Heavenly Father, Lord, art Thou,
Thy favour'd children we;
Oh, may we love each other here,
As we are loved of Thee!

Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same;
May cords of love our hearts unite,
And mutual love inflame.

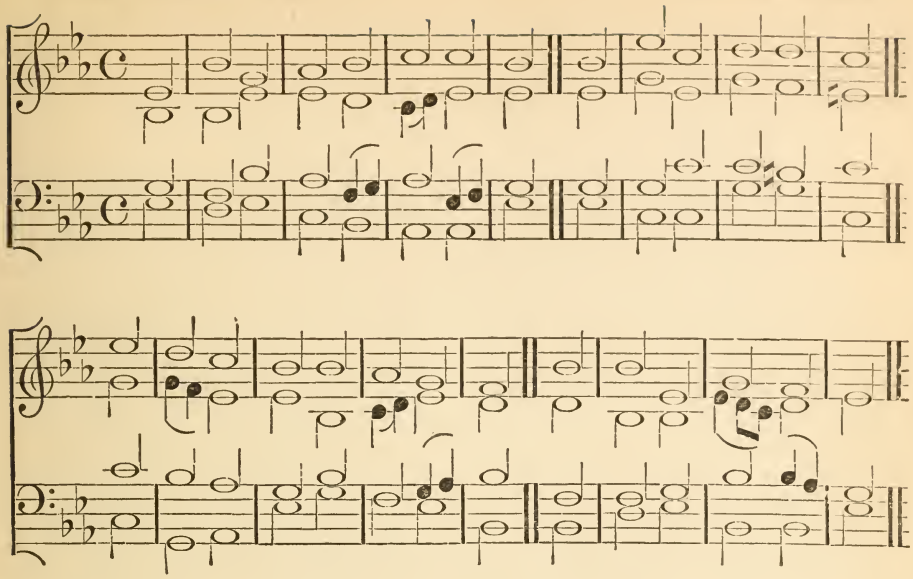
So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
"See, how these Christians love!"

PSALM 117.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise:
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

ST. MATTHIAS. C.M. O. GIBBONS, 1623.

16

AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that still remain.

Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair?
And what thy great concern?

Now a new scene of time begins:
Set out afresh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

Now seek to yield thyself to God;
And on His power depend,
For grace to guide thee in that road
Which shall in glory end.

284

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

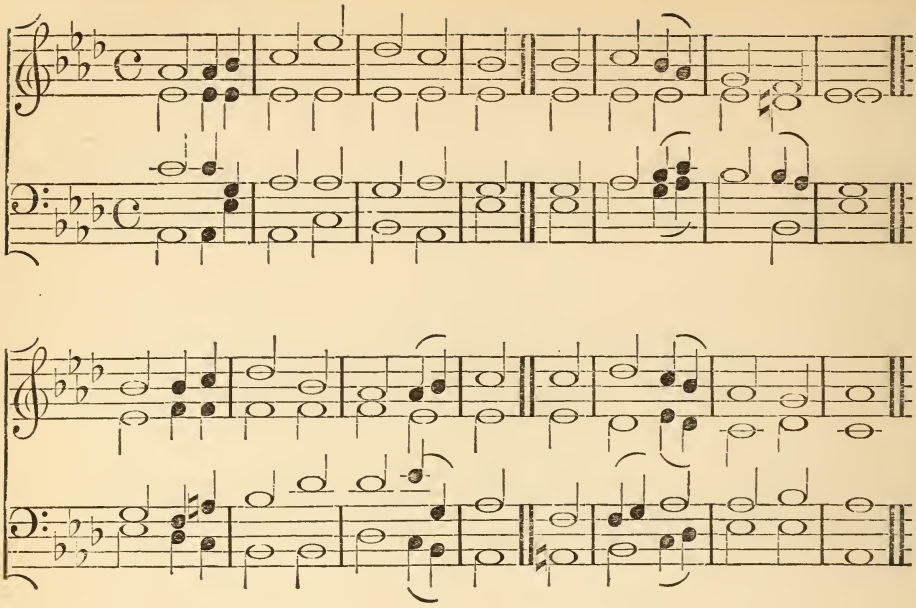
When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
In love, remember me!

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day,
For good, remember me!

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

When in the solemn hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
Be this the pray'r of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me!

And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
Still, Lord, remember me!

DEDHAM. C.M. C. H. PURDAY.

PSALM 98.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare Him room;
Let all creation sing.

Ye saints, rejoice, the Saviour reigns!
In praise your tongues employ;
Floods, clap your hands: exult, ye plains,
And shout, ye hills, for joy.

Behold, He comes! He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

Let the whole earth His love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honour of His name,
In melody and songs.

300

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.

He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Look unto Him, ye nations! own
Your God, ye fallen race!
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace!

142

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

PSALM 41.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distrest;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life (with blessings crown'd)
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie;
Do Thou, O Lord, make all his bed,
And inward strength supply.

Let Israel's gracious God and Lord
From age to age be bless'd;
And our high praise, with one accord,
With loud Amens express'd.

185

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And mark thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travell'd by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit with Him on High;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

77

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

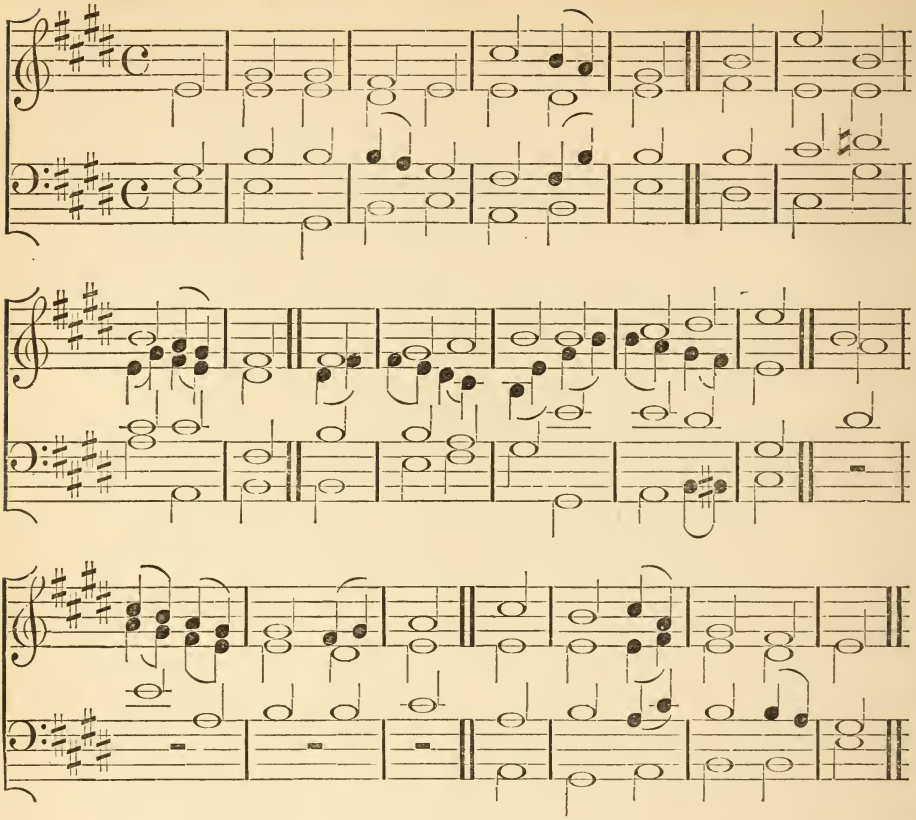
96

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one),
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

FOUNDLING. C.M. (By permission.) W. Russell.

171

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy Name
Revive my soul in death.

PSALM 119. pt. iv.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines;
For ever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind:
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near!
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

385

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee:
No music like Thy saving name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

Oh! may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest and King rejoice,
Our great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Saviour's precious name
When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

PSALM 19. PT. III.

GOD'S perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom His sure word
The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

Lord, what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God, that know'st them all.

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by Thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great transgression flee.

402

TRY us, O God! and search the ground
Of ev'ry evil heart:
Whate'er of sin is in us found,
Oh, bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there Thy wanderers keep.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford
To soothe his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up;
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Complete, at length, Thy work of Grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among the saints, who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest.

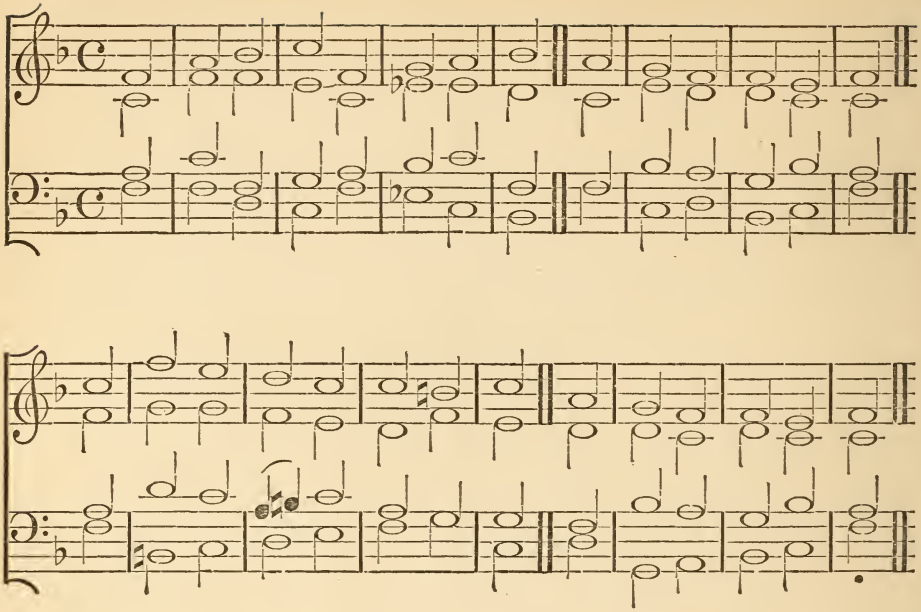
34

BEHOLD! He comes, the promised Seed,
Th' anointed of the Lord;
God's well-beloved Son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

Surrounded by no earthly pomp,
He seeks no earthly throne;
By meekness, patience, faith, and love,
His dignity is shown.

Prepare ye, then, your songs of praise,
To hail th' incarnate King;
He comes, the promised Saviour comes;
Your glad hosannas sing.

All glory be to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, with angels sing,
At your Redeemer's birth.

FRENCH. C.M. G. Frank, 1563.

117

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They mark'd the footsteps that He trod
(His zeal inspir'd their breast);
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

367

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel:
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love Thee if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love Thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

PSALM 19. PT. II.

THE heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill:
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

Wide as the circling sun they spread
Thy glorious truth abroad;
And teach the wond'ring world to sing
The praises of our God.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

400

TO Thee, O Lord, with dawning light,
My thankful voice I'll raise,
Thy mighty power to celebrate,
Thy holy Name to praise.

Grant me, O God, Thy quick'ning grace
Through this and every day,
That, guided and upheld by Thee,
My feet may never stray.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
Increase my zeal and love,
And fix my heart's affections all
On Christ, and things above.

And when, life's labour o'er, I sink
To slumber in the grave,
In death's dark vale, be Thou my Trust
To succour and to save.

That so, through Him who bled and died
And rose again for me,
"The grave, and gate of death," may prove
A passage home to Thee.

PSALM 5.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer;
To Thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
To Thee devoutly pray.

And when Thy boundless grace shall me
To Thy lov'd courts restore,
On Thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly Thee adore.

Conduct me by Thy righteous laws,
For watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with His favour all His saints
As with a shield, defend.

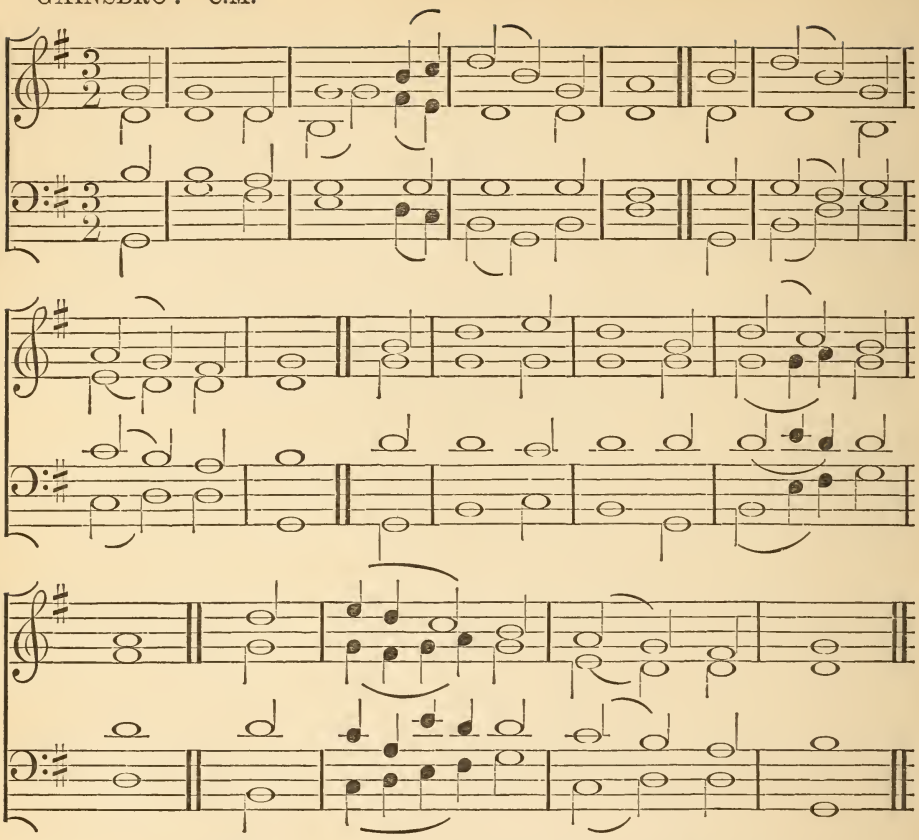
369

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Th' Almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode,
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of joy a boundless store:
Blest Saviour, let me call Thee mine!
My heart can wish no more.

On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My righteousness and sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

GAINSBRO'. C.M.

108

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands;
My soul, what canst thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,
For all He has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

I cannot serve Him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe Him most!

239

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With rev'rence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live;

Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone.

Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay,—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay:

Give these,—and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by Thy Spirit through Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

PSALM 119. PT. V.

LORD! I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through Thy promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies;—

The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest:
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 90.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 77.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

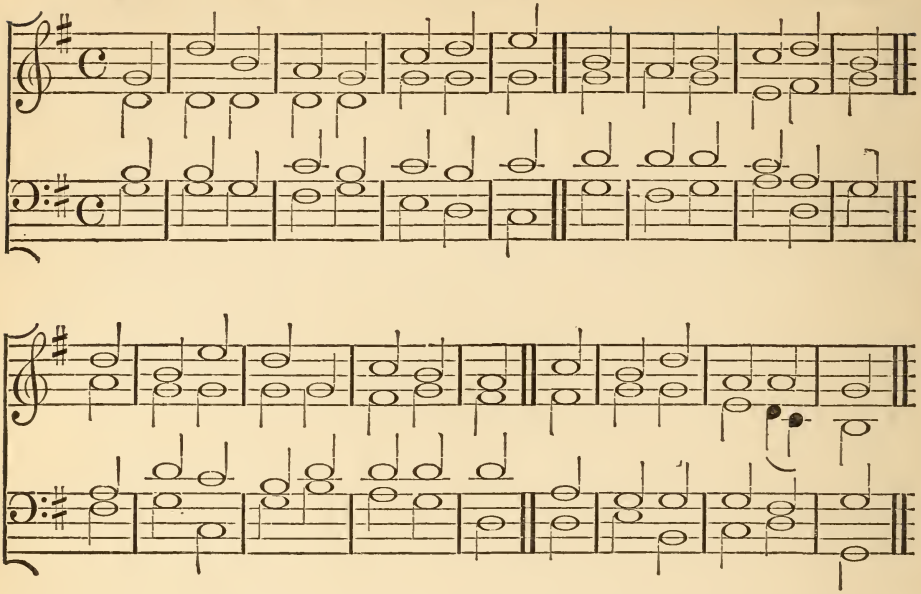
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

99

FATHER, before we hence depart,
Send Thy good Spirit down;
Let Him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.

Thou fountain of eternal love,
Who gav'st Thy Son to die,
Oh! let Thy Spirit from above
Enlighten and apply.

GLOUCESTER. C.M. (From RAVENSCROFT.) J. TOMKINS.

420

WHEN Jesus left the throne of God,
He chose a humble birth;
A man of grief,—like us He trod
A lonely path on earth.

Sweet were His words and kind His look,
When mothers round Him press'd:
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom bless'd.

When Jesus into Salem rode
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed
Their garments on the ground.

Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing;
Hosanna, then, our voices raise
To Christ the children's King.

377

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;—
Oh, be that refuge mine.

The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

106

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

PSALM 122.

OH, 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before His ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and pray'r.

Oh, pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!)
Who bear true love to Thee.

May peace within Thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

PSALM 121.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will thee from danger keep.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day nor night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

111

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are;
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer suns to shine,
The mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless Thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

13

ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

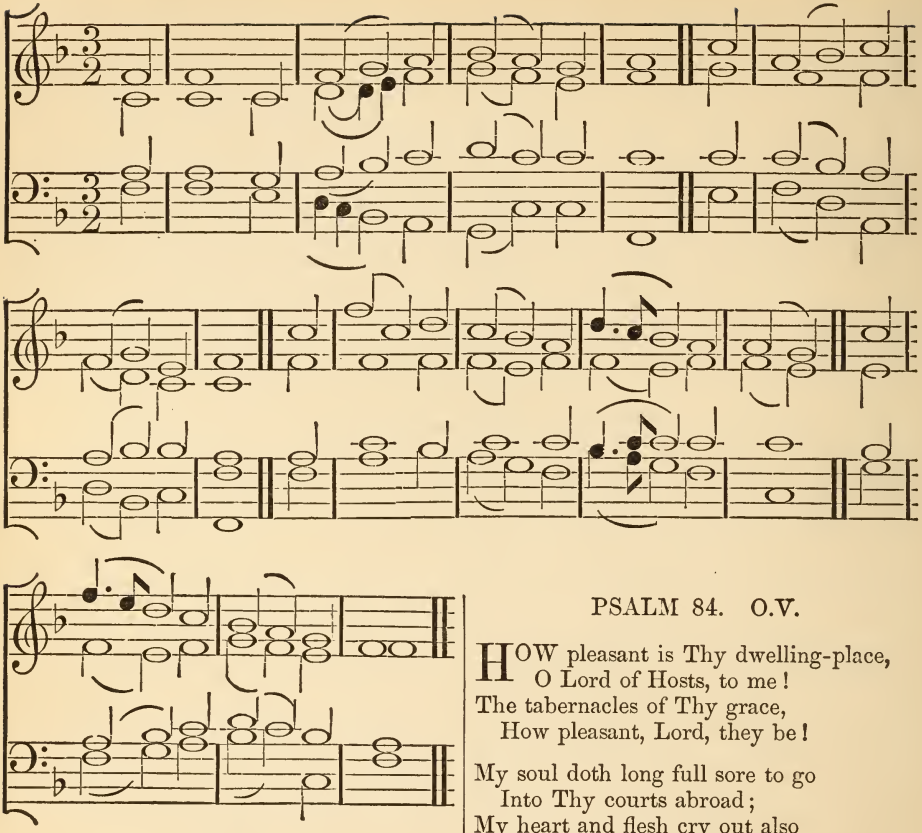
Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where'er are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

IRISH. C.M. ISAAC SMITH.



290

O THOU who didst with love untold
Thy doubting servant chide,
And bad'st the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side:

Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward!

And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Oh! let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

And pray that we may never dare
Thy Spirit so to grieve;
But, at the last, their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe.

PSALM 84. O.V.

HOW pleasant is Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of Hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of Thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

My soul doth long full sore to go
Into Thy courts abroad;
My heart and flesh cry out also
For Thee the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, that man is blest,
And happy sure is he,
That is persuaded in his breast
To trust all times in Thee.

For God the Lord, our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give,
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that purely live.

436

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

PSALM 90. PT. III.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of all Thy chosen race;
From age to age Thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when Thou speak'st the word Return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

For in Thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

422

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:

It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light,
And longs her eagle-plume to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

Oh, let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar beyond the realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

233

LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in Thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

Great God of hosts, deliverance bring,
Guide those who rule the helm,
Support the State, preserve the Queen,
And spare this guilty realm.

But should the dread decree be past,
That we must feel Thy rod,
May steadfast faith still hold us fast
To our offended God.

Whatever be our destined case,
Accept us in Thy Son;
Give us Thy gospel and Thy grace,
And then Thy will be done.

29

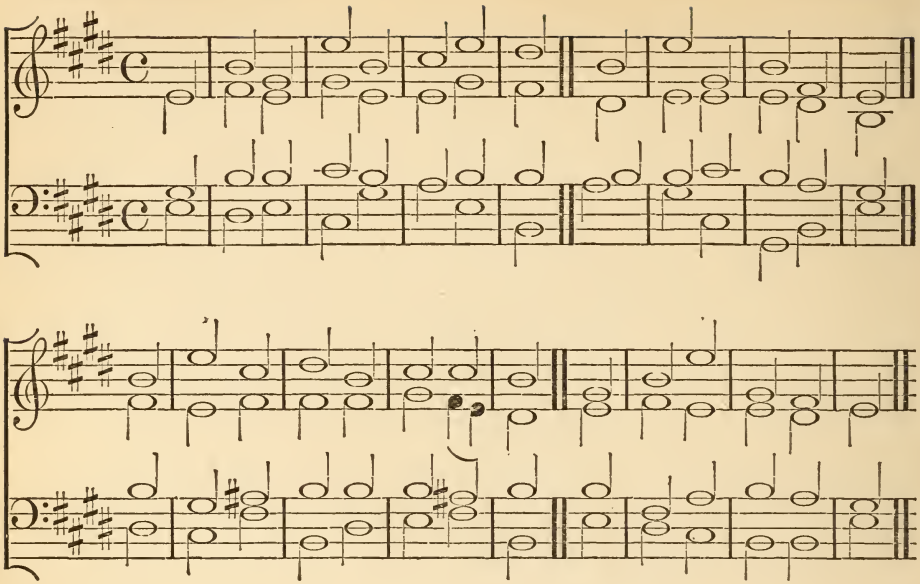
AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Thine arduous course survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That cheers thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

Blest Saviour, introduc'd by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

LONDON NEW. C.M. DR. CROFT.



PSALM 78.

HOW good, how faithful, Lord, art Thou!
How false and stubborn we!
Oh, teach us at Thy feet to bow,
And yield our all to Thee!

Our fathers at their darkest hours
From Thee found strong relief;
Oh, let their mercies, Lord, be ours,
But not their unbelief!

The rocks were cleft their thirst to slake,
The skies rain'd down their food;
And still Thy word they daily brake,
And still Thy will withstood.

The same kind Father, Lord, Thou art,
The same dark rebels we:
Oh, touch with grace each erring heart,
And win us all to Thee!

84

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal:
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But, oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine!
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

And still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

Thy mercy-seat is open still:
There let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

304

OH! what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all—
No guide or help in Thee.

But Thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears,
To the bright world of day.

There shall Thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, Thy saints, rejoice to find
That all Thy word was true.

There Jesus on His heavenly throne
Our wond'ring eyes shall see:
While we the blest associates there
Of all His joys shall be.

Blest hope! for Thee without a sigh
We'd leave a world like this;
And bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

20

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,—
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,—
Fightings without and fears within,—
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield, my hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

364

THE Lord who died on earth for men,
Now fills His Father's throne;
He loves us as He loved us then,
And watches o'er His own.

For them He offers daily prayer
(And all His prayers are heard);
He tends them with unceasing care,
And feeds them from His word.

Their every wish, and want, and woe,
To Him are fully known;
They share His trials here below,
And soon shall share His throne.

He guards and blesses them from high,
While they are toiling here;
With such a Friend above the sky,
What have His flock to fear?

PSALM 24.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord its Maker is;
And every heart and hand therein
By sovereign right are His.

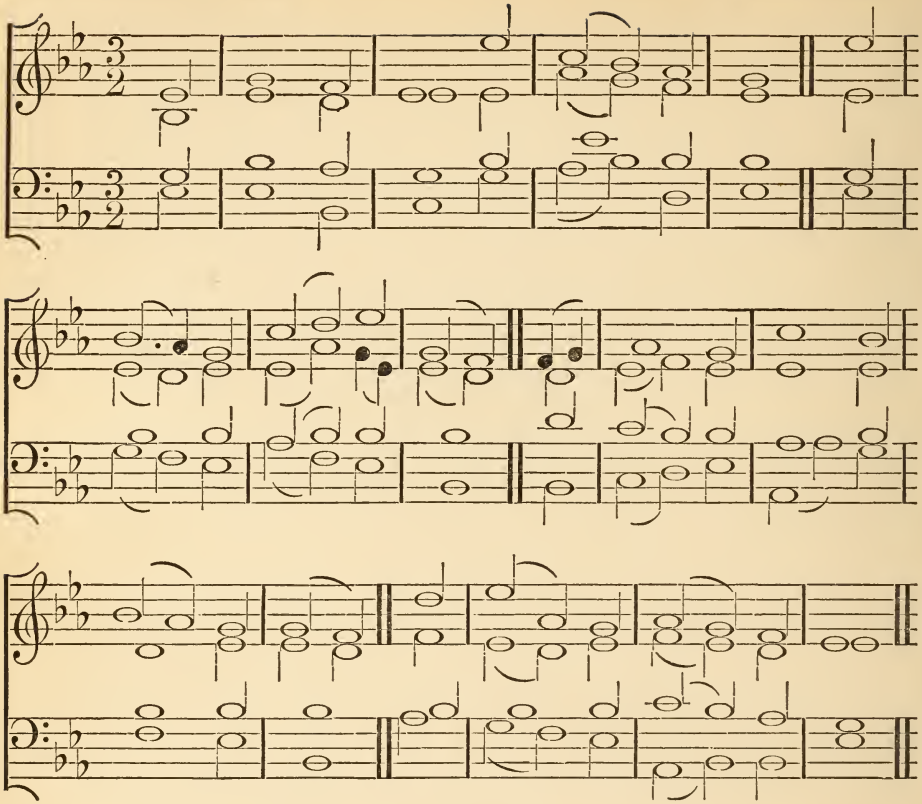
But who shall take their station, who
The nearest to His throne?
They, they whose nature grace has changed,
Whom Christ has made His own.

Erect your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory; see, He comes
With His celestial train.

Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see, He comes
With all His shining train.

Who is this King of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

MANCHESTER. C.M. DR. WAINWRIGHT.

97

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

Oh! may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

66

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven!

81

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head,
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

Thus though this universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs Thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

186

INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy Name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

Angels unseen, around the saints
Their guardian pinions spread,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And shield the sacred head.

Himself the Lord of angels, keeps
The souls that love His name:
Lo! Israel's Shepherd never sleeps;
Eternally the same!

Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since the Saviour changes not,
What have His saints to fear?

375

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

440

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But fan it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In each distressing hour.

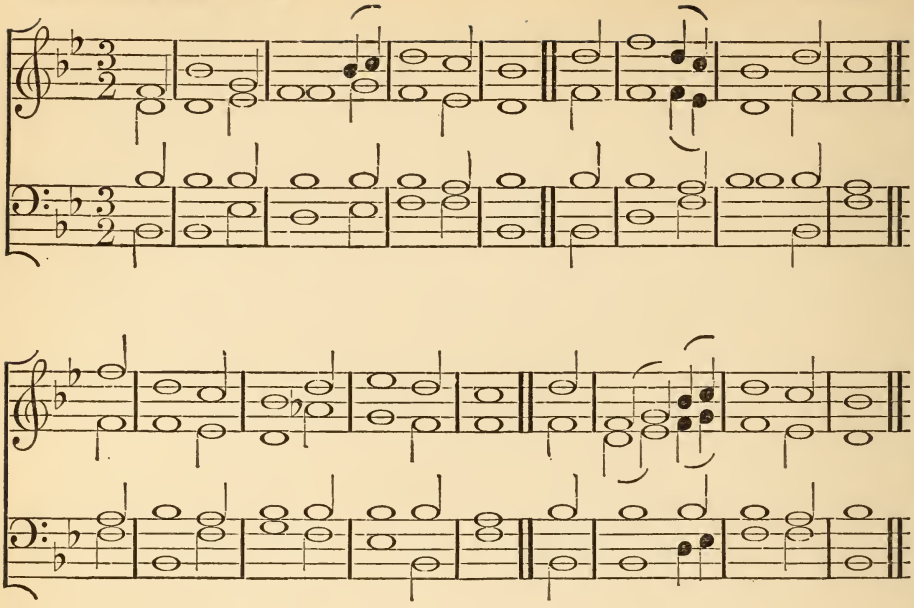
276

O LORD! I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

MARTYRDOM. C.M. HUGH WILSON.



PSALM 119. PT. II.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine!

I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quick'ning powers;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Are not Thy mercies sov'reign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?

Then shall I love Thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. PT. III.

OH, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

Oh, send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Make me to walk in Thy commands;
'Tis a delighful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

384

THOU boundless Source of every good!
Our best desires fulfil;
And help us to adore Thy grace,
And do Thy sov'reign will.

In all Thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

In ev'ry changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

Do Thou direct our steps aright;
Help us Thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

181

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend so nigh:

Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

While yet His anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words display'd,
"Do this; remember me."

Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

169

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
Shall over them preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear,
And God, the Lord, from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

183

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night;
And grant to me, most graciously,
The safeguard of Thy might.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
Oh, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

Or if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days,
O take me to Thy promised rest,
Where I may sing Thy praise.

168

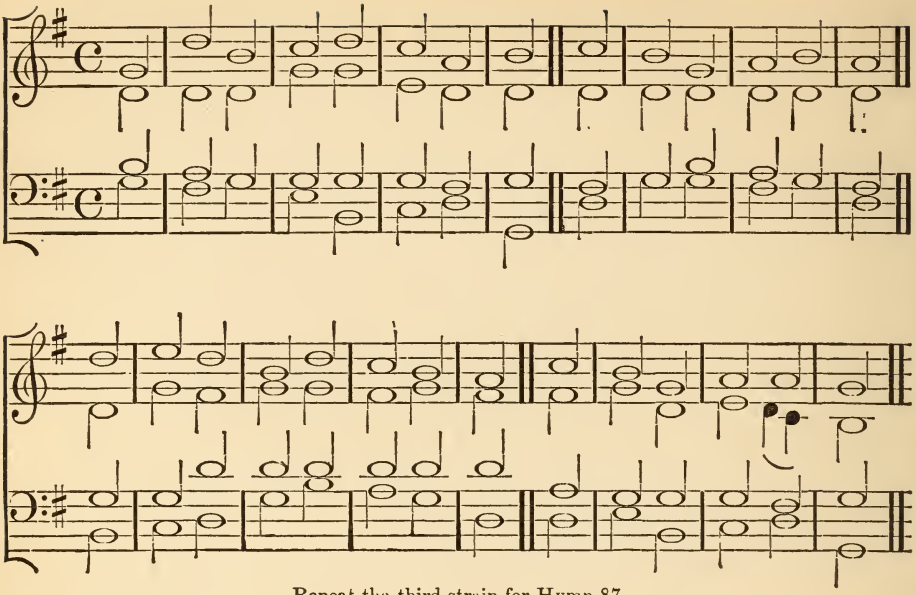
HOW blest, to rest in lively hope,
That, when our change shall come,
Angels will hover round our bed,
And waft our spirits home!

There shall our liberated souls
Behold Him and adore,
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

Soon too our slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound;
And, by the Saviour's power rebuilt,
At His right hand be found.

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What rapture must the church above
In Jesu's presence know!

MELROSE. C.M. Scotch Psalter, 1635.



Repeat the third strain for Hymn 87.

371

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw His Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

164

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and LORD,
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts,—how free!
Thy blood, our life,—Thy word, our feast,
Thy name our only plea.

Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

378

THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last.

Oh! lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

379

THERE is an hour when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

There is an hour when I must stand
Before the judgment seat;
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.

There is an hour when I must look
Upon eternity;
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.

O Saviour, then, in all my need,
Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,
Find life and heaven in Thee.

128

GOD of our life, Thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound!
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

To Thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend!
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

In ev'ry scene of life, Thy care,
In ev'ry age we see!
And constant as Thy favours are
So let our praises be!

Still may Thy love, in ev'ry scene,
In ev'ry age appear!
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the op'ning year!

Oh, keep each fond and foolish heart
From anxious passions free;
Teach us, when earthly joys depart,
To find our rest in Thee.

If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wand'ring soul to God!
And in affliction I will sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

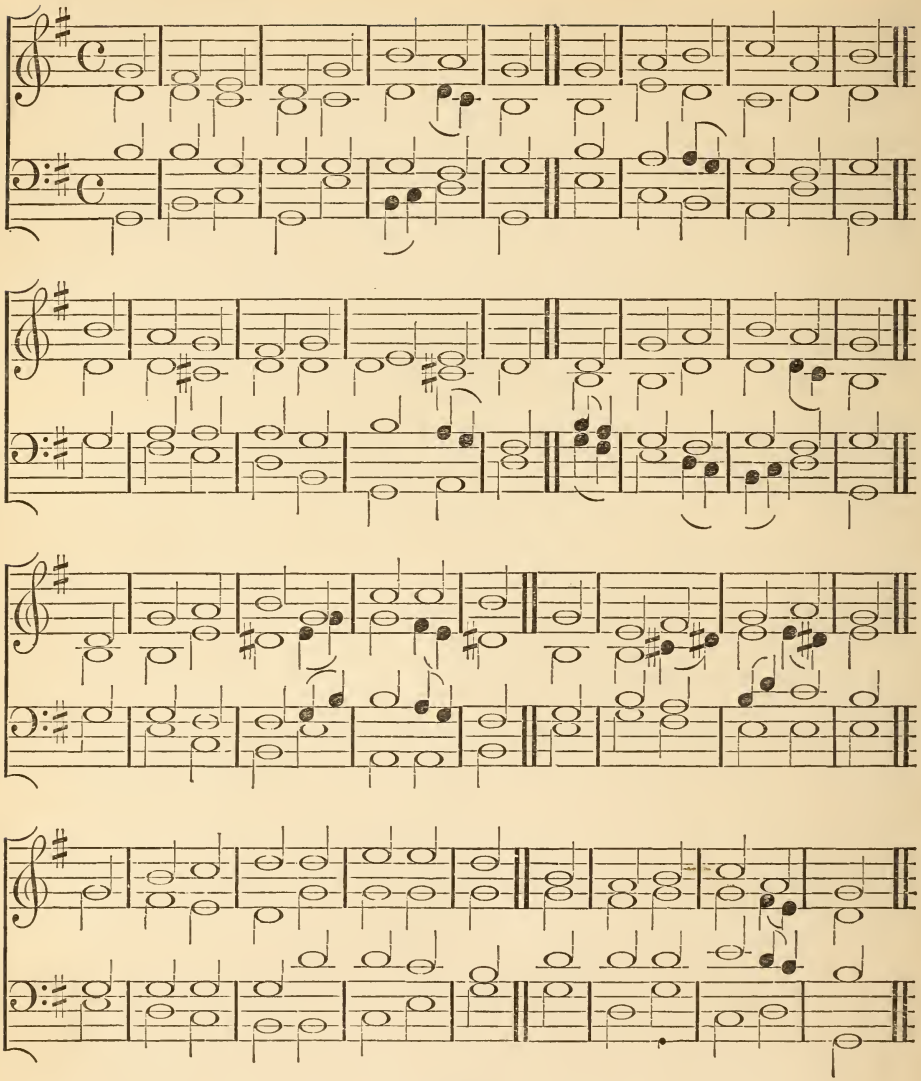
87

EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The holy Babe hath been,
Long named in heaven, He now must go
To take that name on Him below,
Jesus, who saves from sin.

The traitor sought Him by that name,
When all the murd'rous crew
With swords and staves against Him came:
And on the cross, the tree of shame,
That name was fix'd in view.

Yet in His hour of glory now
That precious name is given,
Above all names to deck His brow;
And at the name of Jesus bow
The powers and thrones of heaven.

Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
Jesus for evermore:
Thou who for us didst not disdain
That sinners should the name profane
Which seraphim adore.



174

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
'Til trav'lling days are done.

191

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favour'd house of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky;
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee!

Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flock'd beneath the wing
Of Him, who call'd thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King;
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Until thou turn again
And seek with penitence of heart
The Lamb thy sons have slain:
Till to the Saviour of mankind
Thou humbly bow the knee,—
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee!

244

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore!
Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling ray from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart!

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
That is not wholly Thine!
May faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it, or denies!

376

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

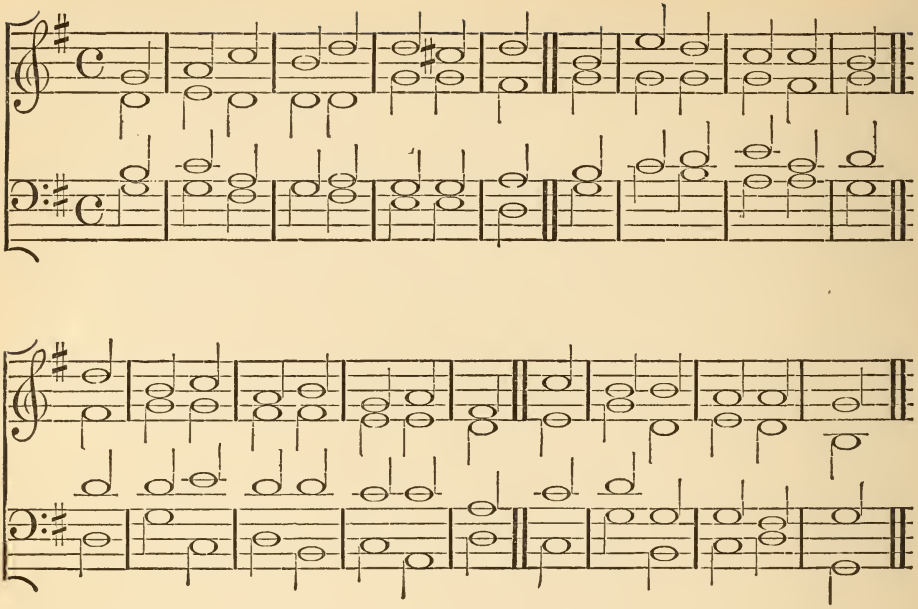
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

287

O THOU, to whose all-seeing eye
Earth's mysteries are clear,—
Who bright as noonday canst descry
What we deem darkest here,—
Make us in lowly faith rejoice,
With her, who on this day
First heard the Angel's wondrous voice,
And heard, but to obey!

For though on duty's narrow path
Dark clouds awhile may rest,
One light the weary spirit hath,
To know, Thy way is best!
And say, "Whate'er betide, yet still
Behold Thy servant, Lord!
Be it to me, through good and ill,
According to Thy word!"

SALISBURY. C.M. From RAVENSCROFT.

370

THE Saviour! what a noble flame
Was kindled in His breast,
When steadfast to Jerusalem
His urgent way He press'd!

Good-will to man and zeal for God
His holy soul engross:
He longs to be baptiz'd in blood;
He pants to reach the cross.

With all His sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the work His spirit flew;
'T was love that urg'd Him on.

Lord, we return Thee what we can;
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying Man,
And to the rising God.

And while Thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

383

THOU art the Way—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

PSALM 19. O.V.

THE fear of God is excellent,
And ever doth endure;
The judgments of the Lord also,
Most righteous are and pure;

And more to be desired far
Than much fine gold are they;
The honey and the honeycomb
Are not so sweet as they.

By them Thy servant is forewarned
To have God in regard;
And in performance of the same
There shall be great reward.

But, Lord, what earthly man doth know
The errors of his days?
Oh, cleanse me from my secret sins,
And make direct my ways.

137

HAIL, Son of God, in glory crown'd
Ere time began to be,
Throned with Thy Sire through half the round
Of wide eternity!

Let heav'n and earth's stupendous frame
Display their Author's power,
And each exalted seraph flame,
Creator, Thee adore!

Thy wondrous love the Godhead show'd
Contracted to a span;
The co-eternal Son of God,
Th' incarnate Son of man.

To save mankind from lost estate
Behold His life-blood stream!
Hail, Lord! Almighty to create,
Almighty to redeem!

The Mediator's godlike sway
His church beneath sustains:
Till nature shall her Judge survey,
The King Messiah reigns.

Hail! with essential glory crown'd
When time shall cease to be;
Throned with Thy Father through the round
Of whole eternity!

282

O SAVIOUR! whom this joyful morn
Gave to our world below,
To wand'ring and to danger born,
To weakness, toil, and woe;—

Incarnate Word, by ev'ry grief,
By each temptation tried;
Who liv'd to yield our ills relief,
And, to redeem us, died;—

If gaily cloth'd and richly fed,
In dang'rous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger-bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

But if it be Thy blessed will,
In poverty we pine,
Make us content, rememb'ring still
A poorer lot was Thine.

Through this world's fickle various scene
From sin preserve us free;
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee.

159

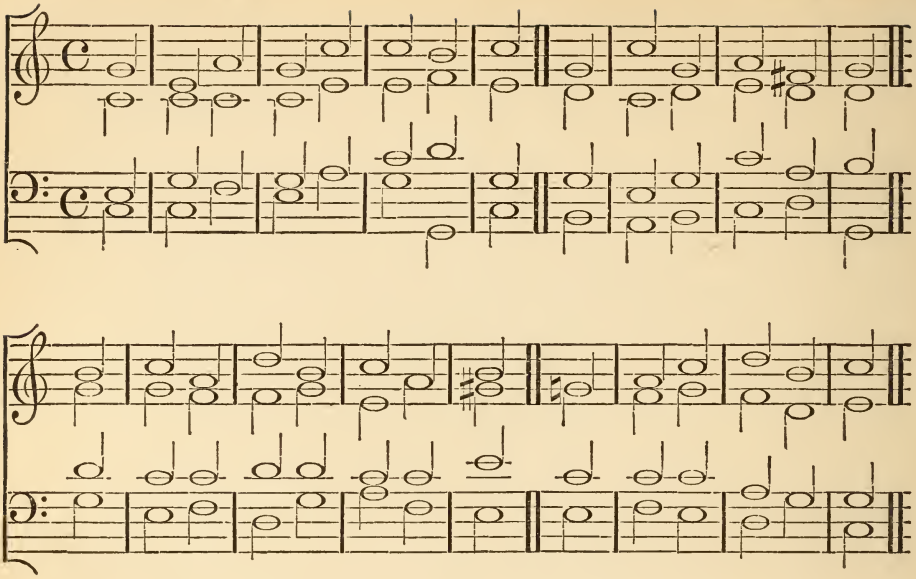
HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake a grateful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Justice and grace with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn:
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest words be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

ST. ANN'S. C.M. DR. CROFT.



PSALM 5. PT. II.

LORD! in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.

Oft to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face!

All men that love and fear Thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
Almighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

38

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Turn, sinner, turn! Thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

PSALM 143.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In Thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

Nor at Thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in Thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

Thou art my God, Thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let Thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in Thy right way.

Oh, for the sake of Thy great Name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For Thy truth's sake, to me, distress'd,
Thy promis'd aid impart.

67

COME, let us search our hearts, and try
If all our ways be right:
Is God's great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

Have we to others truly done,
As we would have them do?
Envious, unkind, and false to none;
But always just and true?

In vain we speak of Jesu's blood,
And place in Him our trust,
If, while we boast our love to God,
We prove to men unjust.

Thou, before whom we stand in awe,
And tremble, and obey,
Write in our hearts Thy perfect law,
And keep us in Thy way.

220

LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
How slow to learn Thy word!

Oft we frequent Thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain,
Such faint impressions of Thy grace
Our languid powers retain.

Great God! Thy Sov'reign aid impart,
To give Thy word success;
Write all its precepts on our heart,
And deep its truths impress.

Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

68

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
The dawn shall bring us light!
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground,

So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

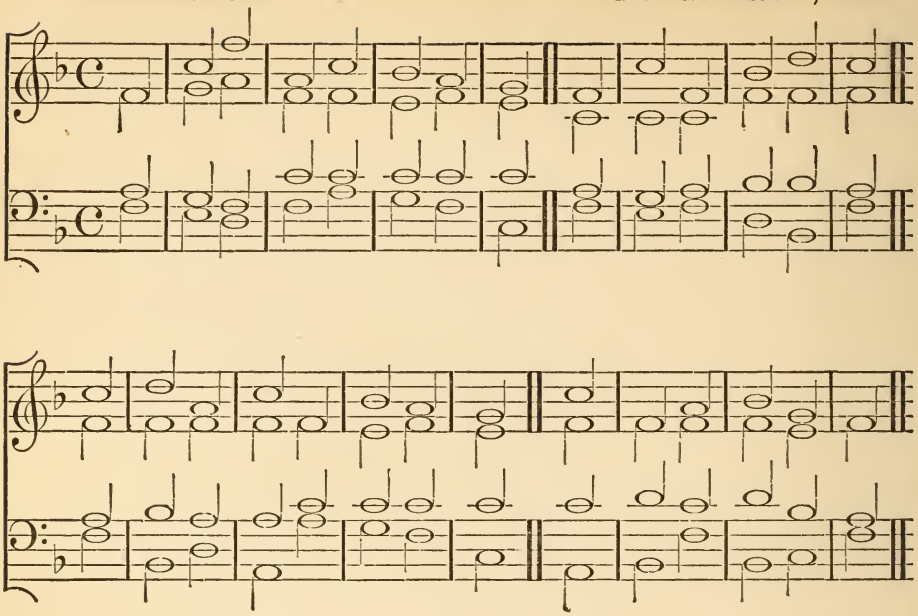
373

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase,
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

Eternal joy or endless woe,
Attends on every breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death.

Teach us, O blessed Lord, to run
In faith life's dang'rous road;
And, through the grace of Christ Thy Son,
To rise to Thee our God.

ST. DAVID'S. C.M. From RAVENSCROFT, 1623.

103

FATHER of mercies! send Thy grace
All-powerful from above
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

Oh! may our sympathizing breast
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

So Jesus look'd on dying men,
Enthroned above the skies;
And, when He saw their lost estate,
Felt His compassion rise.

Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd,
Should love each other too.

245

LORD, who hast sought us out, unsought,
Arise, and make us whole;
Teach us to love Thee as we ought,
And give Thee all the soul.

Grant that all we, who meet, this hour,
Within Thy house of prayer,
May have Thy peace, and own Thy power,—
But spare our weakness, spare!

Give us Thy grace, Thy faith, Thy love,
In all our hearts' distress;
O Thou! in whom we live and move,
Look down, and hear, and bless.

Jesus! assume Messiah's throne,
Thy foes before Thee driven,
Thy will, in grace and glory, done
In earth as 'tis in heaven.

PSALM 126.

WHEN Jesus to our rescue came,
And set our spirits free,
It seemed at first some happy dream
Of all we longed to see.

Our hearts with raptures sweet and strange,
Our lips with song o'erflowed;
And all around beheld the change,
And owned the hand of God.

"The Lord," they said, "great things hath done,"
"Yea, things," we cried, "divine."
Then perfect, Lord, Thy work begun,
And make us wholly Thine.

Thrice happy they in tears that sow,
To reap in joy and love;
That drop their seed on earth below,
And find their sheaves above.

416

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Should cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,—
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

196

JESUS! exalted far on high!
To whom a name is giv'n,
A name surpassing every name
That's nam'd in earth or heav'n;

Before whose throne shall ev'ry knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before whose throne shall ev'ry tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord;

Jesus! who in the form of God
Didst equal honour claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame;

Oh, may that mind be form'd in us
Which shone so bright in Thee;
May we be humble, lowly, meek,
From pride and envy free;

May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate Thy love:
So shall we bear Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above.

PSALM 66.

LET all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of His Name,
And spread His glorious praise.

Through all the earth the nations round
Shall Thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of Thy great Name express.

Oh, come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own
That He to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgments shown.

Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds His mercy from my soul,
Nor turns His face away.

PSALM 27. O.V.

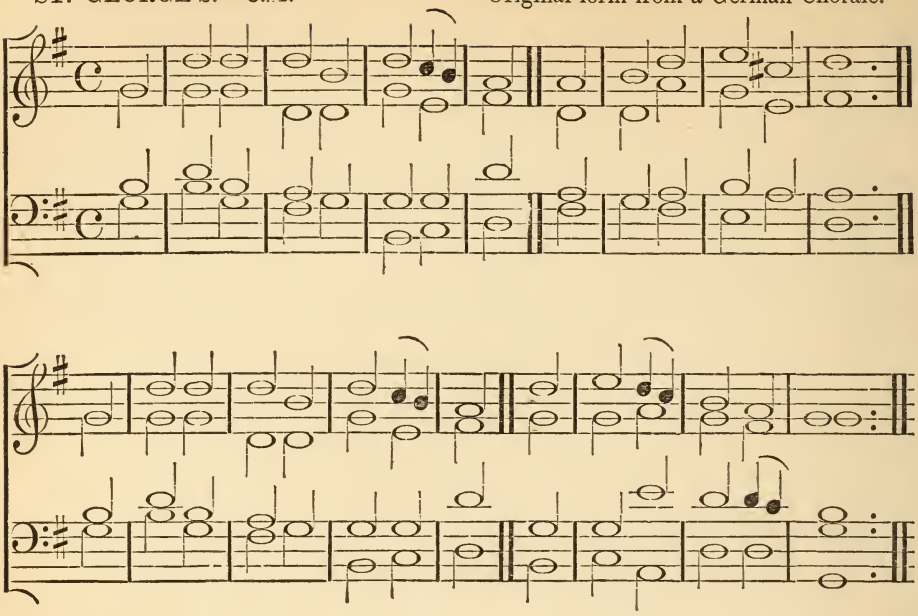
ONE thing of God I do desire,
Which He will not deny;
To that my longing thoughts aspire;
For that I humbly cry.

That I within His holy place
For evermore may dwell,
To see the beauty of His face,
And all His goodness tell.

In time of dread He shall me hide,
Within His place secure,
And keep me safely by His side,
As on a rock most sure.

Therefore within His house will I
Give sacrifice of praise;
With psalms and songs I will apply
To laud the Lord always.

ST. GEORGE'S. C.M. Original form from a German Chorale.



65

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

PSALM 108.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy Name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing Thy praise
That round about us dwell:

Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious Name.

429

WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
Whose sound through heaven rings
They welcome Jesus to the sky,
And crown Him—King of kings.

At sight of Him, yon seraphs bright
Exulting, clap their wings;
They hail the Lord with new delight,
And crown Him—King of kings.

Look up, ye saints! and while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things;
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown Him—King of kings.

While here He bore our sin and shame;
From this our comfort springs;
'Tis meet we should exalt His name,
And crown Him—King of kings.

We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds
To tune celestial strings,
And join with heaven's exulting crowds
To crown Him—King of kings.

347

SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
O come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the *light*,—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the *fire*,—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the *dew*,—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the *dove*,—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

134

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people here,
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

9

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

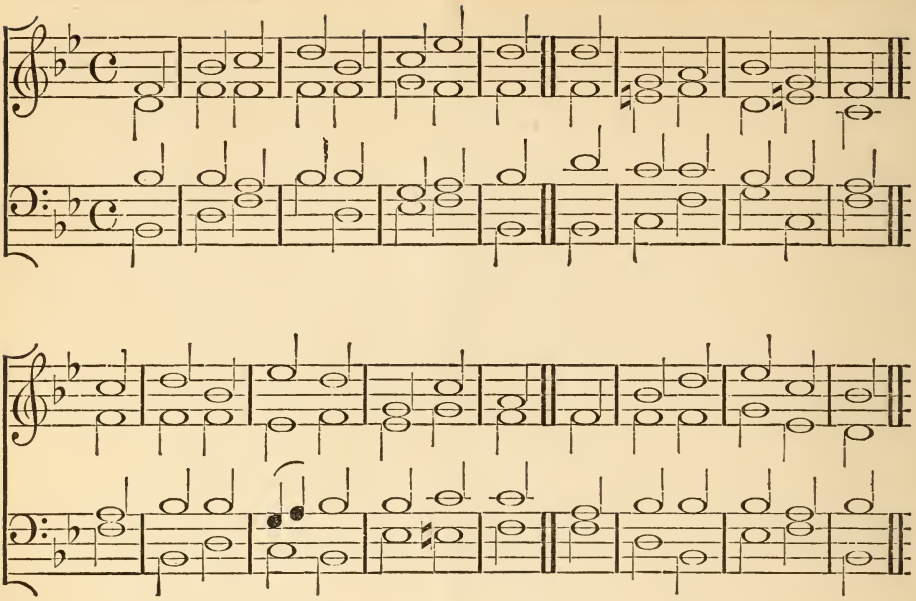
Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

ST. JAMES'S. C.M. RAPHAEL COURTVILLE, 1580.

215

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of light!
Who comes on angels' wings?
The stars rejoicing in His sight,
He comes, the King of kings!

Lift up your heads, ye gates of light!
Ye angel-banners, wave!
He stooped from your resplendent height,
But only stooped to save.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of light!
Ye angels, strike the string!
He smote the Serpent in His might,
He took from Death the sting.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of light!
Whence come the shout and psalm?
Whence come the millions robed in white,
With crowns of gold and palm?

Lift up your heads, ye gates of light!
Those millions were undone:
For those He fought the glorious fight,
And those the prize He won.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of light!
The glorious day's begun;
The day of heaven, that knows no night,
Our GOD its only Sun.

228

LORD, I am Thine; brought into life
By Thy creative word:
And when upon the breast I hung,
I was Thy care, O Lord.

Thy guardian mercy watched and kept
My giddy youthful days,
And hither hast Thou led me on
Through life's bewildering ways.

Withdraw not then Thy grace from me
When foes and snares are nigh:
Oh! send me help, Thy help on which
My soul can best rely.

O Thou who hitherto hast kept,
Still keep me to the end!
With Thee my Guide, with Thee my Guard,
I ask no other Friend.

409

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Ere yet my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

When worn by sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

278

O LORD, that art my righteous Judge,
To my complaint give ear:
Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see,
Oh! let the glories of Thy face
Shine brighter, Lord, on me!

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy
More lasting and more true
Than theirs, possessed of all that they
So eagerly pursue.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest:
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of Thy defence possest.

Lord of my life, my hopes, my joys,
My never-failing Friend,
Thou hast been all my help till now,
Oh! help me to the end!

397

TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good-will;
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still.

And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord! God! heavenly King! the God
And Father of all might!

And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun;
O JESU CHRIST! God! Lamb of God!
The Father's only Son!

Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away;
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray!

O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One!

Thou, Lord,—who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore.

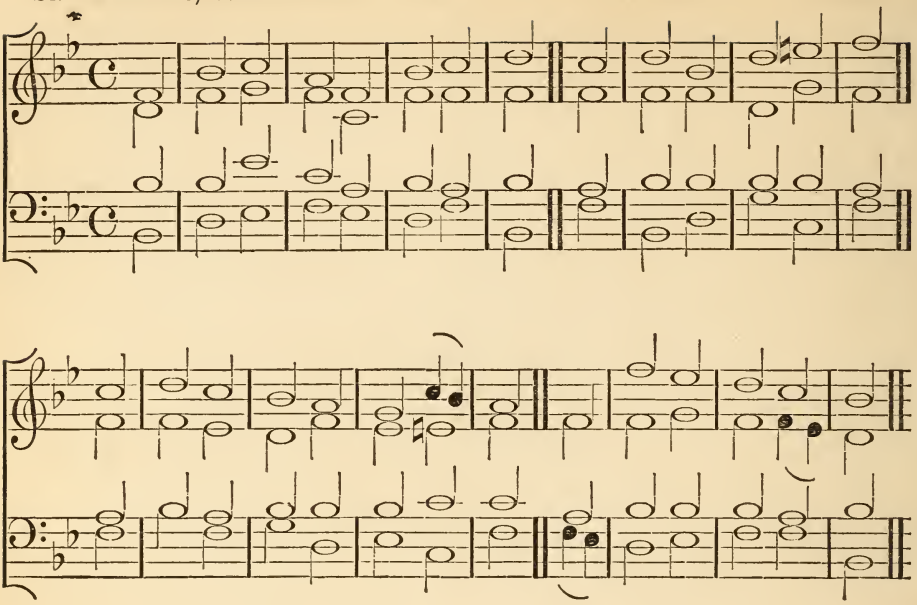
310

OUR Father, Lord, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy Name!
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done,
In earth and heaven the same.

Give us, this day, our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

In our temptations leave us not;
From evil set us free;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

ST. MAGNUS, or NOTTINGHAM. C.M. J. CLARK.



263

NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known:
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love
Who never loved before.

And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

PSALM 71.

IN Thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline Thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is Thy name.

Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb
To sing Thy constant praise.

Reject not then Thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay;
Forsake me not when, worn with years,
My vigour fades away.

While God vouchsafes me His support,
I'll in His strength go on;
And other righteousness disclaim,
And mention His alone.

337

SERVANTS of God, awake! arise,
And lift your voices high;
Praise and adore that boundless love
Which brings salvation nigh.

Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment leads it near;
Then gladly view each closing day,
Gladly each closing year.

For few indeed their round shall run,
Few future mornings rise;
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of Nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

203

JESUS, we lift our souls to Thee
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,
And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into Thy death.

O let Thine unction on *him* rest,
Thy grace *his* soul renew;
And write within *his* tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

Lord, if Thou lengthen out *his* race,
Continue still Thy care;
Or shouldst Thou quickly end *his* days,
His place with Thee prepare.

Lord, plant us all into Thy death,
That we Thy life may prove;
Partakers of Thy cross beneath,
And of Thy crown above.

PSALM 6.

IN tender mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke us, gracious God!
Lest, if Thy whole displeasure rise,
We fall beneath Thy rod.

Touch'd by Thy Spirit's quick'ning power,
Our load of guilt we feel;
The wounds Thy Spirit hath unclosed,
Oh, let that Spirit heal!

Oh! come with speed, ere life expire,
And show Thy power to save;
For who shall sing Thy name in death,
Or praise Thee in the grave?

Why should our souls distrust Thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil Thy promised word,
And grant us all our prayer.

349

SPIRIT of Truth, on this Thy day,
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone,
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love.

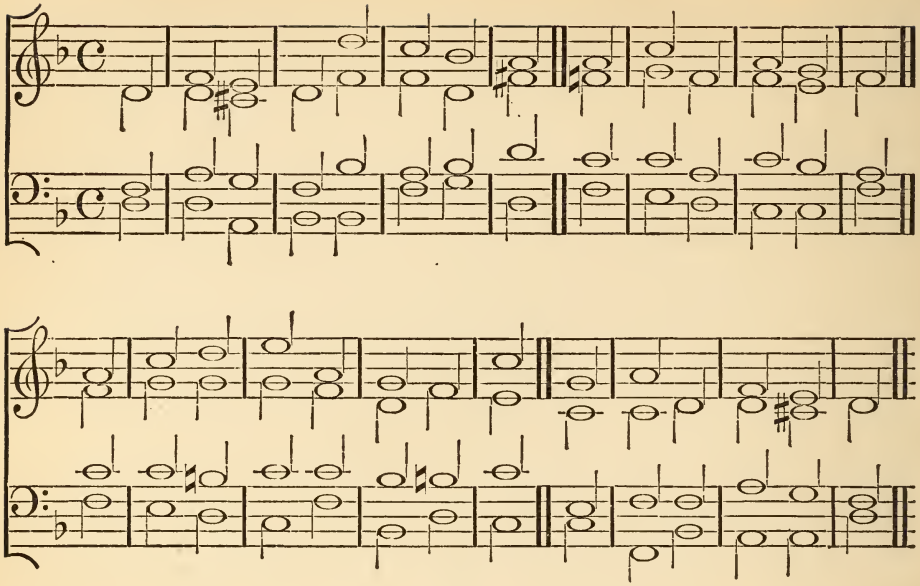
64

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys!
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever be
In this poor, dying state—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

281

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead!
With whom Thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more;
Nor shrink to tread the dreary way
Which Thou hast trod before.

When, soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to Thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way!

12

ALMIGHTY God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

Lord, at Thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let His blood wash out my stains
And answer for my guilt.

23

AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

The world, and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
While time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast:
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

My life's best remnant all be Thine;
And when Thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
Oh, speed my soul to Thee!

PSALM 130. PT. II.

FROM depths of woe to God I cry,
And God my cry will hear:
The Friend of sinners reigns on high,
And suppliants need not fear.

I cast me on Thy plighted word,
I knock at mercy's gate;
Oh! hear my supplication, Lord,
Receive me ere too late!

As seamen on the stormy main,
As pilgrims on their road,
Look out by night for morn again;
So looks my soul for God.

Sweet are the dawnings of His grace,
More sweet the perfect day.
Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and chase
Each lingering cloud away!

PSALM 42. PT. II.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

The hand which now withholds my joys,
Can yet restore my peace;
And He who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count His mercies o'er;
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.

Here will I rest, and build my hope,
Nor murmur at His rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Father, and my God.

425

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought;

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand arrayed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear?

But Thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who doth his sins lament,
That Jesus suffered unto death,
His sufferings to prevent.

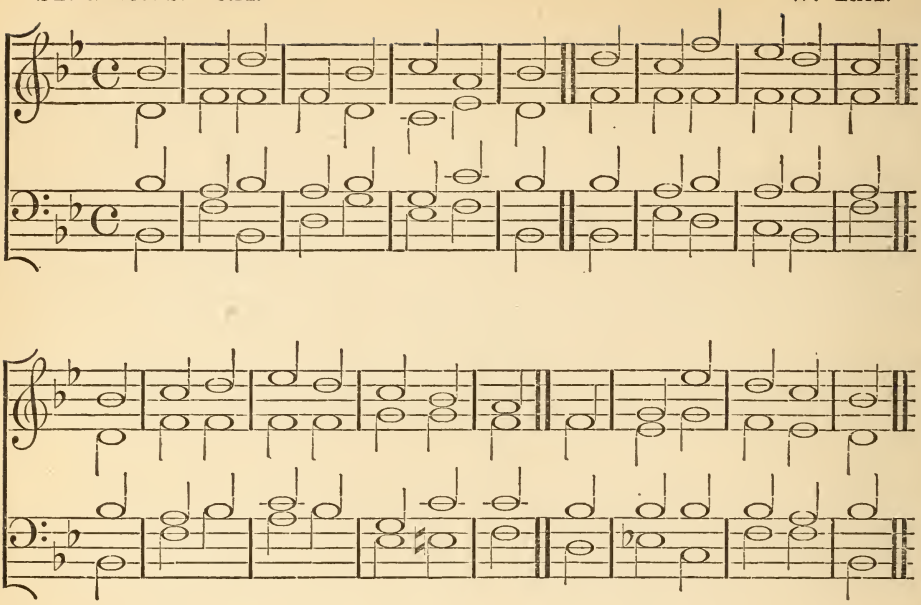
Then why, my soul, shouldst thou despair,
Thy pardon to procure;
Since Christ, the Lord of Glory, died,
To make that pardon sure.

155

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead; [claims
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

ST. PAUL'S. C.M. W. TATE.

269

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renew'd
And fill'd with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

PSALM 42.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
My thirsty soul doth pine.
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none so blest as I.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring!

PSALM 9. PT. II.

TO celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to Thy Name, O Thou most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have His goodness prov'd
Will in His truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on His help relied.

His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectation shall be crown'd,
Though for a time delay'd.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Zion, His abode;
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

PSALM 39.

TEACH us, O Lord, how brief our date,
How few our fleeting years;
How worthless is our best estate
In this poor vale of tears.

Our life indeed is but a span
Dependent on Thy breath:
And all the pomp and gains of man
But gild the road to death.

We turn from these, we turn from all
That binds our hearts to dust;
Down at Thy footstool, Lord, we fall;
Thy grace is all our trust.

Oh! free our souls from guilt and fear,
Let fall Thy angry rod.
Thou know'st we are but strangers here;
Be Thou our home, O God.

PSALM 34.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Oh! make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

401

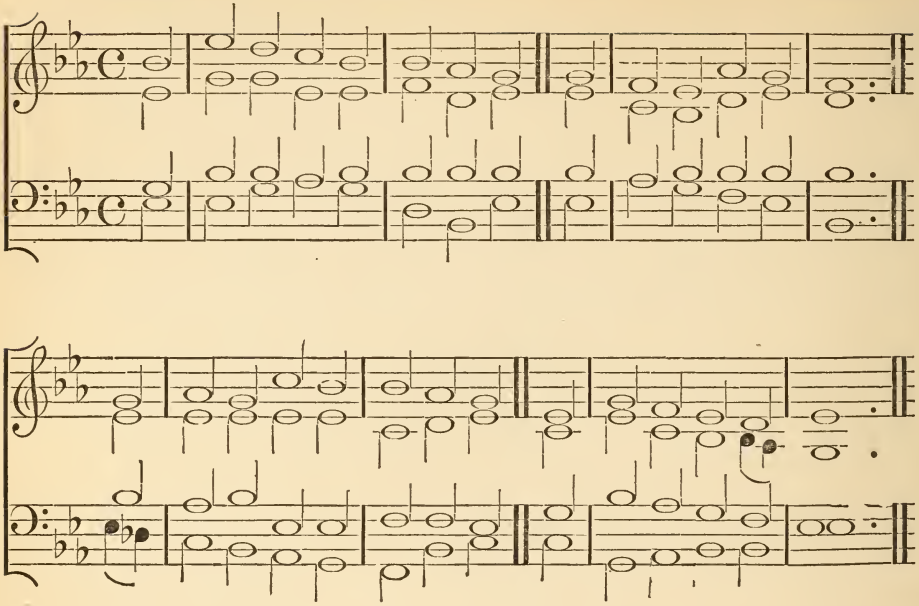
TRIUMPHANT, Christ ascends on high,
The glorious work complete;
Sin, death, and hell, low vanquished lie,
Beneath His awful feet.

There, with eternal glory crowned,
The Lord, the Conqueror reigns;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound
In their immortal strains.

Amid the splendours of His throne,
Unchanging love appears;
The names He purchased for His own,
Still on His heart he bears.

Oh! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

On Thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath Thy cross I fall,—
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

ST. PETER'S. C.M. (By permission.) A. R. Reinagle.

359

THE King of heav'n His table spreads
For ev'ry willing heart;
Not paradise with all its joys
Could such delight impart.

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are giv'n
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heav'n.

Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, and partake of mercy's feast,
And grace shall find you room!

Millions of saints, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

Yet are His house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

All things are ready, come away;
Nor weak excuses frame;
Receive the freely-offer'd gift,
And bless the Giver's Name.

432

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in Bethlehem, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord—
And this shall be the sign:

"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."

PSALM 1. PT. II.

THOU Lord of glory and of grace,
On Whom the angels gaze;
How blest is he who sees Thy face,
And lives in prayer and praise.

How blest is he whose failing heart
By Thee is saved from sin;
Secur'd against the tempter's art,
All holiness within.

His faith shall flourish, like a tree
The living stream beside;
His heart from pain and passion free,
His God his friend and guide.

Oh! may we daily to the Cross
Uplift our hearts and eyes,
And think the world's whole wealth but loss,
To win that glorious prize.

296

OF every earthly stay bereft,
Beset by many an ill,
One hope, one precious hope, is left,
The Lord is faithful still.

His Church through every past alarm
In Him has found a Friend;
And, Lord, on Thine Almighty arm
We now for all depend.

Thy holy covenant shall stand
For ages bright and sure;
And tell us God is still at hand,
To shield, to save, and cure.

On Thee, O Lord, our hopes recline;
Oh, still Thy comforts give;
Defeat our enemies and Thine,
And bid Thy tremblers live!

PSALM 8.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy Name!

In heav'n Thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

When heav'n, Thy beauteous work on hi
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light:

Lord, what is man that Thou so lov'st
To keep him in Thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

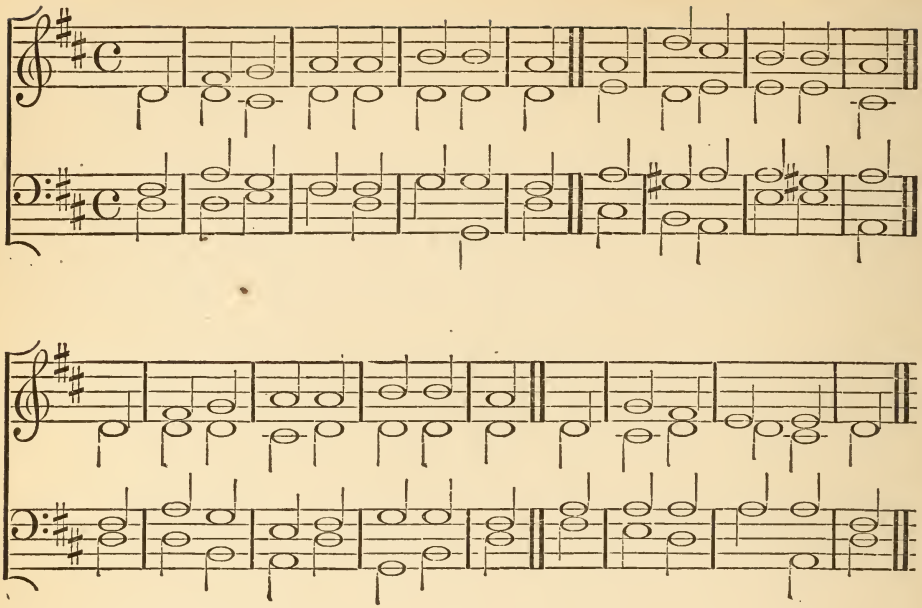
44

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call;
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp His name,
And their Creator love.

Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth;
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

Almighty God! Thine influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honours of Thy name be spread,
And all the glory Thine.

TALLIS. C.M. T. TALLIS, 1563.

354

TEACH us, Almighty Lord, this day
Thy mercies to proclaim;
Teach us with heart and lip to pray,
"All hallowed be Thy name."

Grant that as we our wrongs forgive,
Our faults may be forgiven;
And daily may our souls receive
The bread that comes from heaven.

Grant that our hearts no more may yield
To sin, and Satan's power;
But make Thy word our sword and shield,
In dark temptation's hour.

Grant that Thou mayst be worshipped here,
As angels worship Thee,
In love, that casteth out all fear,
Till earth shall bow the knee.

When shall we see the Coming SIGN,
When hear the trumpet blown,
Which makes earth's kingdoms all be Thine,
The universe Thy throne?

PSALM 86.

TO my complaint, O Lord, my God,
Thy gracious ear incline,
Hear me, distressed and destitute
Of all relief but Thine.

To me, who daily Thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend,
Refresh Thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On Thee alone depend.

Teach me, O Lord, Thy way, and I
From thence shall ne'er depart.
In reverence on Thy holy name
Devoutly fix my heart.

Thy boundless mercies, Lord, to me,
Surpass my power to tell;
Blest as I am, and crowned by Thee,
And saved from depths of hell.

Oh! still the same Almighty arm
To my assistance bring,
Of patience, mercy, truth, and grace,
Thou everlasting spring!

SEE the good Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls His sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in His arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

He leads them to the gentle stream,
Where living water flows;
And guides them to the verdant fields
Where sweetest herbage grows.

The weakest lambs amidst the flock
His tender mercies share;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're free from ev'ry snare.

Thus may we safely venture through,
Beneath our Shepherd's care,
And keep the gates of heaven in view,
Till we shall enter there.

PSALM 119.

HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With Thy commands agree.

With hearty zeal for Thee I seek,
To Thee for succour pray;
Oh, suffer not my careless steps
From Thy right paths to stray!

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless Thy name:
Oh, teach me then by Thy just laws
My future life to frame!

To keep Thy statutes undefil'd
Shall be my constant joy:
The strict remembrance of Thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

OH, praise the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless His Name;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

Thrice happy he, who God the Lord
For his protector takes;
And Him, with well-plac'd confidence,
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit His steadfast truth,
Nor make His promise vain.

By Him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n He rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King;
From age to age His reign endures;
Let all His praises sing.

PSALM 3. PT. II.

THOU, Gracious Lord, art my defence,
On Thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shalt raise
My drooping head on high.

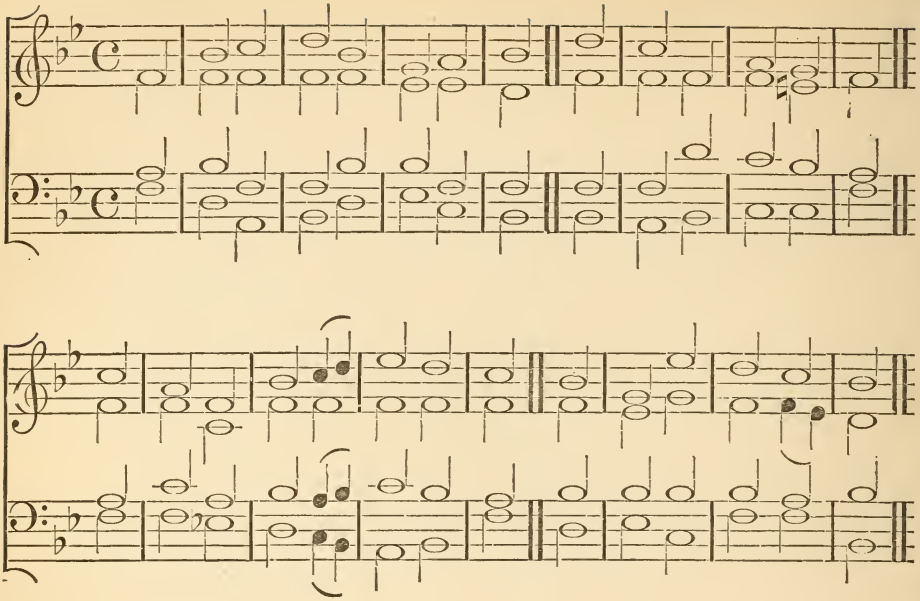
Since whensoever in distress
To God I made my pray'r,
He heard me from His holy hill,
Why should I now despair?

Guarded by Him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through Him securely sleep,
Through Him in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His blessing He extends to all
That on His pow'r depend.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

TIVERTON. C.M. Rev. J. Grigg.



192

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy glorious walls
And gates of pearl behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of purest gold?

Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

There to the Eternal Three in One
Shall prayer and praise ascend
From all the ransomed Church of God—
A Sabbath without end!

350

STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round,
How bleak and dreary are the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

The sun withdraws his cheering beams,
And light and warmth depart,
And winter's chill too often seems
An emblem of my heart.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and bring
Thine own reviving ray;
Turn the soul's winter into spring,
Make darkness cheerful day.

Great Source of light, and warmth, and love,
Our drooping joys restore,
And guide us to those realms above,
Where winter frowns no more.

In hope to join th' angelic host
And all the ransomed throng,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We raise the grateful song.

421

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the grave,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of suffering paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees:
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

PSALM 71. PT. II.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?

Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore:
Still to my soul Thy grace impart,
That I may love Thee more.

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road:
And march with courage in Thy strength
To see my Father, God.

How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall His salvation sing.

Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song;
With this I'll cheer the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

271

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through their weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

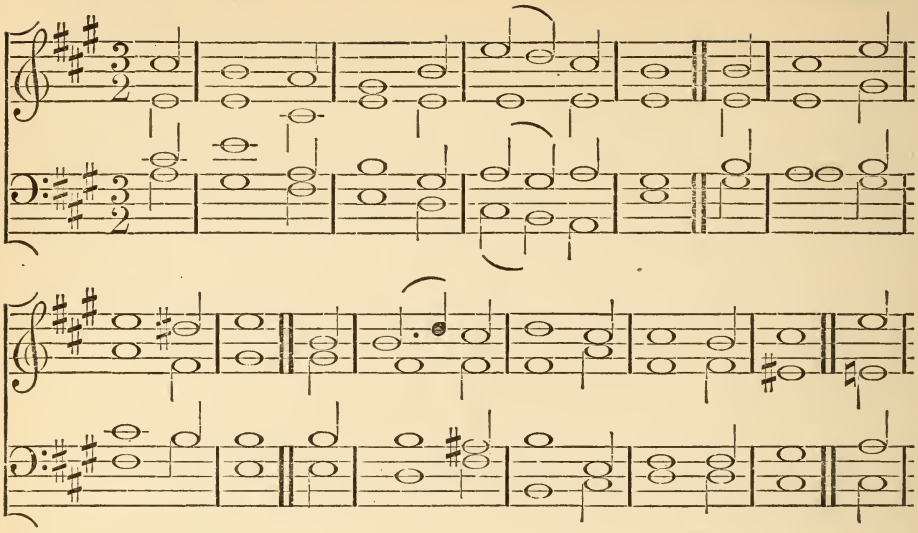
Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of each succeeding race.

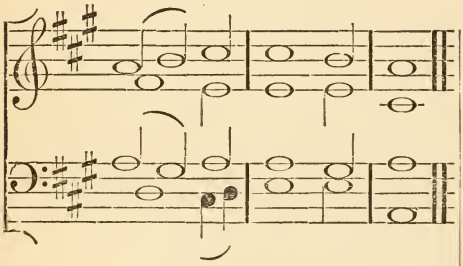
Through this perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

WARWICK. C.M. DR. CROFT.





256

MY Hiding-place, my Refuge, Tower,
And Shield, art Thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On Thy unerring word.

Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines!
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

The sacred word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice which rolls the stars along
Spake all the promises.

My Hiding-place, my Refuge, Tower,
And Shield, art Thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On Thy unerring word.

410

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh! may this truth, imprest
With awful power, "I too must die"—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

Oh! let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save,
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

Great God, Thy sov'reign grace impart
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's tremendous hour.

243

LORD, when our offerings we present
Before Thy gracious throne,
We but return what Thou hast lent,
And give Thee of Thine own.

The earth with all its wealth is Thine,—
The heavens with all their host;
Why should we then in want repine,
Or in abundance boast?

The power and willingness to give
Alike proceed from Thee;
Debtors we are, and, while we live,
Debtors shall ever be.

Ourselves, our all, to Thee we owe;
Yet, if we come behind
What others of their wealth bestow,
Accept our willing mind.

380

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Bless'd be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

PSALM 105.

OH, render thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke His sacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with His deeds;
His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to His praise, in lofty hymns
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in His Almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord; His saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And where He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

PSALM 114.

THE Lord on Sinai made His throne,
In tempest, cloud, and flame;
Ten thousand angels round Him shone,
Jehovah was His name!

The rocks beneath His presence broke,
Night o'er the desert frowned;
The sky was like an altar's smoke,
An earthquake shook the ground.

Then spake the thunders of the Law,
Just, solemn, and severe:
Thy myriads, Israel! shrank in awe;
'Twas all but death to hear.

When Jesus to His people came,
His herald was the Dove;
The "Saviour" was His only name,
His only mission—LOVE.

253

MY God, the cov'nant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

What though my house be not with Thee
As Thy commands require;
That covenant is all my hope,
Salvation and desire.

Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,—
And heaven my final home:

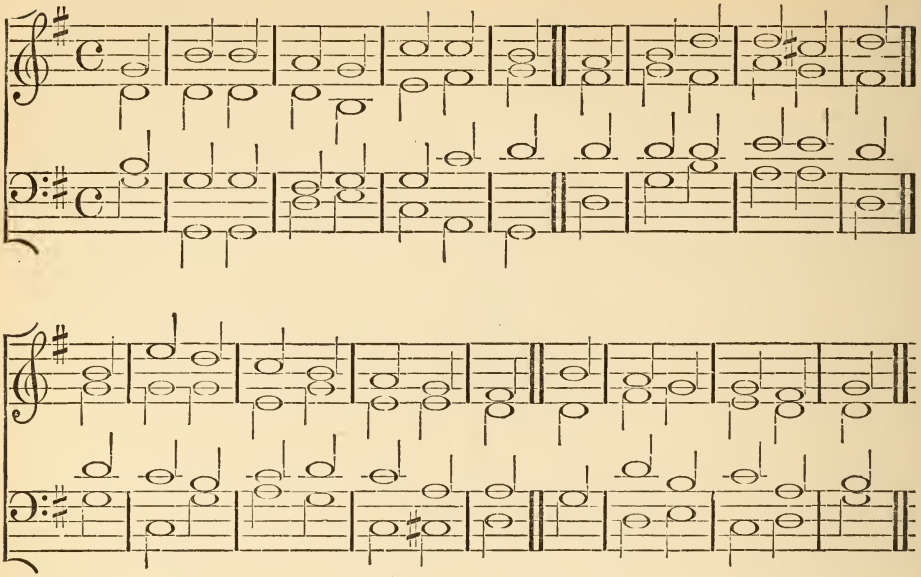
I welcome all Thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

227

LORD! help us on Thy word to feed;
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be Thou, in every time of need,
Our refuge and defence.

Departing hence, we bless Thy name;
We bless Thy gracious word;
And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. From Alison's Psalter, 1599.



254

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

PSALM 62.

ON God alone my spirit waits,
My help is from above;
He my salvation is, my rock,
From Him I'll not remove.

My expectation is from Him,
My shield, my hiding-place:
God is my glory, tow'r, defence,
Source of all life and grace.

Trust Him, ye saints, His mercies own,
Look up to His abode;
Pour out your hearts before His throne;
Our refuge is our God.

Trust not in man, become not vain
Though riches should increase;
Set not your heart on earthly gain;
Be rich in heav'nly grace.

Once God hath spoke; yea, twice declar'd,
"Omnipotence is mine:"
His foes He'll crush; His saints reward
With righteousness divine.

94

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares.

Faith mortifies the love of sin,
Kindles the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hopes to rest
Upon a faithful God.

There, there, unshaken, would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on Faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

152

HEAL us, Emmanuel! here we are,
Waiting to feel Thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,—
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe!" with tears he cried,
"Help Thou my unbelief!"

She, too, who touch'd Thee in the press
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace!
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Like her, with hopes and fears, we come
To touch Thee if we may:
O send us not despairing home!
Send none unheal'd away!

PSALM 23. PT. II.

THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

In tender grass He makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to His endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In His most righteous ways.

I pass with Him the vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
His friendly rod and staff are there
To guide and comfort me.

My cup is full, my table spread,
His mercy crowns my days:
His house shall ever be my home,
And all my life be praise.

PSALM 145.

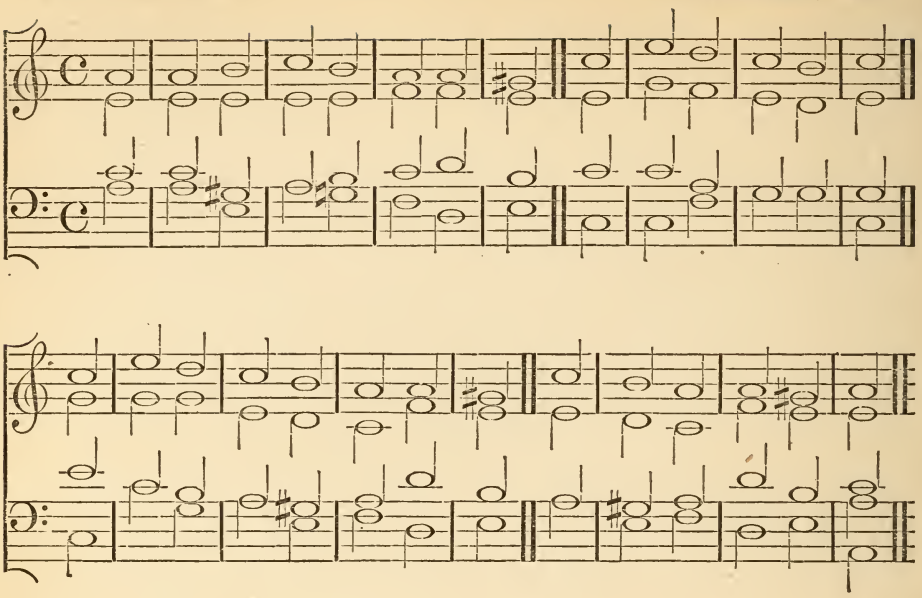
THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless Thy Name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great
And highly to be praised;
Thy Majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

The Lord is good: fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

He grants the full desires of those
Who Him with fear adore;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they His aid implore.

WINDSOR. C.M. Scotch Psalter, 1615.

388

THOU Lord of mercy and of might,
My trembling heart behold,
And give Thy Spirit's living light
To search its inmost fold.

Against this heart's presumptuous sins
I fly to faith and prayer;
But where the Tempter's art begins,
Oh! save me, save me, there.

Teach me to shun the first dark thought,
The wandering of the will;
Oh! keep the soul Thy blood has bought,
And let me serve Thee still.

When dreams of folly cloud my mind,
And prompt to sins unknown,
The dream dissolve, the chain unbind,
And make me all Thine own.

7

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for sins that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord of Glory, died
For man the creature's sin.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee;
'Tis all that I can do.

231

LORD, I would stand with thoughtful eye,
Beneath Thy fatal tree,
And see Thee bleed, and see Thee die,
And think "what love to me!"

Dwell on the sight, my stony heart,
Till every pulse within
Shall into contrite sorrow start,
And hate the thought of sin.

Didst Thou for me, my Saviour, brave
The scoff, the scourge, the gall,
The nails, the thorns, the spear, the grave,
While I deserved them all?

Oh! help me some return to make,
To yield my heart to Thee,
And do and suffer for Thy sake
As Thou didst then for me!

79

DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid:
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he pray'd.

"Father! remove this bitter cup,
If such Thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

Go to the garden, sinner! see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load He bore for thee;
For thee He lies so low.

Then learn of Him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations sore draw near,
Awake to watch and pray.

315

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering ray.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He came, and (oh, amazing love!)
He died for our relief.

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And ev'ry nation, ev'ry tongue,
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

435

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
Since there the dear Redeemer lay,
And cheer'd its dreary gloom.

The graves of all His saints He bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

396

TO Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there;

That resting-place of every heart
That finds the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
Of peace with God within.

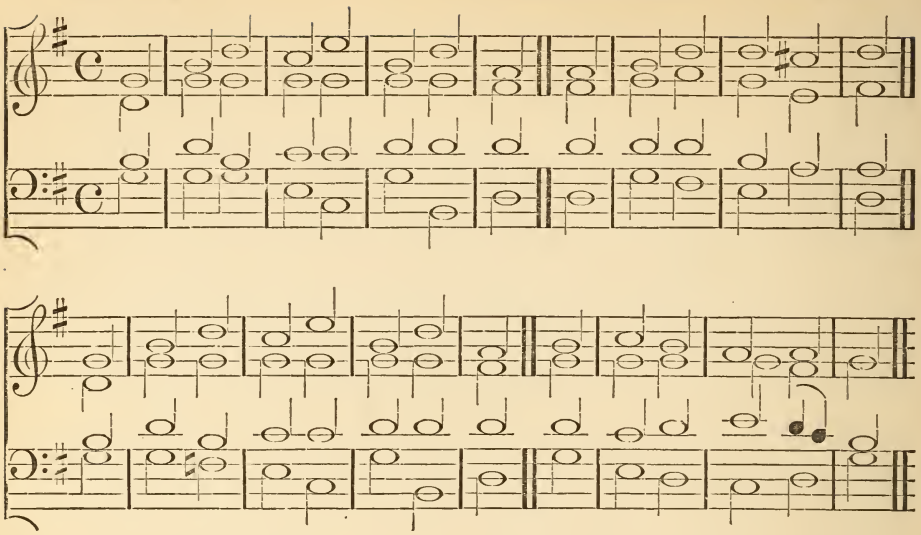
There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.

Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And link'd our life with Thine.

Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

Why linger, then? Come, Saviour, come,
And answer to our call;
Come, claim Thy ancient power, and reign
The heir and Lord of all.

YORK. C.M. From the Scotch Psalter. JOHN MILTON.



PSALM 46.

GOD is our refuge, tried and proved
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease:
The Lord His saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.

A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow:
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His Church below.

When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers,
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
The God of grace is ours.

PSALM 84. PT. IV.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

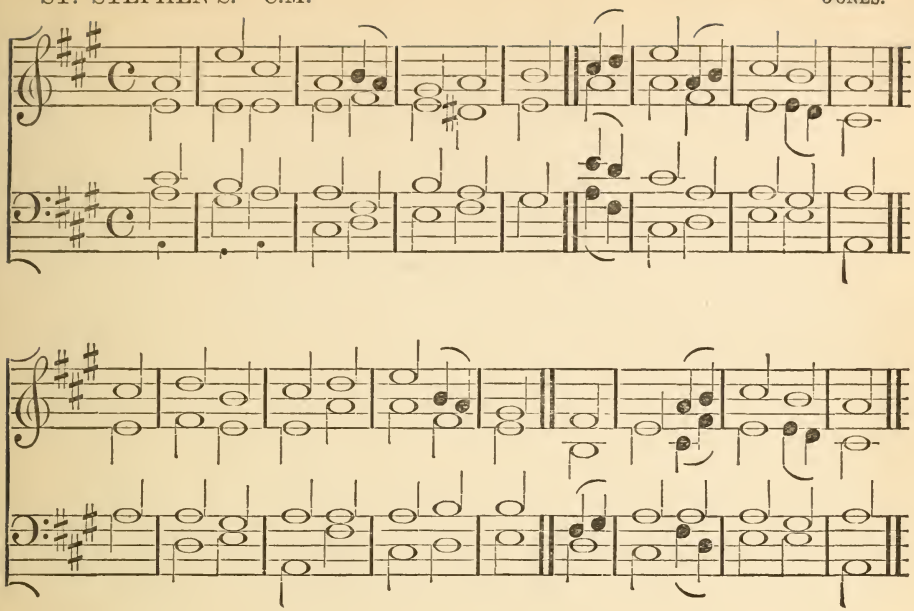
Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead!

Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy mount,
Before their God appear.

92

ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine;
And cause the glory of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

Light, in Thy light, oh may I see:
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Receiv'd and comforted by Thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

Lift up Thy countenance serene,
Let Thine adopted child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconcil'd.

339

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

When shall Thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made,
In justice and in love.

Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

340

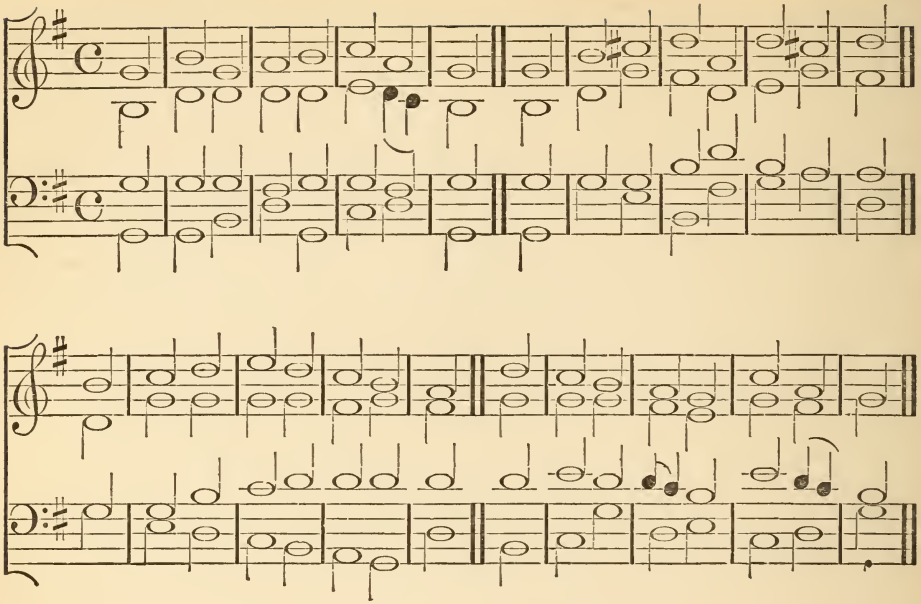
SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne;
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song.

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above;
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

Worthy the Lamb on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death! where is Thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?

Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be giv'n;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in heaven.

ANGEL'S. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS.

28

AWAKE, my soul! in joyful lays,
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, oh! how free!

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh! how great!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud;
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh! how good!

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

289

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn,
With unextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

165

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven Hosanna sing.

O Saviour! with protecting care,
Be with us in Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Eternal bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our inmost soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

PSALM 3.

O GOD, how endless is Thy love,
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently descend like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy powers.

Thine arm sustain'd us while we slept,
Else had our eyelids clos'd in death:
Our life in safety still is kept,
And still we draw our wonted breath.

That life we yield to Thy command,
To Thee we consecrate our days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

PSALM 69.

GOD of our life, to Thee we call,
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall:
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail!

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we lodge our sad complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the friendless and the poor?

Did ever sinner plead with Thee
And Thou refuse his lowly plea?
Does not Thy word still pledg'd remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
And bend on us Thy pitying eye;
To Thee their prayer Thy people make;
Hear us for our Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 138.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused throughout my soul.

Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
Not all Thy works and names below
So much Thy power and glory show.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

2

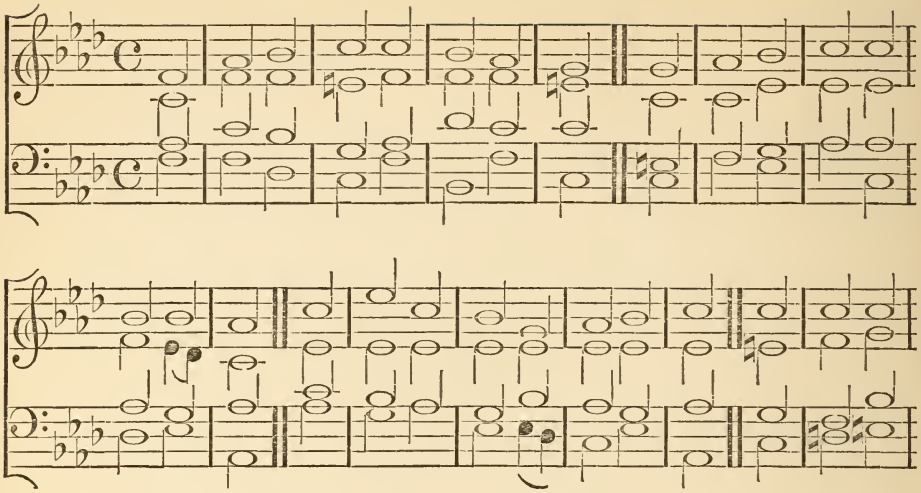
"A LITTLE while"—our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us has gone before.

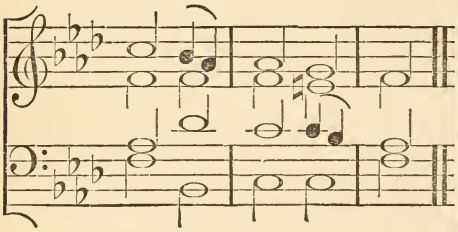
"A little while"—He'll come again:
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him.

"A little while"—'twill soon be past;
Why should we shun the needful cross?
Oh! let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss.

"A little while"—come, Saviour, come!
For Thee Thy Church has tarried long;
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song.

BABYLON STREAMS. L.M. Dr. T. Campion, 1680.





PSALM 137.

WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

O Salem, our own happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let, then, my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!

If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue,
Nor let me sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song!

153

HEAR me, O Lord! in my distress,
Hear me in truth, and righteousness;
For at Thy bar of judgment tried,
None living could be justified.

Lord, I have foes, without, within;
The world, the flesh, in-dwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's hour,
And Satan roaring to devour.

Feebly to Thee, I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert sands;
I thirst for Thee as harvest plains,
Parch'd in the summer, thirst for rains.

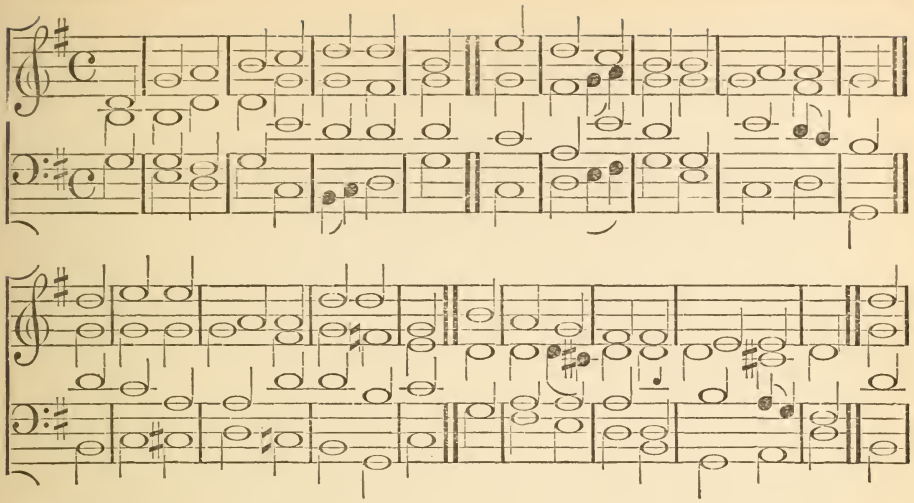
Teach me Thy will; subdue mine own:
Thou art my God and Thou alone:
By Thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.

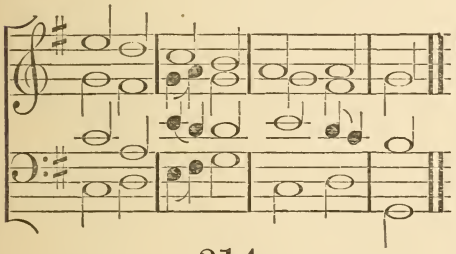
Release my soul from trouble, Lord!
Quicken and help me by Thy word;
May all its promises be mine:
Be Thou my portion:—I am Thine.

437

WHY sinks my weak desponding mind,
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind,
Am I not safe if God is nigh?

My God, if Thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present Help in time of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.





314

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirits shall rejoice;
Assembled here with one accord,
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.

God of our hope, to Thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow Thou,
The Father of the fatherless.

The poor are Thy peculiar care,
To them Thy promises are sure;
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share,
Oh, may we always thus be poor!

May we the law of love fulfil,
And bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer and do Thy righteous will,
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.

329

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear, and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By His obedience so complete
Justice is pleas'd and peace is given.

Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark His steps and keep the road.

91

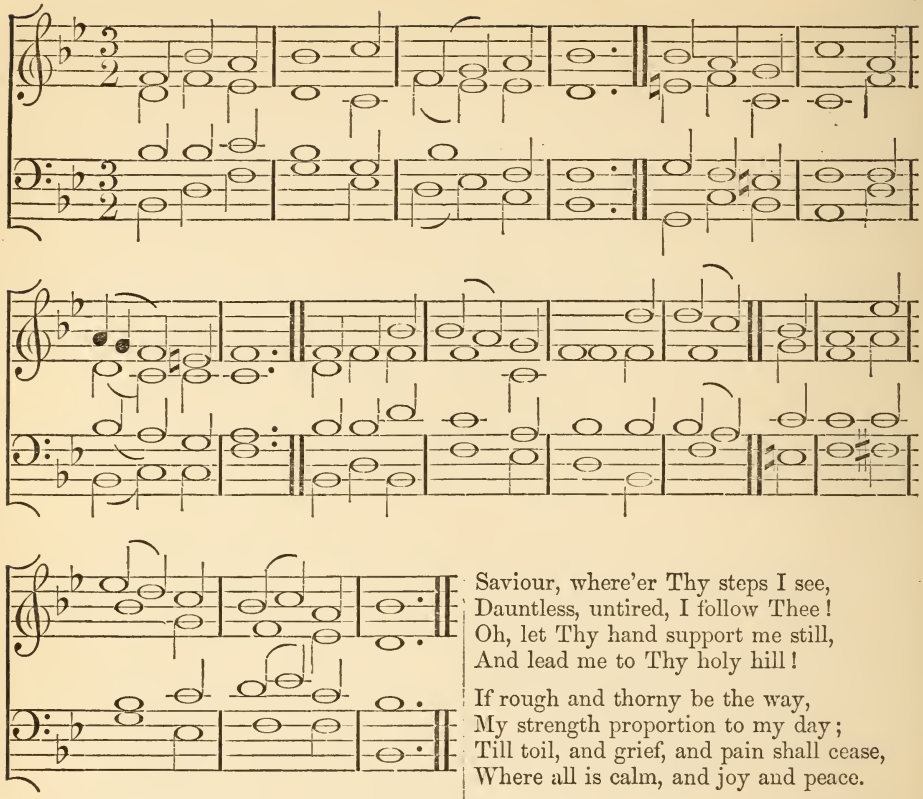
ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Praise shall our hearts and lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise:
Darkness by Thee to veil the skies.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Oh! be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.

Here in Thy house let incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those glorious realms we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

BEETHOVEN. L.M. Adapted from BEETHOVEN.



Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee!
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy and peace.

288

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean!

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near!

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

176

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.

He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.

He lives, within my heart to dwell,
And save me from the power of hell;
To comfort me whene'er I faint,
And soothe my heaviest complaint.

He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend,
Who still will keep me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

He lives my mansion to prepare:
And He will bring me safely there;
He lives, all glory to His name!
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

318

POUR, Lord, Thy Spirit from on high,
Thy ministering servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night on guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

Then, when their work is finish'd here,
Let them in hope their charge resign;
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
May they with crowns of glory shine.

PSALM 139.

LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within Thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PSALM 17.

WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream—an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere,
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst its chains with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM 106.

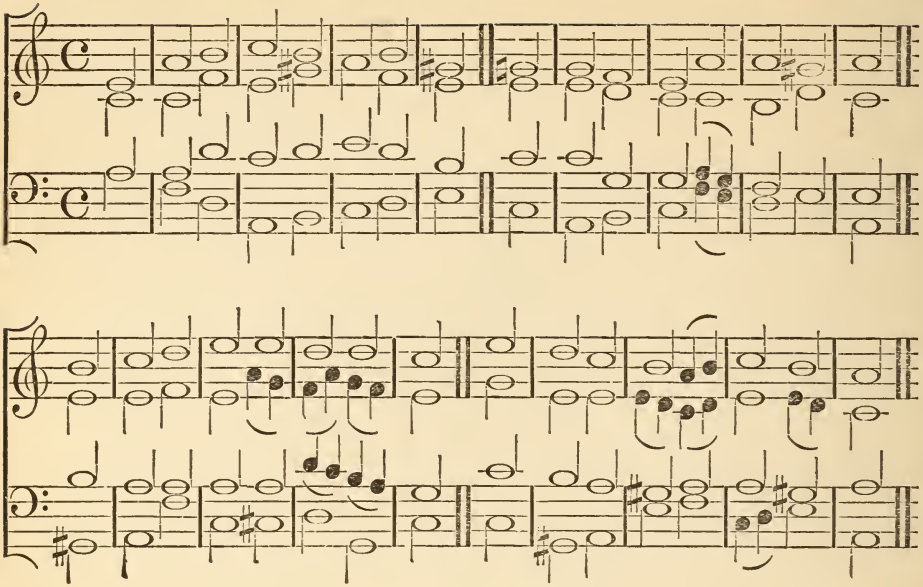
OH! render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express,
As vast as they are numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from His judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love His perfect will,
And all His righteous laws fulfil.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd:
Let all His saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord!



167

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest:
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys,
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

405

"WE'VE no abiding city here!" [mind;
This may distress the worldling's
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here!
We seek a city out of sight:
Sion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

We've no abiding city here!
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

Ah! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd flee to Thee, and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

297

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be called, to die?"

Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death:
Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,
And sink into a world unknown.

Then, leaving all I loved below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And fix my hope alone on Thee;
Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

356

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast the threat'ning sky;
Out of the depths to Thee we call;
Our fears are great, our strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard us through the storm,
Defend us from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
Our souls still hang their hope on Thee;
Thy constant love and faithful care
Support, and save us from despair.

Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

355

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away:
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
The trumpet sounds that wakes the dead.

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay;
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

149

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Trace, sons of men, in sad review,
His grief, who bow'd beneath your load;
Who freely gave His life for you,
The ransom of your souls to God.

Yet cease your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led His captive, Death, in chains.

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save:"
Then ask, "O death, where is Thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"

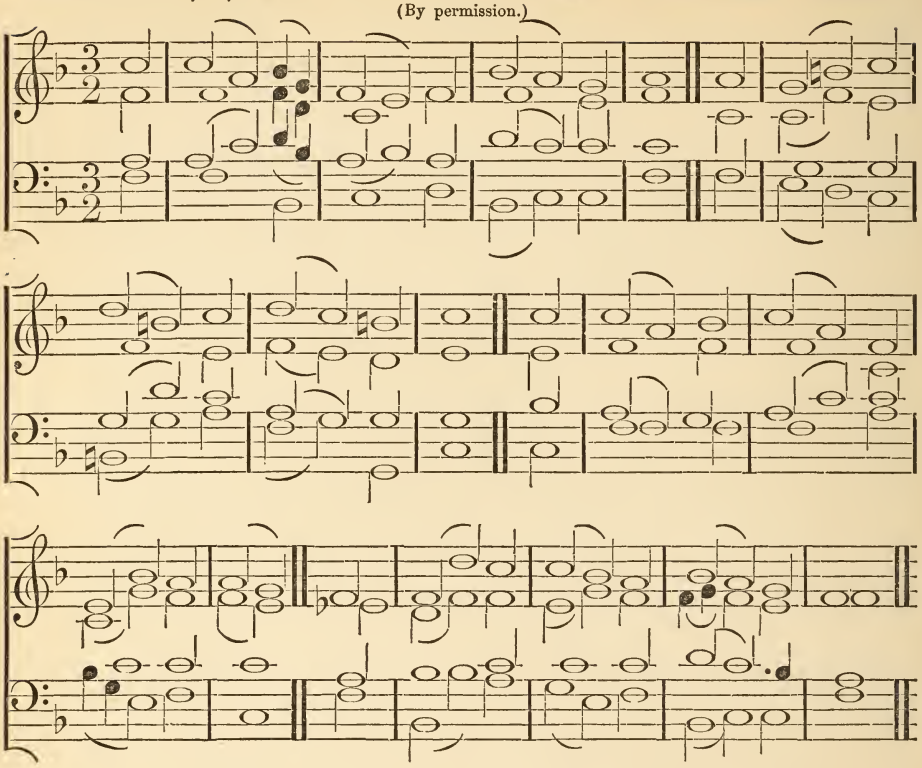
35

BEHOLD me, Lord, and if Thou find
A root of bitterness within,
Though were the wealth of worlds resign'd,
Oh, cleanse me from my secret sin!

Subdue the treason of the heart;
The serpent lurking in its fold;
The world, the tempter's sleepless art,
By thought unfelt, by tongue untold.

Almighty, if it be Thy will,
Take all the joys of life away;
But let me "commune and be still,"
And teach me to repent and pray.

Let me in soul before Thee kneel,
Descend, Thou Spirit of the Dove;
Inspire the heart of stone to feel,
And bind me with the bonds of love.

BRUNSWICK, or, Sir Geo. Smart's Morning Hymn. Sir George T. Smart.
(By permission.)

58

COME, condescending Saviour, come,
Almighty from the vanquished tomb;
Here Thine assembled servants bless,
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.

Oh! come Thyself, most gracious Lord,
With all the joy Thy smiles afford;
Reveal the lustre of Thy face,
And make us feel Thy vital grace.

Enter our hearts, Redeemer bless'd;
Enter, Thou ever-honoured guest,
Not for one transient hour alone,
But there to fix Thy lasting throne.

Enter, and make our hearts Thy home;
And, when our life's last hour is come,
Let us but die as in Thy sight,
And death shall vanish in delight.

70

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare a place.

Oh! let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on Thee.

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, Thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Nothing on earth do I desire
But Thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

411

WHEN Christ came down on earth of old
He took our nature poor and low;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shar'd our weakness and our woe.

But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God! in glory crown'd,
The Judge ordain'd of quick and dead;
O Son of Man! so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed:

Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
In that great day of judgment save.

194

JESUS! and can it ever be?
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Asham'd of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! while I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No tears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain:
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

PSALM 93.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablish'd is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see,
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high:
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

250

MY God! and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

Oh, let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive our drooping spirits, Lord,
Bid all our dying graces live,
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
And round Thy holy table bend;
Nor, when we leave our Master's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

326

RETURN, O wanderer! return,
And seek thy injured Father's face:
These new desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

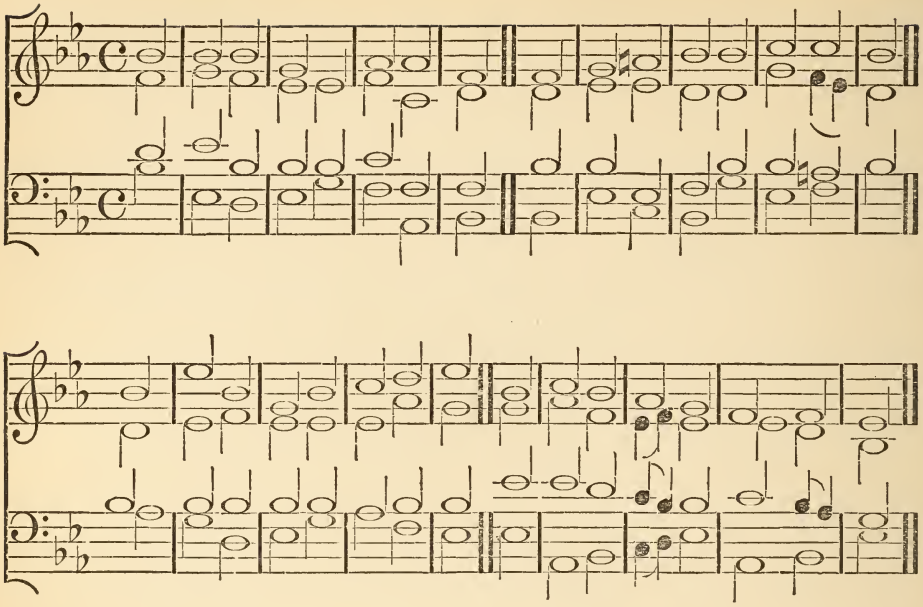
Return, O wanderer! return:
God hears thy deep repentant sigh;
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

Return, O wanderer! return:
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to His feet, and grateful learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

Return, O wanderer! return:
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, no longer mourn;
'Tis Jesu's voice invites thee near.

Return, O wanderer! return:
Re-enter mercy's open door;
The power of sov'reign goodness learn,
And never, never wander more.

COBURG. L.M. Air by H. R. H. Prince Albert.



In last verse of Hymn 61, repeat the first part.

430

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands;
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows has a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

358

THE heathen perish, day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away;
O Christians! to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them ere they die!

Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea life, if they may also live;
What hath your Saviour done for you!
And now your all to Him is due.

O Spirit of the Lord! go forth!
Call in the south, wake up the north!
Of ev'ry clime, from zone to zone,
Gather God's children into one!

PSALM 68.

THE Son of Man is gone on high,
He fills His Father's throne again,
He captive leads captivity,
And wields the gifts of God for men.

O Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Of gifts divine the first and best,
Descend on wings of peace and love,
And fix Thy home in every breast.

Health, light, and comfort, every good
That man can wish, or God can lend,
Are all the purchase of Thy blood,
Our dying, ever-living Friend!

In life, in death, to Thee we cling;
To Thee with all our wants we come.
Oh! keep us here beneath Thy wing!
And guide us soon and safely home!

275

O KING of kings, Thy blessings shed
On our anointed Sovereign's head;
And looking from Thy throne in heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

Her, for Thy sake, may we obey;
Uphold her right and love her sway;
Rememb'ring all the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd by Thee.

By her this favour'd nation bless;
To all her counsels give success;
In peace, in war, Thine aid be seen;
Confirm her strength! Oh, save our Queen.

And when all earthly thrones decay,
And earthly glories fade away,
Give her a nobler throne on high,
A crown of immortality!

348

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
Oh, shed Thine influence from above!
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Through all the list'ning earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort! Heavenly Guide!
Still o'er Thy favour'd Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

189

IS Jesus gone? shall mortal eye
No longer watch that earnest look,
Which fell on sorrowing hearts, as high
O'er earth's broad breast His way He took?

Is Jesus gone? shall mortal ear
No longer drink those words of grace,
Which charmed away the bursting tear,
And won a smile from grief's sad face?

Jesus is gone!—yon rolling sun
For many a year must rise and fall,
Ere time's appointed course is run,
And God in Christ is all in all.

Then let us love, and serve, and bow,
In faith till Jesus comes again;
His look and words of grace will show
That none e'er loved and served in vain.

61

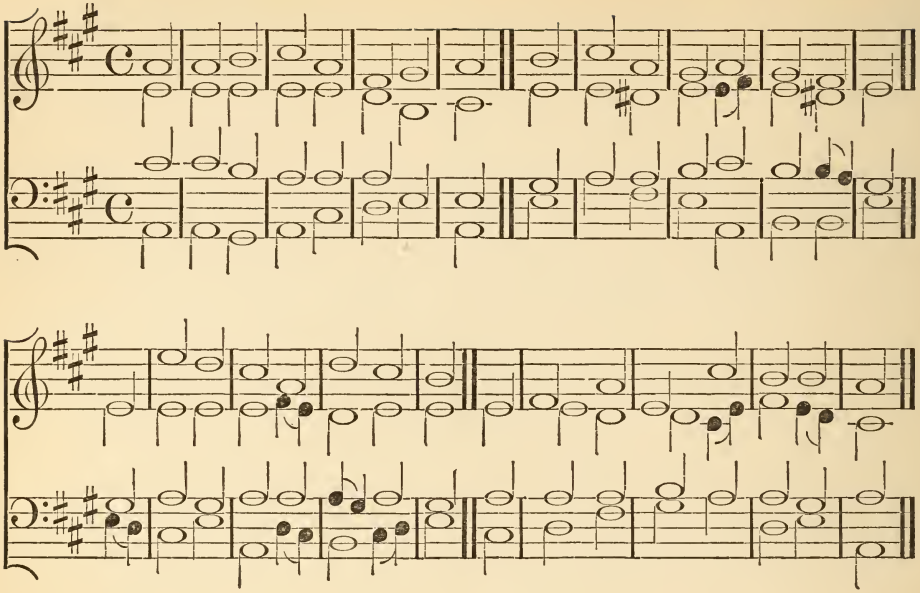
COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire!
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but ONE;
That through the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song—

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

ELY. L.M. (By permission.) RT. REV. BP. TURTON.

249

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word,
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflicts and Thy victory too.

Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God shall own my humble name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

242

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of Thy love,
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

Guilty and weak, to Thee I fly,
On Thy atoning blood rely,
And on Thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to Thy single praise,
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

201

JESUS, these lips can ne'er proclaim
The matchless glories of Thy name;
But, Lord, accept the praise I bring,
My Priest, my Prophet, and my King!

My Priest, to offer by Thy blood
A sacrifice for sin to God;
To intercede for me above,
To gain for me the Father's love.

My Prophet, by Thy Spirit's might,
To fill my darken'd soul with light;
My King, to conquer reigning sin,
Subdue my heart, and reign within.

My Lord, be Thou all this to me,
From sin and darkness set me free;
Plead Thou my cause before the throne,
And me—Thy child—Thy purchase—own.

Oh! glorious hour! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

PSALM 69. PT. II.

I FAIN would love the day of rest,
Would still esteem this day the best;
But oft, alas! I've need to say,
"How barren is my soul to-day!"

True, I frequent the house of prayer,
I go, and sit with others there;
I hear, and sing, and seem to pray,
But oft my mind is call'd away.

I fain would see the Saviour near,
Of Him would think, and speak, and hear;
But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,
And draw my soul from what is good.

Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief:
Oh, bring Thy worthless worm relief!
Revive Thy work within my soul,
And all my thoughts and powers control.

PSALM 95.

O! COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.

For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King, superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

265

NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs:
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

They praise the Lamb who once was slain;
But we can add a higher strain,
Not only say He suffered thus,
But that He suffered all for us.

Jesus, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die;
And still He makes it His abode:—
As man He fills the throne of God.

But, ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove!

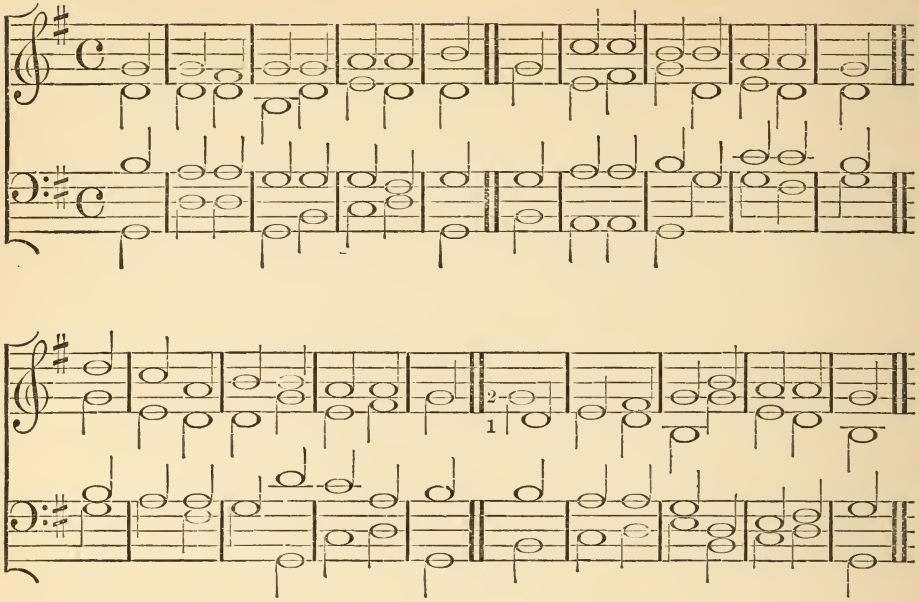
264

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord, my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell,
How Jesus has done all things well.

All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express;
But oh! His love what tongue can tell?
For Jesus has done all things well.

How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
Has been His love to even me;
He snatch'd me from the jaws of hell;
For Jesus has done all things well.

I spurned His grace, I broke His laws,
And yet He undertook my cause,
To save me though I did rebel;
Yes! Jesus has done all things well.

EVENING HYMN, or Tallis's Canon. From Parker's Psalter, 1561. T. Tallis.

121

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh, may my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

221

LOOK down, O Lord! and on our youth
Bestow Thy gifts of heav'nly grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth,
Find in each mind a fruitful place.

Soon to appear before Thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite;
Bid each his heart and life review.

The cross that mark'd their infant brow,
May it a faithful emblem prove,
That they shall keep their sacred vow,
And walk as children of Thy love.

Thy sons and daughters may they be,
Confirm'd and strengthen'd by Thy grace;
And, safe through life preserv'd by Thee,
In heaven behold Thee face to face.

316

"POOR and afflicted," Lord, are Thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But, though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

"Poor and afflicted,"—'tis their lot;
They know it, and they murmur not:
'Twould ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.

"Poor and afflicted;"—yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King:
Through suff'rings perfect, now He reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

"Poor and afflicted;"—but ere long
They join the bright celestial throng;
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.

And while they walk the thorny way,
They oft are heard to sigh and say,—
"O gracious Saviour, quickly come,
And take Thy weary pilgrims home!"

158

HELP us, O Lord! Thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in Thy perfect will
Gladly each other's woes to bear,
And thus Thy law of love fulfil.

He that hath pity on the poor
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

Who sparingly his seed bestows,
He sparingly shall also reap;
But whoso plentifully sows,
The plenteous sheaves his hand shall heap.

Teach us, with glad and grateful heart,
As Thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

And while we thus obey Thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
Oh! may we find it, gracious Lord,
More blest to give than to receive.

381

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, oh! forgive.

Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient Guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

That glory never hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

PSALM 92.

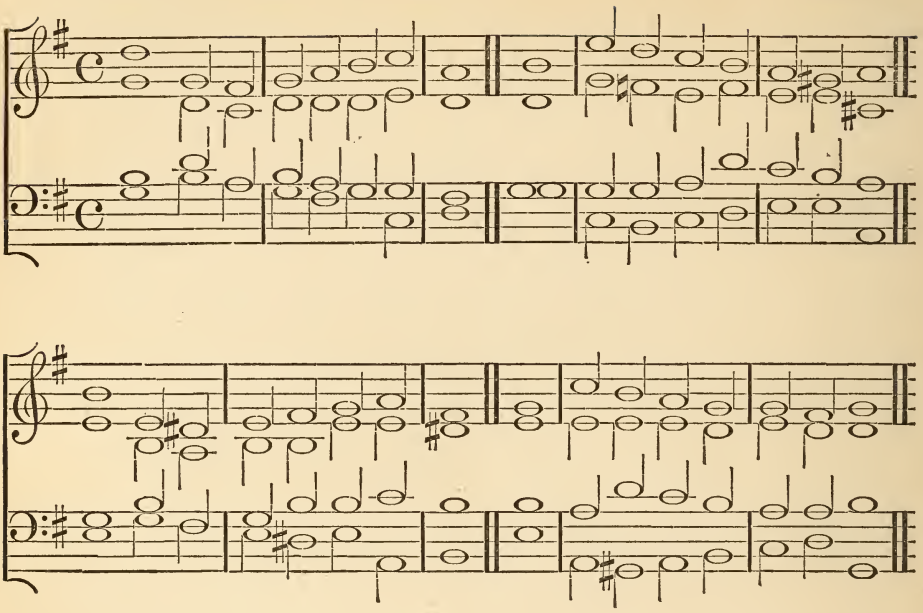
SWEET is the work, O God, our King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize our breast;
Oh, may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

Our hearts shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

Soon shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desir'd or wish'd, below;
And all our powers find sweet employ
In Thy eternal word of joy.

GENNESARET. L.M. (By permission.) REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



25

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me,
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or northern snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee,
Thy kindred, and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

5

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to Thee
That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

Let not Thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree,
That, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
Perhaps the conflict may be long;
Yet shall at last thy sorrow flee,
And, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And, as thy day, thy strength shall be.

414

WHEN every scene this side the grave
Seems dark and cheerless to the eye;
How sweet at such a time to have
A Brother for adversity!

When father, mother, all, are gone;
When bursts affection's closest tie;
How sweet to claim, as still our own,
A Brother for adversity!

When frowns an angry world unkind,
And hope's delusive visions fly;
How sweet at such an hour to find
A Brother for adversity!

And who is this, whom still we find,
When father, mother, husband, die,
Still faithful, loving, tender, kind—
A Brother for adversity?

Jesus, 'tis Thou—Oh! who can trace
Thy love unchanging, full, and free?
Or tell the riches of Thy grace—
Thou Brother for adversity?

Ye trav'llers in the wilderness,
Who somewhat of His glory see,
For ever, Oh! for ever bless
This Brother for adversity!

113

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide that flows,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

There, there, on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

PSALM 51. PT. III.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live;
Are not Thy mercies great and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

My sins, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences grieve my eyes.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering o'er Thy word,
Would rest on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

412

WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His messenger before Him went;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

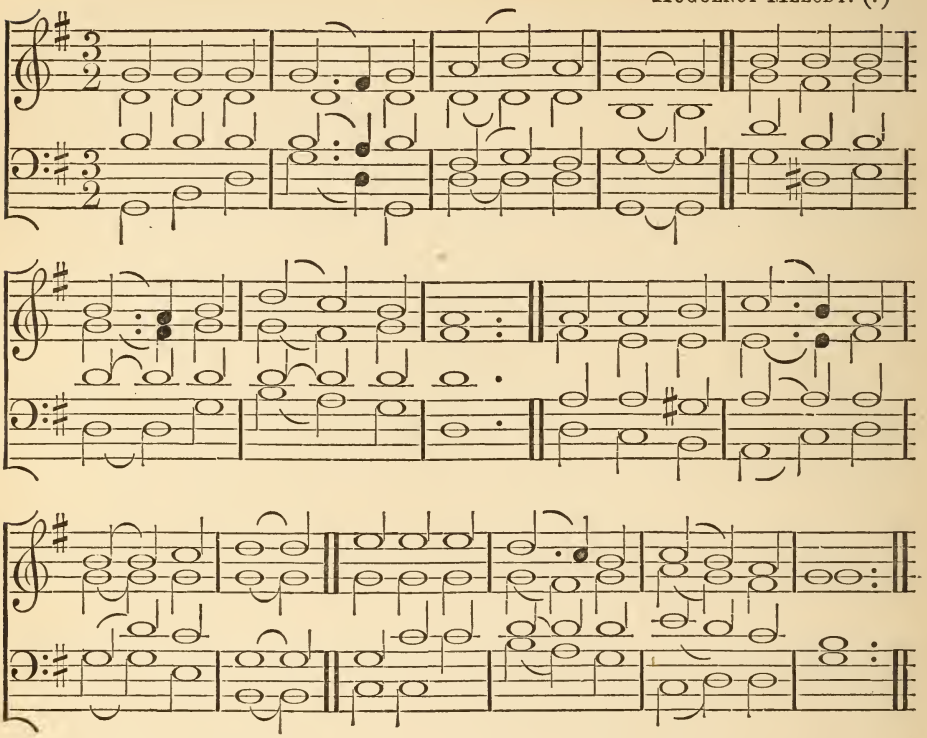
The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His body and His spouse are we.

A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.

And as he boldly spake Thy word,
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice!

KEBLE, or PASCAL. 11.10, or L.M. with the slurred and tied notes.

HUGUENOT MELODY. (?)



351

SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord! the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

150

HE, who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Turns to the poor a listening ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear;

Who to th' afflicted gives relief,
And kindly soothes each anxious grief;
In every want, in every woe,
Himself Thy pity, Lord, shall know.

Thou shalt prolong and guard his days,
And shed Thy blessing on his ways,
Nor leave him, in the evil hour,
A prey to man's relentless power.

When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit shalt sustain:
Thine arm shall raise his sinking head,
And make, in sickness, all his bed.

212

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold;
Then only will this wand'ring heart
Cease to be false to Thee and cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, whence none remove;
There death nor life my soul shall part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

204

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The glories of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

50

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the east the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

80

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Rise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

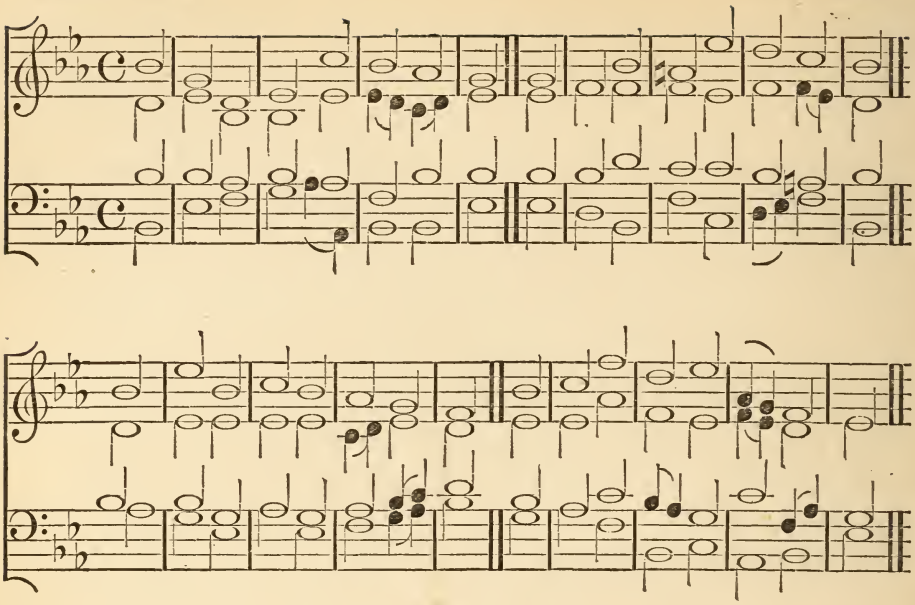
Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
Scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
Like chaff they fled from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war!

Daughter of Zion! the pow'r that hath saved thee,
Praised with the harp and the timbrel should be,
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,
Slain the oppressor, and Zion is free.

74

COME, ye disconsolate! where'er you languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

KENT. L.M. DR. GREENE.

255

MY heart its noblest theme has found;
O Thou! with royal splendour crown'd,
Messiah! taught Thy power to know,
How shall my mouth with praise o'erflow!

Hail! fairer than the sons of men;
Grace on Thy lips, and beauty reign,
That speak Thee honour'd from above,
And bless'd with God's eternal love.

Hail! Thou whom nations own their Lord,
Gird on Thy thigh Thy conqu'ring sword;
By mercy, truth, and justice led,
Ride glorious on, Thy conquests spread.

The Lord Thy God, who form'd the skies,
Has o'er Thy fellows bid Thee rise;
And, pleas'd, the Spirit's influence shed,
The oil of gladness, o'er Thy head.

Jesus, Immortal King, go on!
The glorious day will soon be won;
Thine enemies prepared to flee,
And leave a conquer'd world to Thee.

198

JESUS, in Thy blest name we meet,
To worship at Thy mercy-seat;
We seek Thee while Thou mayst be found,
Oh, may Thy grace to us abound.

Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The glories of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
Oh, rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make each waiting heart Thine own.

202

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin, and fear, and guilt, and shame.

When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its lovely hue—
Its glory is for ever new.

O let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, Lord, Thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, "the Lord our righteousness!"

237

LORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
Accept as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from Thy temple rise.

Now met to pray and bless Thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
Oh, may we all that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.

In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

PSALM 72.

GREAT God, whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son;
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from His throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

200

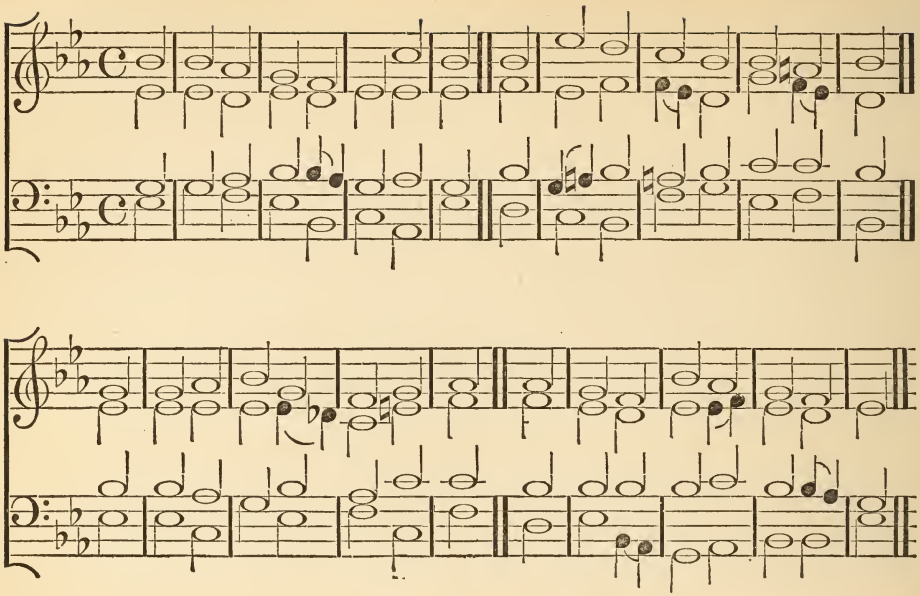
JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head:
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.

60

COME, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way:
Nor let us from His guidance stray.

Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest!
Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there!

413

WHEN darkness long has veil'd the mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one bad thought of Thee!

Oh, let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn!

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away;
And Thy rebellious worm is still.

408

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the Mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw:
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have you no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

260

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find;
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves,—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

PSALM 150.

OH praise the Lord in that blest place
From whence His goodness largely flows;
Praise Him in heaven, where He His face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

Praise Him for all the mighty acts,
Which He in our behalf hath done.
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

PSALM 103.

MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

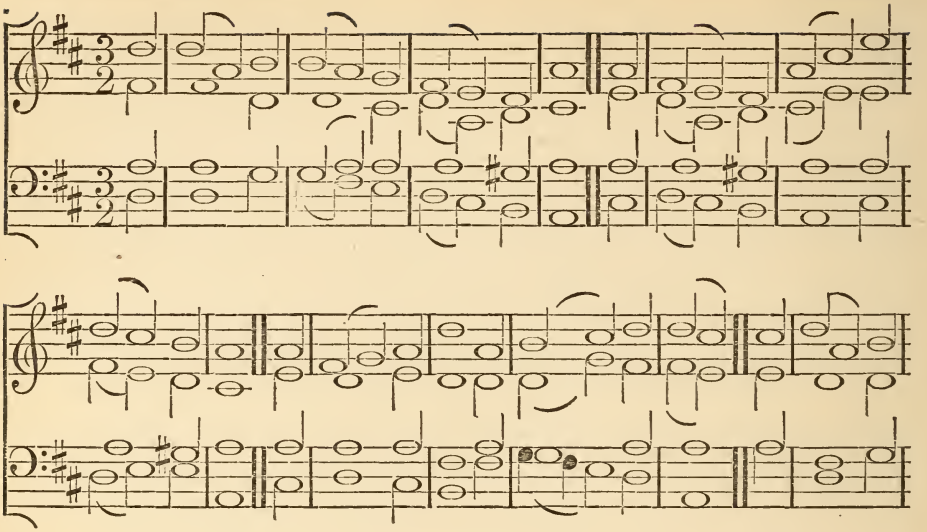
'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.

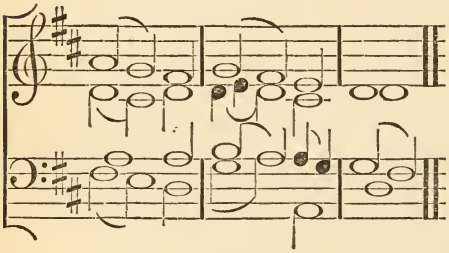
The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little orb of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins remov'd,
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always lov'd.

MONTGOMERY. L.M. STANLEY.





362

THE Lord of Harvest, let us sing,
To Him our grateful offering bring;
At this glad time let all rejoice
Before the Lord with thankful voice.

Oh, while we praise the Lord of Heaven,
May we mark well the lesson given;
Of holy fruits may we be found,
In plenteous increase to abound.

And may we ripen for that day,
When Christ shall bear His wheat away;
When He shall send His angels forth,
To reap the harvest of the earth.

When to His garner He shall bring
(While angels hallelujahs sing)
The chosen seed,—may we be blest,
And gather'd to eternal rest.

292

O THOU, who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will than Thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control:
Mould every purpose of the soul:
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Twice bless'd will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee,
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

And while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until the joyful summons come
That calls Thy willing servants home.

PSALM 18. PT. II.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm dependence, Lord, on Thee;
In danger Thou hast been a rock,
A fortress in distress to me.

And still the same, Thou art, my God,
Supreme in wisdom, love, and power;
My Refuge still from foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tower.

Praise to the Lord! He heareth prayer,
I seek with joy His mercy-seat:
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
Nor spurn Thy suppliant from Thy feet.

Through Thee my darkness shall be light,
Through Thee my weakness shall be strong;
Oh! guide my wandering steps aright,
And be Thy grace my daily song.

15

AND dost Thou say, Ask what thou wilt?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of Thine image let me bear:
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength,
To have Thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign;
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well, if Thou art mine.

PSALM 112.

BLEST is the man who knows the Lord,
Who joys to work His holy will;
He rests on God's unchanging word,
And finds it food and counsel still.

In prosperous times, when Satan tries,
His grace shall strengthen nature's powers;
And light break in with sweet surprise,
To cheer affliction's darkest hours.

God's image in His child we see;
He feels for others' woe and pain;
And, loving all around him, he
Is loved himself by God again.

His heart is fixed. He learns to rise
Above this little world of tears;
And, strong in One beyond the skies,
He smiles at earthly foes and fears.

283

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race!

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word!
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard!

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord!

305

OH! why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around;
Disown'd of heav'n, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

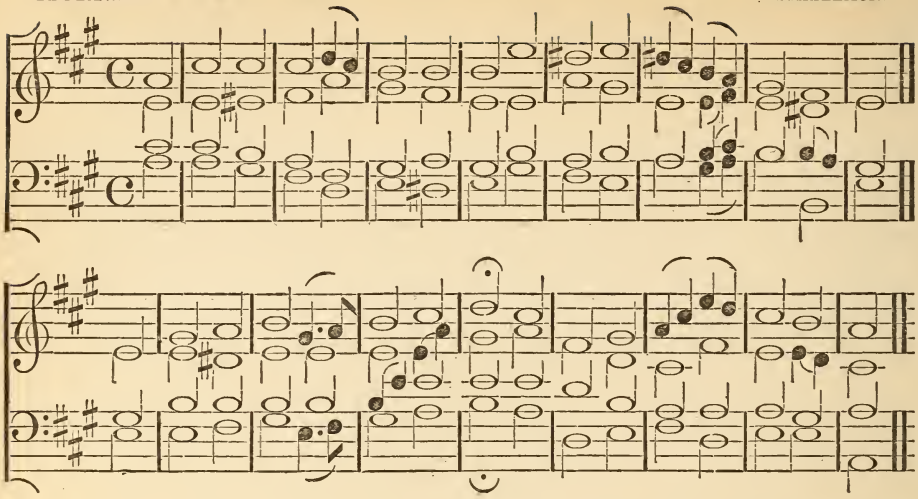
O God of Israel! view their race;
Back to Thy fold the wand'rers bring,
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
To hail, in Christ, their promis'd King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.

While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied, to own,
The Lord he crucified, to love.

Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

MORNING HYMN. L.M. BARTHELEMON.



27

MORNING HYMN. PT. I.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if the last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere;
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praises to th' Eternal King.

10

MORNING HYMN. PT. II.

ALL praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

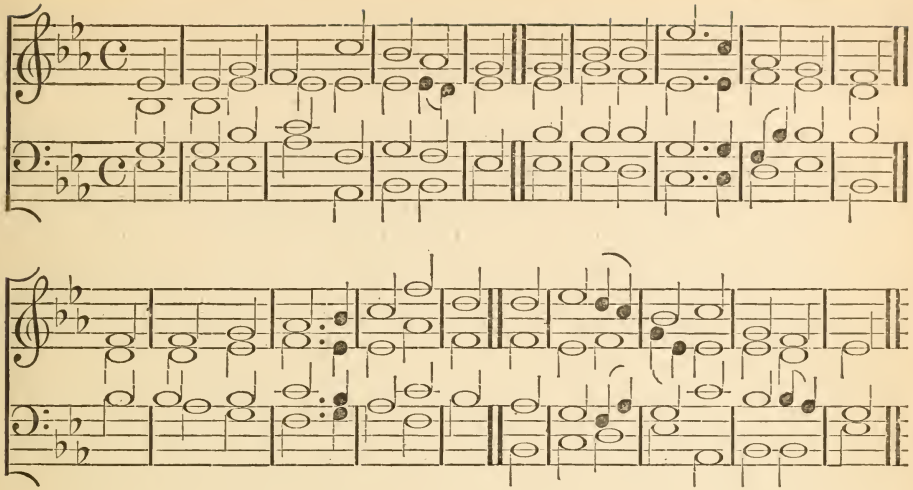
19

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies!
And draw from Heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!



280

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach the gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus, come! return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home!

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on Thee!

PSALM 97. PT. II.

THE Lord is King, let earth be glad,
He comes in heavenly glory clad,
To fix in human hearts His throne,
And make the mighty world His own.

Darkness and clouds around Him move,
Himself is everlasting love.
Ye heathen, at His footstool fall!
Ye gods, adore the God of all!

Rejoice, ye saints: the King of kings
Appears with healing in His wings.
Rejoice, your Saviour God to view;
He brings but hope and peace to you.

Oh! follow good and evil flee;
His presence then your joy shall be.
Light for His people here is sown;
The full fruit reaped in heaven alone.

344

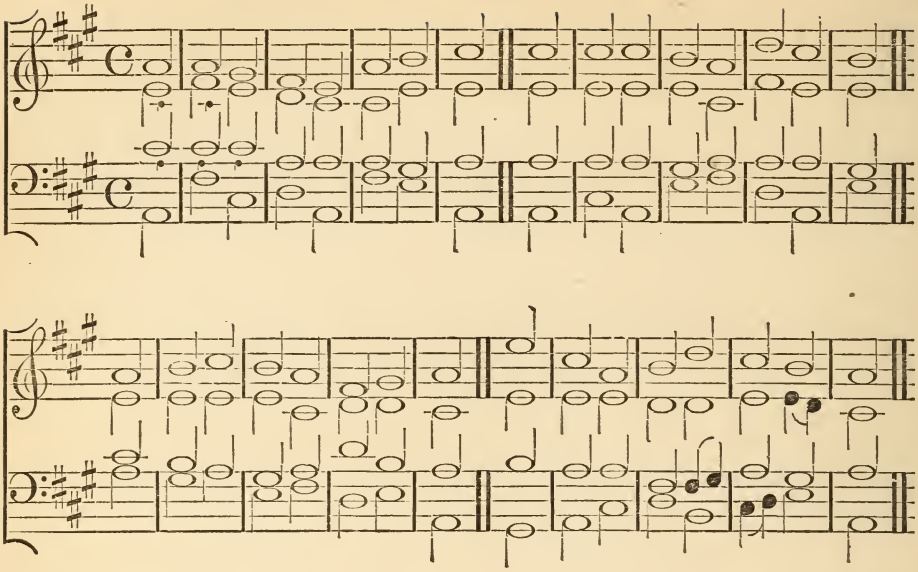
SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
The song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

Oh! let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from th' angelic host
Be praise and glory evermore.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. WM. FRANK; cir. 1563.



PSALM 100. O.V.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with fear; His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid, He did us make;
We are His flock: He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh! enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood;
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM 100. PT. II.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

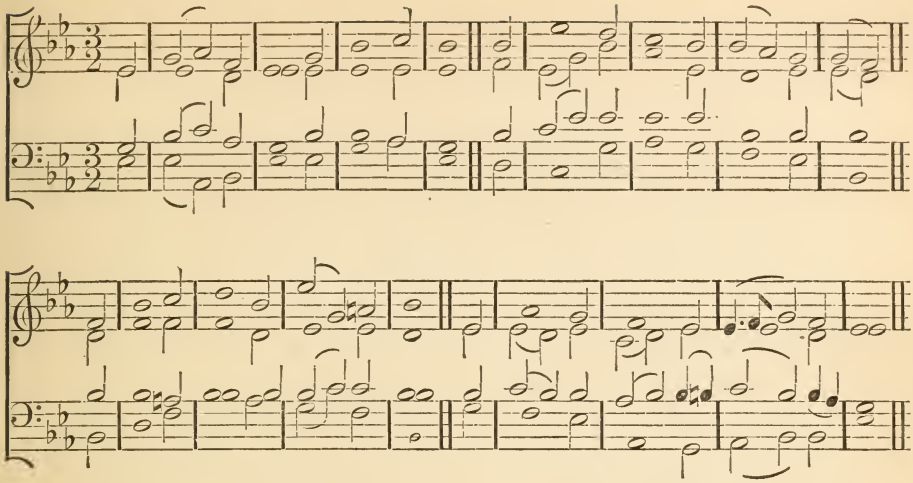
Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

85

DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give every troubled soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. DR. MILLER, 1786.



365

THE Lord who once on Calv'ry bled,
And rose triumphant from the dead,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The Friend of man's apostate race.

There as our Advocate He reigns,
Touch'd with the feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and groans, and agonies.

In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
This Man of sorrows bears a part;
In all our grief, our grief He shares,
And rescues us from Satan's snares.

Oh, let us then, before His throne,
With boldness make our sorrows known;
And seek, from fears distrustful freed,
His grace to help in time of need.

PSALM 51. PT. II.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

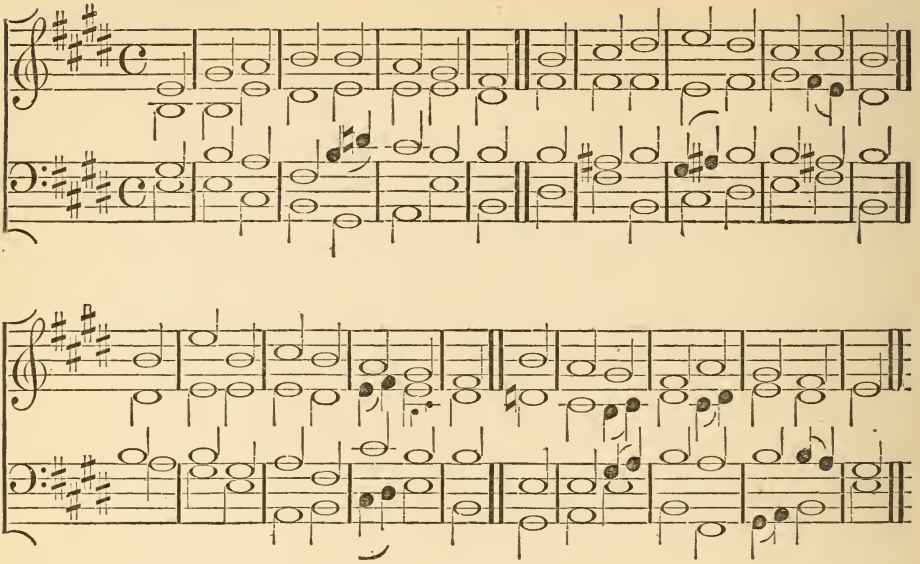
431

WHILE passing through this wilderness,
Full of temptations and distress,
What comfort does the thought afford,
"Our steps are order'd by the Lord!"

Though disappointments oft abound,
And sorrows may our souls surround,
We gain relief from this sweet word,
"Our steps are order'd by the Lord."

Though Jesus sometimes hides His face,
And darkness overspreads our ways;
Oh! 'tis a sweet, refreshing word,
"Our steps are order'd by the Lord."

Soon shall we reach that land of joy,
Where pleasures are without alloy,
And there with gratitude record,
"Our steps were order'd by the Lord."

SCHEIN. L.M. J. H. Schein, ob. 1631.

180

I SING of judgment and of grace,
And, Lord, to Thee my song address.
I tell Thee what I fain would be,
The change, I know, must spring from Thee.

Blest Spirit, in my heart abide!
O'er every thought and step preside!
And bid me walk in peace and love
With men on earth, with God above.

Oh! keep me safe from Satan's snare!
Oh! make me of the world beware!
Nor let me choose my friends from those
That are my kind Redeemer's foes.

The froward heart, the haughty eye,
The slanderous tongue be mine to fly;
Those whom Thou lovest I would love,
And dwell with them below, above.

172

I ASKED the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

I hoped that in some favoured hour
At once He'd answer my request,
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

"Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt Thou pursue a worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst seek thy all in Me."

170

HOW do Thy mercies close me round!
For ever be Thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord!

Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led:
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay His head.

But lo! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep,
Yea, He Himself becomes my guard:
He smoothes my bed and gives me sleep.

Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
The everlasting arms of love.

247

MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.

E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear,
E'en now unfolds the promised year;
Lo! distant shores His heralds trace,
To spread the tidings of His grace.

'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where Pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

When worn by toil their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge in faith their way.

PSALM 111.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise:
'Mid private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, His praise shall be my song.

His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Hath all His people's wants supplied;
His truth confirmed through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

Just are the dealings of His hands:
Immutable are His commands:
He sets His saints from bondage free;
Oh! may His grace deliver me!

Who wisdom's sacred prize would win
Must with the fear of God begin.
Thrice happy they to whom 'tis given
To walk with Him o'er earth to heaven.

127

GOD of my life, through all my days,
My grateful pow'rs shall sound Thy praise,
My song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language fail;
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

And oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heav'nly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

102

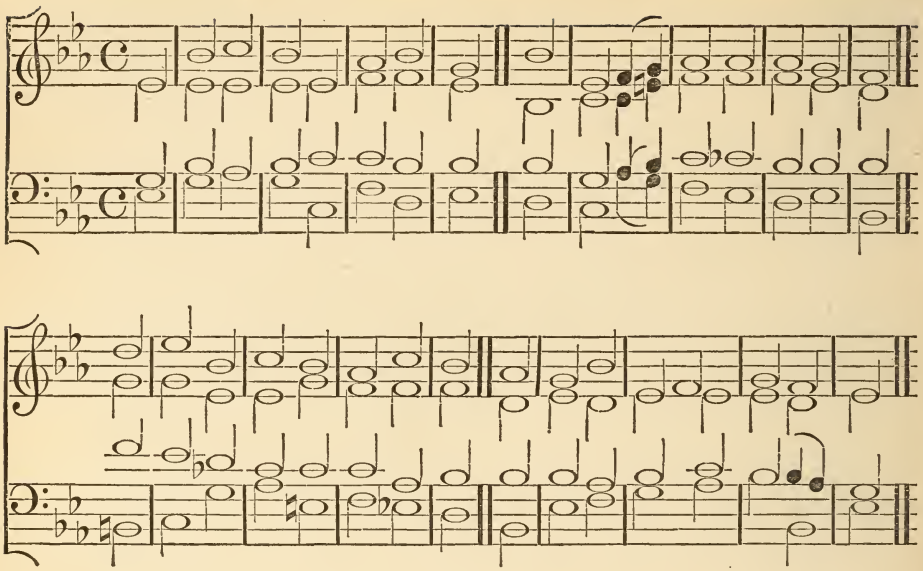
FATHER of mercies bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Dispel their fear, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to sow the heav'nly seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And save from everlasting pain.

Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating pow'r.

ST. AGNES. L.M. (By permission.) GEORGE COOPER, 1836.

30

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But Jesus is the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

From Him, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
Saviour, we'll mount to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

419

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

266

NOW, Lord, to ev'ry heart make known
The power of Jesu's cross alone:
Open the doors of mercy wide,
Lead us to Jesus crucified.

Oh! never be the words in vain,
Which testify a Saviour slain;
But may they, by Thy grace applied,
Lead us to Jesus crucified.

Teach us our wretched state to know,
As lost in sin, and guilt, and woe;
To cast away all hope beside,
And cling to Jesus crucified.

Teach us to live to Him alone;
And after death before Thy Throne,
May we in Thy blest courts abide,
And sing a Saviour crucified.

366

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixéd seat forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same,
As once in lowly form He came,—
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

Go, sinners, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain-cleft in vain;
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—"The Lord is come!"

274

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our prayers to Thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

O Thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?
How long Thy suff'ring people pray,
And to their pray'rs have no return?

Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

So shall we still continue free
From whatso'er deserves Thy blame;
And, if once more reviv'd by Thee
Will always praise Thy holy name.

24

AS when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still:

So, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for sorrows past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.

Jesus! on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode:
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

390

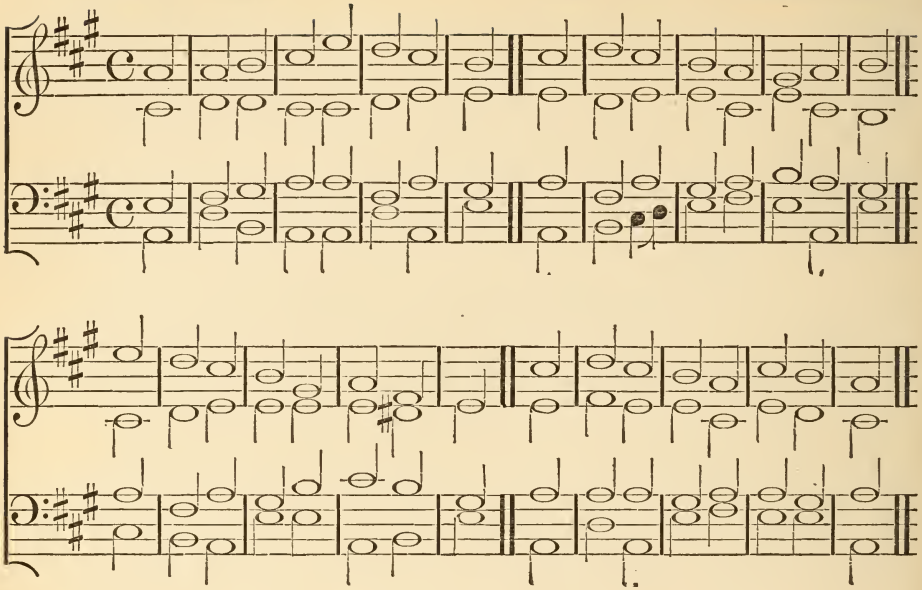
THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love!
Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know
Where doth Thy sweetest pasture grow?

Where is the shadow of that Rock,
That from the sun defends Thy flock?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

The footsteps of Thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast Thy love prepares,
Bought with Thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

His dearest flesh He makes my food,
And bids me drink His richest blood:
Here to this feast my soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

ST. MARK'S. L.M. Genevan Psalter. GOUDIMEL, 1562.



PSALM 32.

HOW bless'd the man, with mercy crown'd,
Whose sins have all forgiveness found;
Whose deep transgressions, cover'd o'er
With pard'ning blood, are seen no more.

How bless'd the man, to whom the Lord
Doth His own righteousness afford!
Whom mercy clears from ev'ry sin,
Whose heart conceals no guile within.

I made my guilt and sorrows known,
With deep contrition, at Thy throne:
I said, "I'll all my sins confess:
And seek Thy grace and righteousness."

Scarce had my breast the thought conceiv'd,
Thy grace my anxious fears reliev'd;
Cleans'd my whole soul with blood divine,
And seal'd Thy pard'ning mercy mine.

Oh boundless love! the rich display
Shall teach the trembling lips to pray;
The penitent, with godly fear,
Shall plead, while Mercy waits to hear.

109

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolv'd to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom has assign'd,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works Thy presence find,
And love to do Thy righteous will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And ev'ry moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

PSALM 99.

JEHOVAH reigns, enthroned in state;
Ten thousand angels round Him wait,
To bless or scourge at His award.
Tremble, thou earth, before thy Lord!

High o'er this little world of sin
He sits, and orders all therein.
Ye nations, own with one accord
The holy, holy, holy Lord!

Jehovah reigns, He loves the right,
And sin with judgment will requite:
But ah, His people can declare
How well He hears contrition's prayer.

O Wise, and Good, Thou canst, Thou wilt,
The guilty spare, and slay the guilt.
Let heart and voice with one accord
Adore the holy, holy Lord!

PSALM 57.

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round:
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

21

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake!
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah; God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesu's side.

Let Zion's time of favour come:
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold.

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

219

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand:
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more:
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore:
The tears are wiped from ev'ry eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise;
And thus the loud hosanna raise:

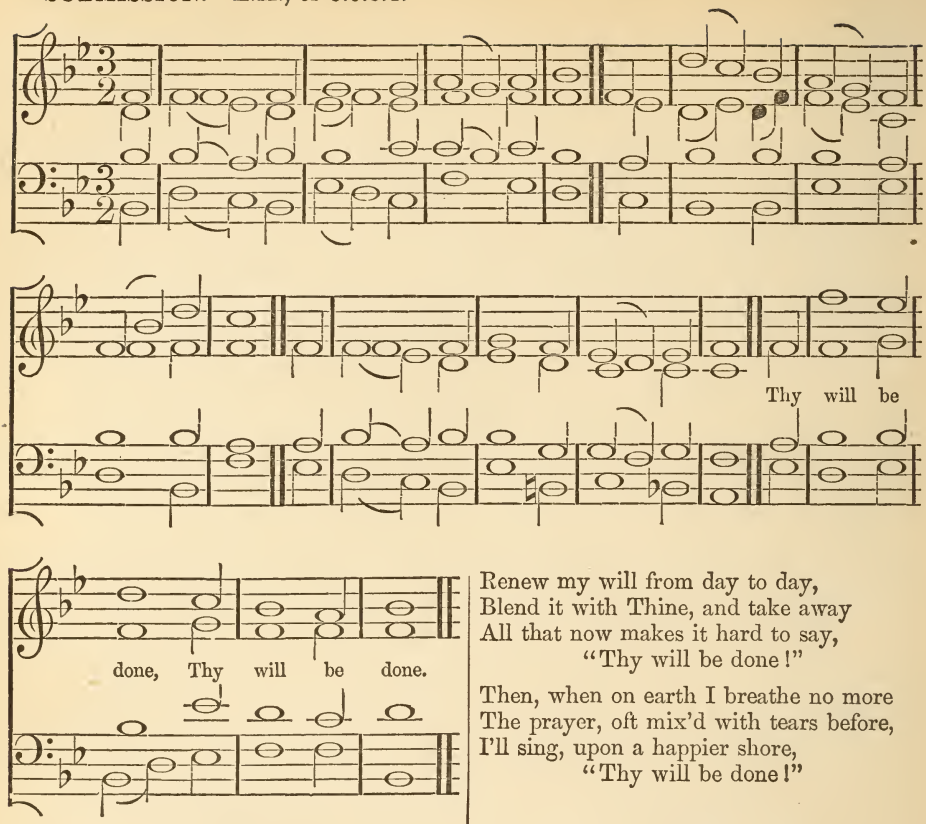
"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

59

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, the breadth, and length,
Of Thine immeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the Church, through Christ the Son.

SUBMISSION. L.M., or 8.8.8.4.

252

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
"Thy will be done!"

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

210

LEANING on Thee, my Guide and Friend,
My gracious Saviour! I am blest:
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parch'd with heat:
Thy will has now become my own—
That will is sweet.

Leaning on Thee, 'midst torturing pain,
With patience Thou my soul dost fill;
Thou whisperest, "What did I sustain?"—
Then I am still.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel the "everlasting arms;"—
I cannot sink.

251

MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer?

Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave!

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by Thee renew'd,
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven,
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

Words cannot tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

Hush'd is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
Is wiped away!

PSALM 136. PT. III.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave,
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

Through this vain world He guides our feet
And leads us to His heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM 84. PT. V.

HOW pleasant—how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.

Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of Majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

Bless'd are the souls that find a place
Within the Temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

213

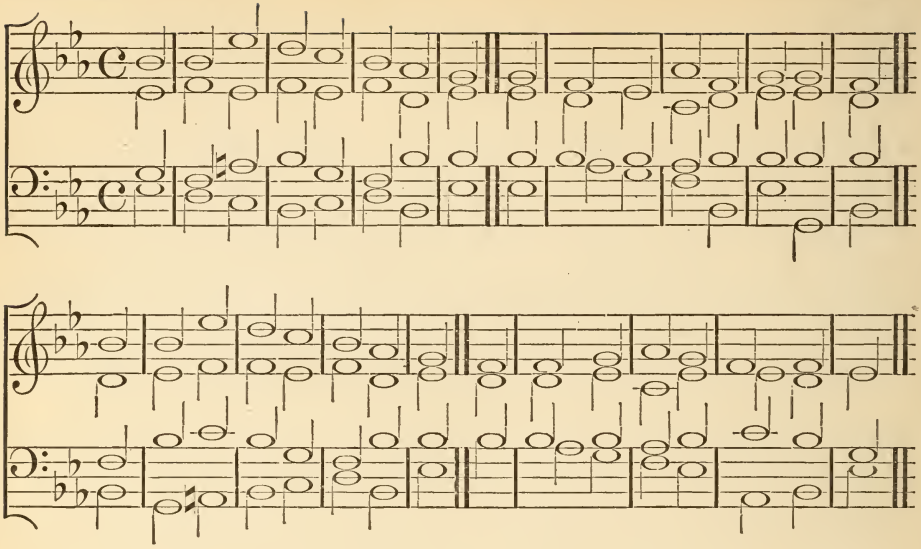
LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to the day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then I am strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His dear hand my head sustains.

But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

WEIMAR. L.M. P. E. Bach.



187

INCARNATE Word, who wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity:

Oh, when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think on Thee,
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
Thy gently-warning voice to hear,
And think, e'en now, Thy searching gaze
Each secret of our soul surveys!

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

PSALM 139. PT. II.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast
My rising up and lying down; [known
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting Thee,—
Where, Lord, could I Thy influence shun,
Or whither from Thy presence run?

The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades Thou find'st Thy
As in the blazing noon of day. [way,

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

407

WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint
The joys that fill th' enraptured saint,
When mix'd with heaven's triumphant
throng,
He shares their bliss, and swells their song!

He feels no pain, he fears no want,
His portion, all that God can grant;
To see the Saviour as He is,
To dwell in heaven with Him and His.

His love so cold, so mix'd before;
In heaven is cold and mix'd no more;
It gains the region whence it came,
And lives a pure eternal flame.

Oh, may I reach that blest abode,
Where saints obtain their rest in God!
For this, let every conflict here
As nothing in my sight appear.

301

OH! happy day, that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Oh! happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

360

THE light is wearing fast away,
Let hallelujahs close the day;
The sun is set in western skies,
We never more may see him rise.

Oh! may we ever ready stand,
With our lamps burning in our hand;
May we in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er we hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Though here on earth we may not meet
Again to hold communion sweet,
We hope to meet on that blest shore,
Where farewell words are heard no more.

124

GOD, in the Gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
Here Love in all its glory shines,
And Truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste His grace and learn His name:
The captive feel His bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies:
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

O grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark Thy Holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

PSALM 36.

O LORD, Thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heav'nly orb ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
Unfathom'd depths Thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is Thy care.

Since of Thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to Thy protection trust.

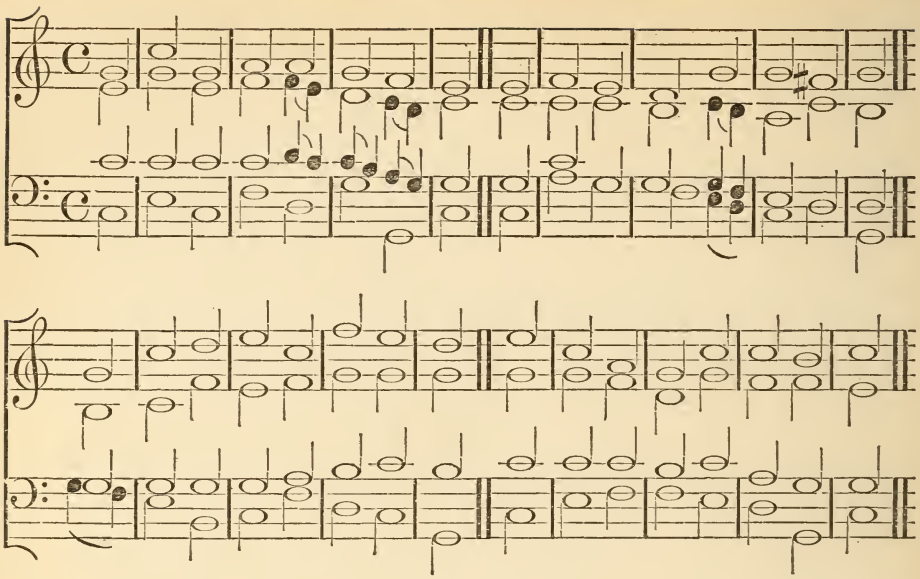
Thy saints shall to Thy courts be led
To banquet on Thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

PSALM 117. PT. II.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, all living things below,
All ye that in His presence glow;
Man, Nature, Spirit, heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



40

BLESS'D be the Father and His love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
Forth from whose wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

218

LO! in the East appear'd a star,
In Eastern skies unseen before,
And ancient sages from afar
Hasten'd the myst'ry to explore.

They came, they saw, and they ador'd,
And costly treasures did unfold;
Then offer'd to their infant Lord, [gold.
Their myrrh, their frankincense, and

That star instruction still imparts;
Let us our pilgrimage pursue;
And with the homage of our hearts
To Bethlehem go, and worship too.

Light of the world, the true Light, rise,
Nor cease to shed Thy cheering ray,
Till o'er all lands beneath the skies
Thy glory shine in perfect day.

313

OUR Helper, God! we bless Thy name,
Whose power and grace are still the same;
The tokens of Thy friendly care
Commence, and crown, and close the year.

Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by Thy guardian hand;
And mark, when we regard our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far Thine arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Would raise one sacred pillar more;
Then grave in brighter courts above
Inscriptions of Immortal love.

178

I LOVE the sacred Book of God,
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

Sweet Book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From Thine instructive page I learn
The joys His presence will afford.

In thee I read my title clear
To mansions that will ne'er decay;
My Lord! oh, when will He appear,
And bear His prisoner far away!

But while I'm here thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of His love;
I'll read with Faith's discerning eye,
And taste the joys of saints above.

I know His Spirit breathes in thee
To animate His people here;
May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
Till in His presence I appear.

439

WITH anxious eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resign'd must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to Me."

When 'gainst my sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to Me."

When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill comes o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me."

O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In death's last painful agony
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

211

LED by a Father's gentle hand,
Through this dark wilderness of woe;
We long to reach that peaceful land,
Where streams of lasting comfort flow.

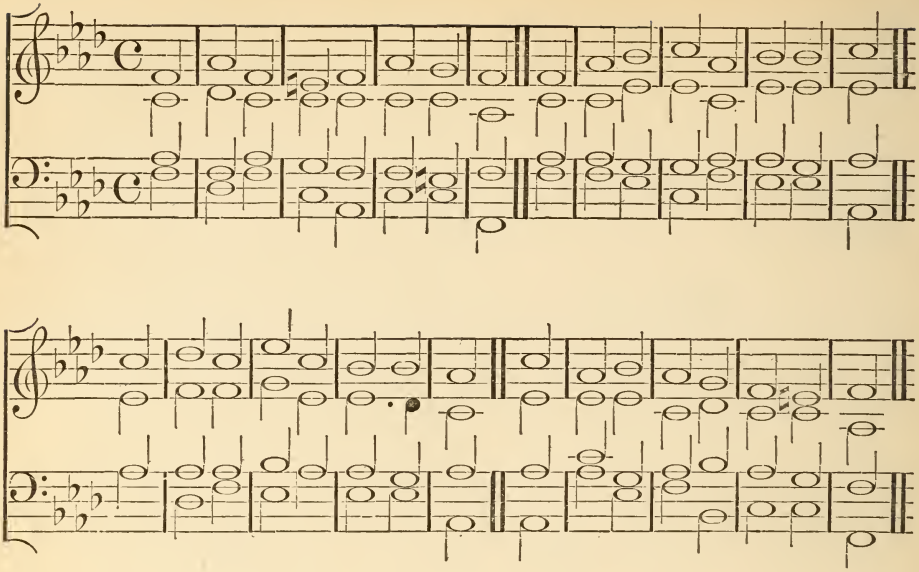
Oh! may the Spirit shed the light
Of truth to guide us on our way,
God's word upon our conscience write,
And teach us how to watch and pray.

We would dismiss each worldly thought,
When thus we commune with our God;
Our theme shall be the love that brought
A Saviour from His bless'd abode.

We'll think how Jesus liv'd and died,
The pains and sorrows that He bore,
The blessing which His love supplied,
The home to which He's gone before.

There, through redeeming grace alone,
We hope with Him to rest ere long,
And gladly change before His throne
The pilgrim's for the conqueror's song.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



101

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

32

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose Thy way with such a guide?

When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

Did ever trouble yet befal,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise pass'd,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

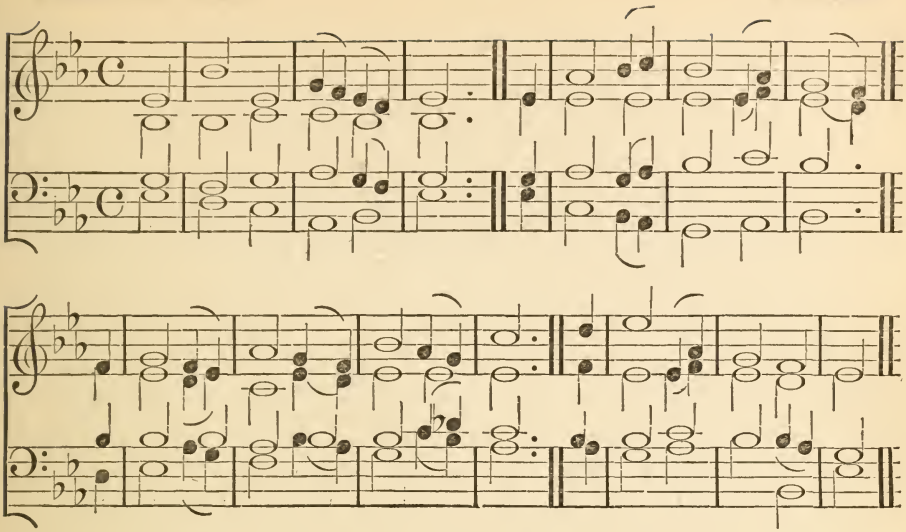
303

OH! what a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from its throne the tempter hurl'd,
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee.

O Blessed Lord! with weeping eyes,
That blissful hour we wait to see;
While every worm or leaf that dies
Tells of the curse, and calls for Thee.

Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from Thy throne above;
Bid heaven and earth Thy glory know,
And all creation feel Thy love.

CARLISLE. S.M. LOCKHART.



95

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee,
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near!
On Thee my hopes I cast,
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

341

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The armour of your God:

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

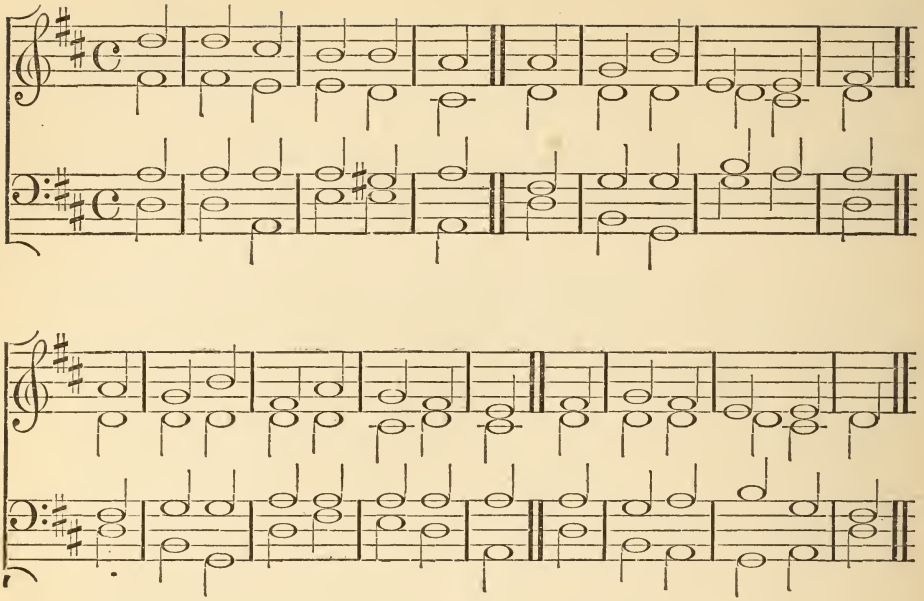
105

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, ador'd,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learn'd from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

HODNET. S.M.

404

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day,
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Spent in the joys of sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss!

There shall I tune my song
And every note employ:
There, as the ages roll along,
Tell of eternal joy.

406

WHAT cheering words are these?
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days,
"'Tis with the righteous well."

In ev'ry state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them, if life endure,
And well when called to die.

Well, when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood,
Well, in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransom'd souls
Made to salvation wise."

PSALM 67.

TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

That so Thy wondrous ways
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

PSALM 25.

MINE eyes, and my desire,
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.

When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name!

With humble faith I wait,
To see Thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

PSALM 103. PT. II.

MY soul repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

325

REJOICE in Jesu's birth,
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven.

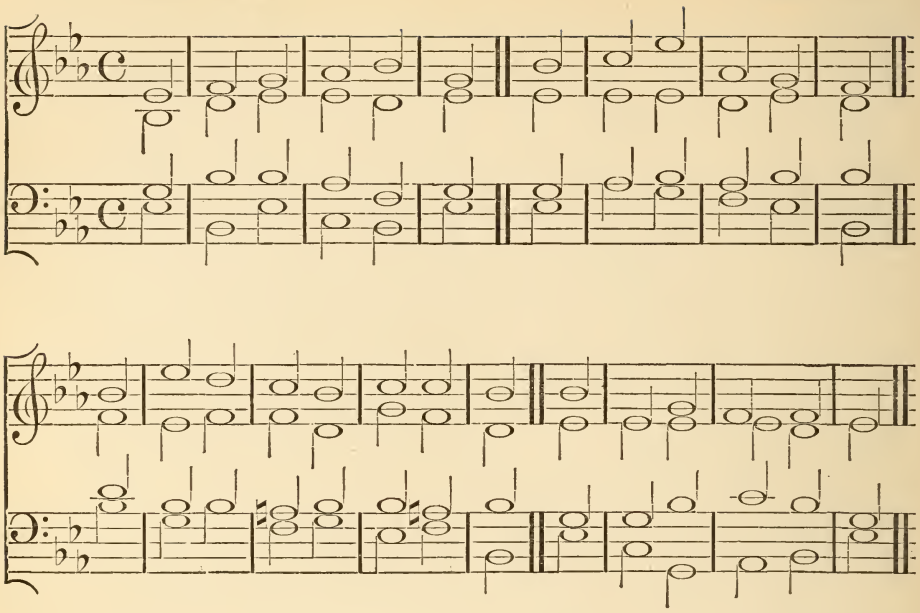
He reigns above the sky,
The universe sustains;
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The King Messiah reigns.

Our Counsellor we praise,
Our Advocate above;
Who daily in the Church displays
His miracles of love.

Th' Almighty God is He,
Author of heavenly bliss;
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

Wider and wider still
He will His sway extend,
With peace divine His people fill,
And joys that never end.

FRANCONIA. S.M. GERMAN, 1720.



331

SAVIOUR! abide with us,
The day is now far gone;
We wait to hear Thee blessing us,
Assembled round Thy throne.

We have not reach'd that land—
That happy land—as yet,
Where heavenly hosts around Thee stand,
And suns shall never set.

Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of righteousness! do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

May we sleep safe in Thee,
And strong for Thee arise;
Nearer each night and morning see
Our everlasting prize.

Near is our dying bed,
And near eternity;
Lord! when Thou wak'st us from the dead,
Take us to dwell with Thee.

399

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sov'reign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh! make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Awaken by Thy mighty power
The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care—
Be that one thing pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night!

Teach us Thy name to fear;
Spread an alarm abroad!
And cry, in every careless ear,
"Prepare to meet Thy God!"

257

"MY times are in Thy hand;"
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

"My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

"My times are in Thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

"My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

"My times are in Thy hand,"
I'll always trust in Thee;
And after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

130

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made mine eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

398

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel, and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present His saints,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

346

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

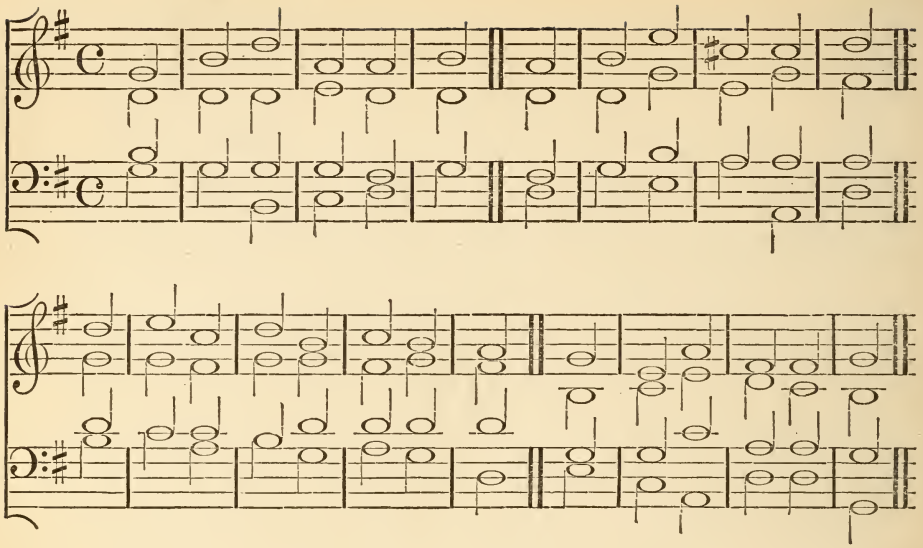
The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not everywhere;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth then everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown:
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown;

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

MOUNT CARMEL. S.M. C. H. PURDAY.



267

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name!

O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And, like the eagle's, He renews
The vigour of thy youth.

Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul!

53

CHRIST is th' eternal Rock,
On which His Church is built;
The Shepherd of His little flock;
The Lamb that took our guilt;

Our Counsellor, our Guide,
Our Brother, and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of His chosen bride,
Who loves her to the end.

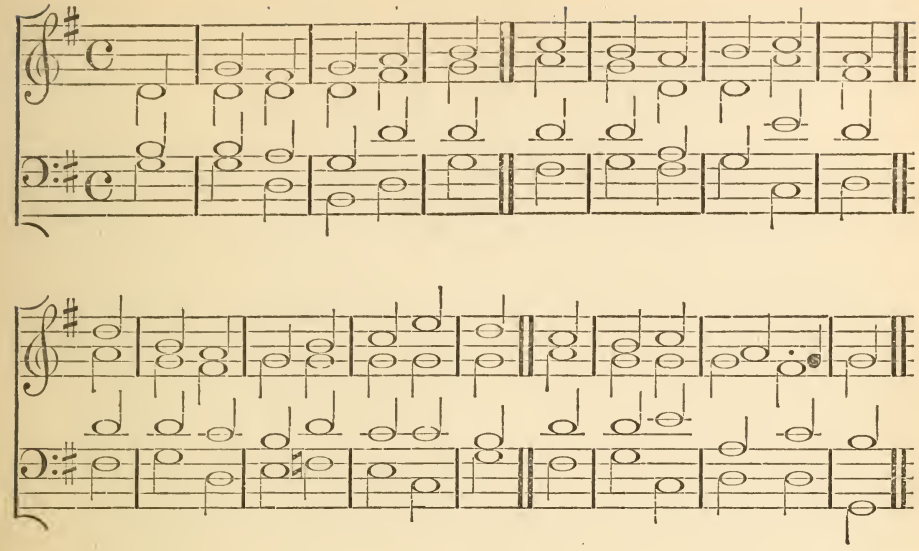
He is the Son to free;
The Bishop He to bless;
The full Propitiation He;
The Lord our righteousness;

His body's glorious Head;
Our Advocate who pleads;
Our Priest who pray'd, aton'd, and bled,
And ever intercedes.

Soldiers, your Captain own!
Domestics, serve your Lord!
Sinners, the Saviour's love make known!
Saints, hymn th' incarnate Word!

The Witness sure and true
Of God's good will to men;
The Alpha and th' Omega too;
The first and last Amen.

PETERBOROUGH. S.M. (By permission.) RT. REV. BP. TURTON.



261

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes my guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.

382

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise!

But we are ling'ring here,
With sin and care opprest;
Lord! send Thy promis'd Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

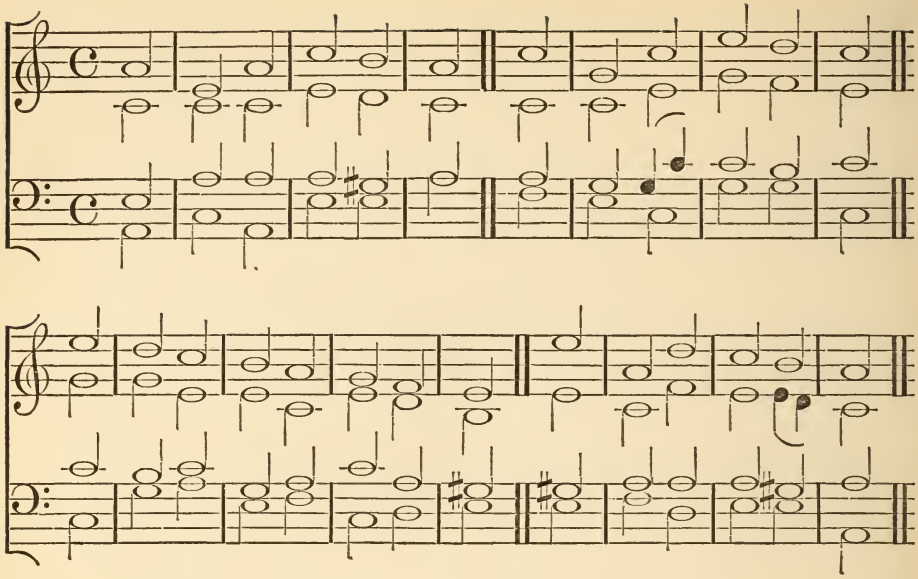
Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto Thy crown:

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train:

Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high!

ST. BRIDE'S. S.M. Dr. Howard.



442

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with glory crown'd.

36

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord, open Thou Thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

PSALM 51.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me!
As Thou wert ever kind,
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which Thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

PSALM 130.

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

Shouldst Thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce Thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The pard'ning love of God.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell Thou within our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
So shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

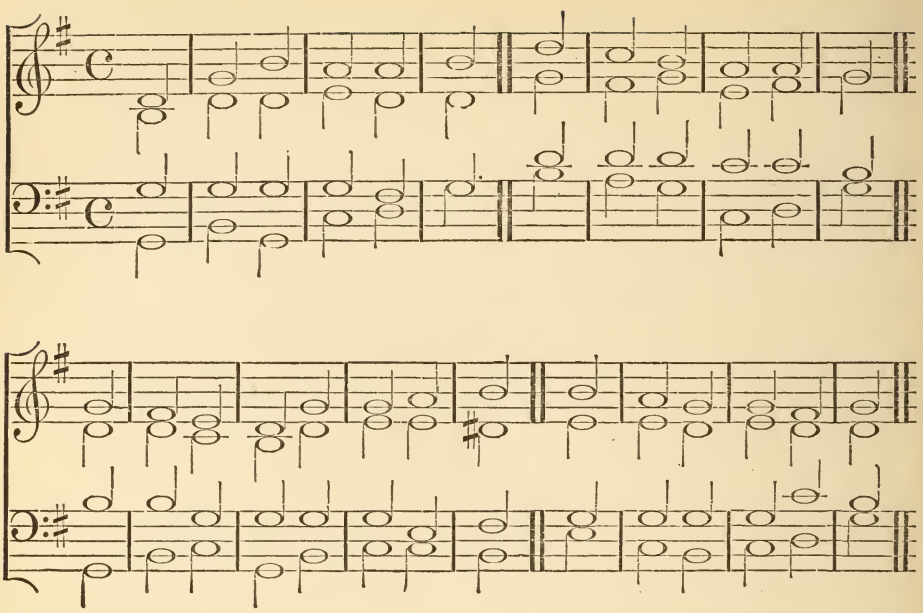
PSALM 61.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

Oh! lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

Oh! give me, then, the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
Let me possess the same.

ST. MICHAEL'S. S.M. From DAY'S Psalter.

26

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For us whose sins He bore.

Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King!

Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

There shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

270

O GOD, from Thee alone
Our earthly blessings flow;
What is there that is not Thine own,
Of all we prize below?

We are but stewards here:
Lord, may we faithful prove,
And what of all we hold most dear,
Deny not to Thy love.

Awake, then, ye to whom
God has so freely given,
To flee the sinner's fearful doom,
And run the path to heaven;—

Ye know the joyful news;
Hide not the blessed word:
Oh! how can grateful souls refuse
To tell what they have heard?

Ye know your Lord's command;
Ye have that ye may give
With ready heart and open hand,
That others, too, may live.

166

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who speak salvation to the world,
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ:
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

O Lord! make bare Thine arm,
Send forth Thy truth abroad;
And let the nations all behold
Their Saviour and their God.

1

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

322

PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His cov'nant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear thy way;
Wait thou His time—the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

107

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

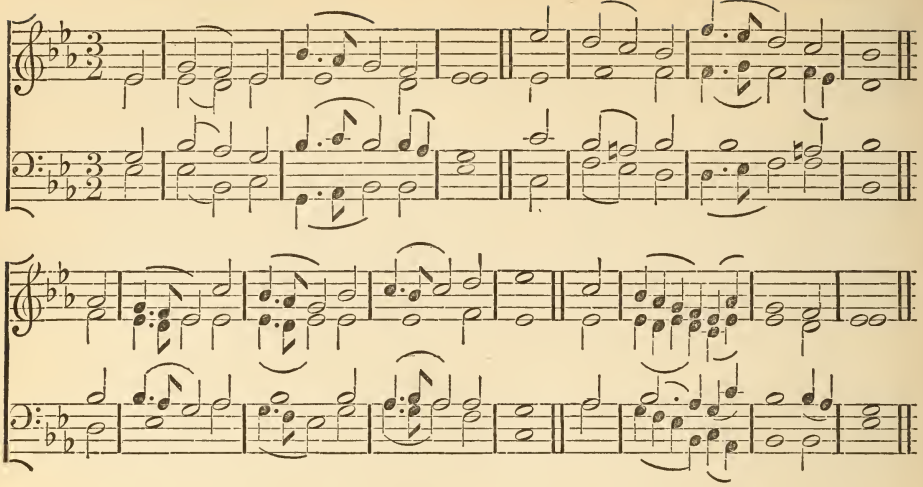
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near
At times, to faith's illumin'd eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

"Knowing, as I am known!"
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

MOUNT EPHRAIM. S.M. MILGROVE.



37

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart!

112

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home
Where we our rest shall gain:

To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
And love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.

76

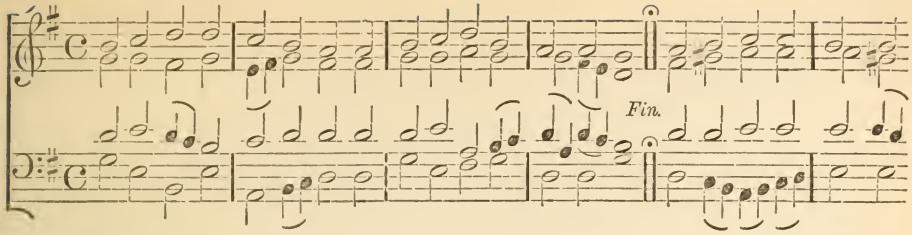
COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.

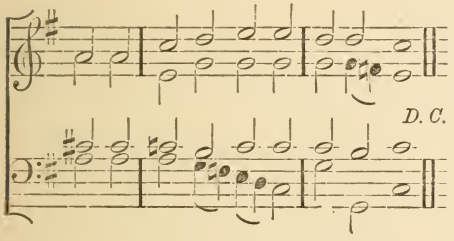
The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place:
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

The sons of God have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.





82

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round.
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for Thine!

At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

Then to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
Take the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

75

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able, He is willing: doubt no more.

Ho! ye thirsty, come, and welcome!
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money, come to Jesus Christ and buy!

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him! [beam.
This He gives you: 'tis the Spirit's rising

Lo, th' Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of His blood!
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

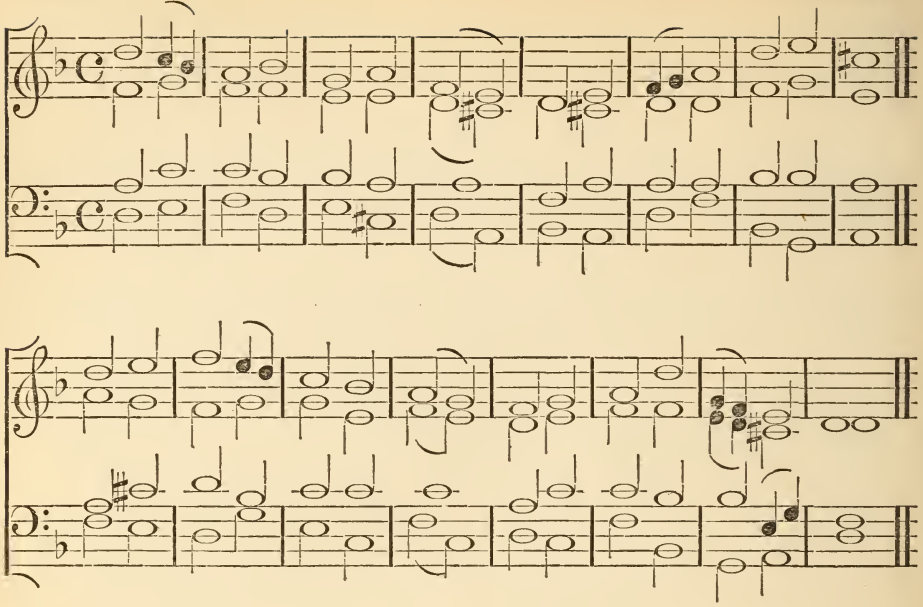
146

HARK! the solemn trumpet sounding
Loud proclaims the Jubilee;
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners, rich and free:
Ye, who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

Is the name of Jesus precious?
Does His love your spirits cheer?
Do you find Him kind and gracious,
Still removing doubt and fear?
Think how many still are found
Strangers to the joyful sound.

Brethren! join in supplication,
Join to plead before the Lord;
'Tis His arm that brings salvation;
He alone can give the word:
Father! let Thy kingdom come;
Bring Thy wand'ring outcasts home.

Brethren! let us freely offer;
All we have is from above:
Let us give, and act, and suffer:
What is this to Jesu's love?
Did He die our souls to save?
His we are and all we have.

BOYCE. 7s. DR. BOYCE.

141

HAPPINESS! delightful name!
Where its place? Oh, tell me where!
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, It is not here.

Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies:
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me;
All to happiness aspire;
I would seek it, Lord, in Thee:

Thee to praise and Thee to know,
Make the joys of saints below:
Thee to see and Thee to love,
Make the bliss of saints above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy love it flows:
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

93

FAINT not, Christian! though the road
Leading to Thy blest abode
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

Faint not, Christian! though, in rage,
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield;
Bear it to the battle-field.

Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurl'd:
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

Faint not, Christian! Jesu's near;
Soon in glory He'll appear:
Then shall cease thy toil and strife,
Thou shalt wear the "Crown of Life."

PSALM 141.

LORD, my spirit flies to Thee,
Haste, oh! haste to succour me;
Let my prayer accepted rise,
Like a holy sacrifice.

Guard my lips; let no offence
Smite Thy hallowed ear from thence;
And, to keep my hands from sin,
Purify my heart within.

Let the righteous kindly chide,
When they see me step aside;
And while they my faults condemn,
Make me love and pray for them.

Many are my snares and foes;
Vain my efforts to oppose.
Lord, mine eyes are unto Thee;
Haste, oh! haste to succour me.

232

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Clothed with humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child,
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on Thee,
Ev'ry evil let me flee:
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in Thy gracious love.

Oh! that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Christ combined;
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

131

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let Thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us in His precious blood.

Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life, and joy, and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in the heavenly way;
Bring us to Thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love.

207

LAMB of God, whose dying love
Thus Thy saints recall to mind;
Hear us, bless us, from above;
Let us all Thy mercy find.

Let Thy blood, to us applied,
Ev'ry sinner's pardon seal;
All in Thee be justified,
Ev'ry soul Thy comfort feel.

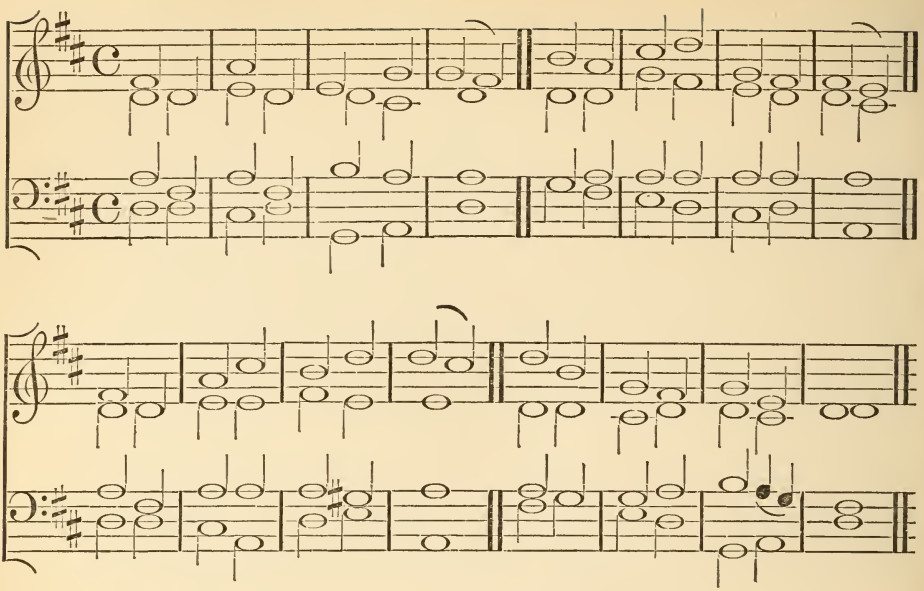
By Thine agony of pain,
By Thy precious blood we pray,
Cleanse our hearts from ev'ry stain;
Take our load of guilt away.

Burst our bonds and set us free;
Bid our fear and sorrow cease;
Oh, remember Calvary!
Saviour! bid us go in peace.

100

FATHER, Lord, who seest in me
Only sin and misery;
See Thine own anointed one,
Look on Thy beloved Son.

Turn Thy searching holy eyes
To that spotless sacrifice;
Through His blood the sinners see,
And, in Jesus, look on me.

CHESTER. 7s. DR. BOYCE.

When sung to a 6.7s hymn, the first two lines must be repeated.

145

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity:
Pleas'd as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

343

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

126 [also Ps. 67. pt. II.]

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

262

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name,
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

45

BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread:
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give:
To Thy cross I look and live.
Thou, my life! Oh, let me be
Rooted, grafted, Lord, in Thee.

327

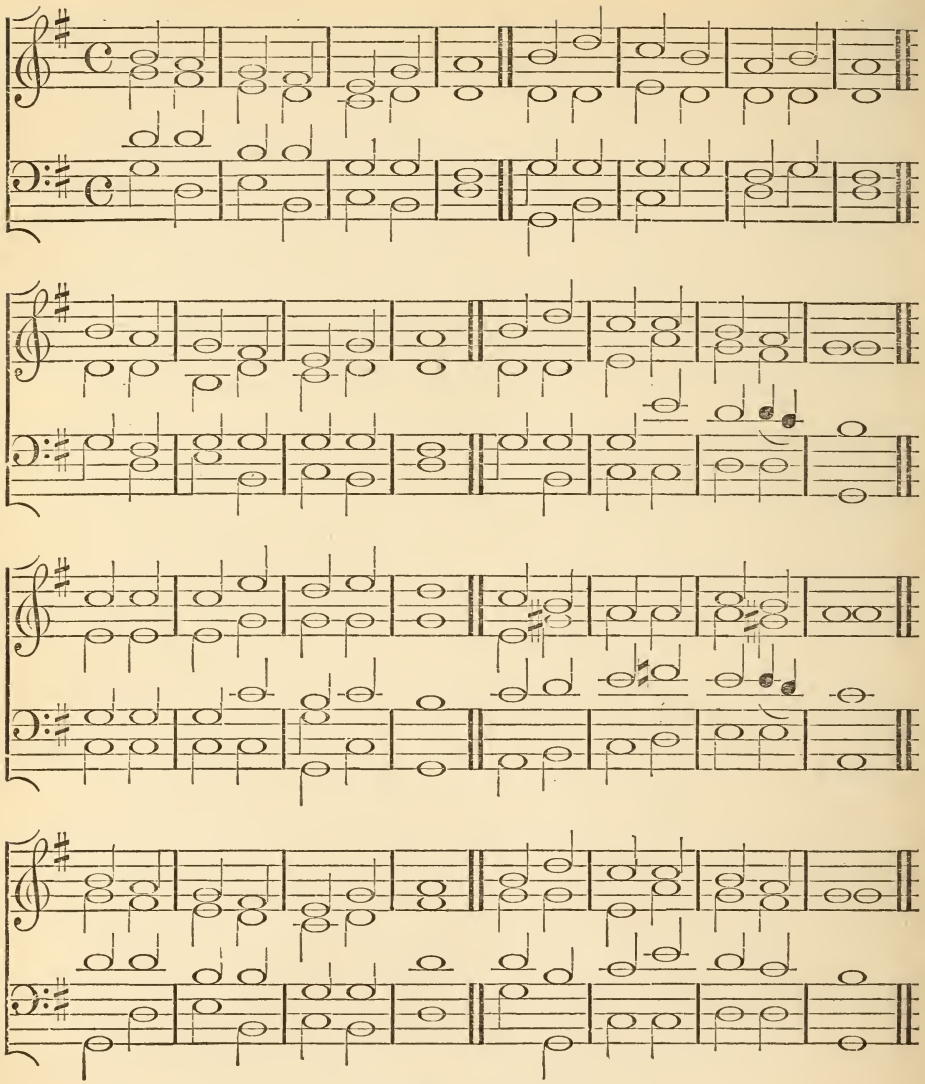
ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

DOWLAND'S. 7s double. Altered from J. Dowland.



PSALM 84. PT. III.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe:
Oh! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of Grace!

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe!
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh! shower them, Lord, on me!

241

LORD, when earthly comforts flee,
Let me find my all in Thee.
Then, though foes awhile prevail,
Though the vine and fig-tree fail,
Still to Thee, my God, I'll raise
Grateful songs of love and praise.
Though Thou hide Thy glorious face,
All is goodness—all is grace.

Though my Father casts me down,
And upon me seems to frown,
Yet if thus He breaks my pride,
Draws me nearer to His side,
Still to Him my soul shall raise
Grateful songs of love and praise;
Though He hide His glorious face,
All is goodness—all is grace.

Though He bids the tempest roar,
Though He clouds my prospect o'er,
Takes my sheltering gourd away,
Bids my fondest hopes decay;
Still to Him my soul shall raise
Grateful songs of love and praise;
Though He hide His glorious face,
All is goodness—all is grace.

Lord, when this short life is past,
Take me to Thy rest at last;
Every sorrow there shall cease,
Lost in love, and joy, and peace;
There to Thee, my God, I'll raise
Ceaseless songs of love and praise;
There behold Thy glorious face,
All Thy goodness—all Thy grace.

434

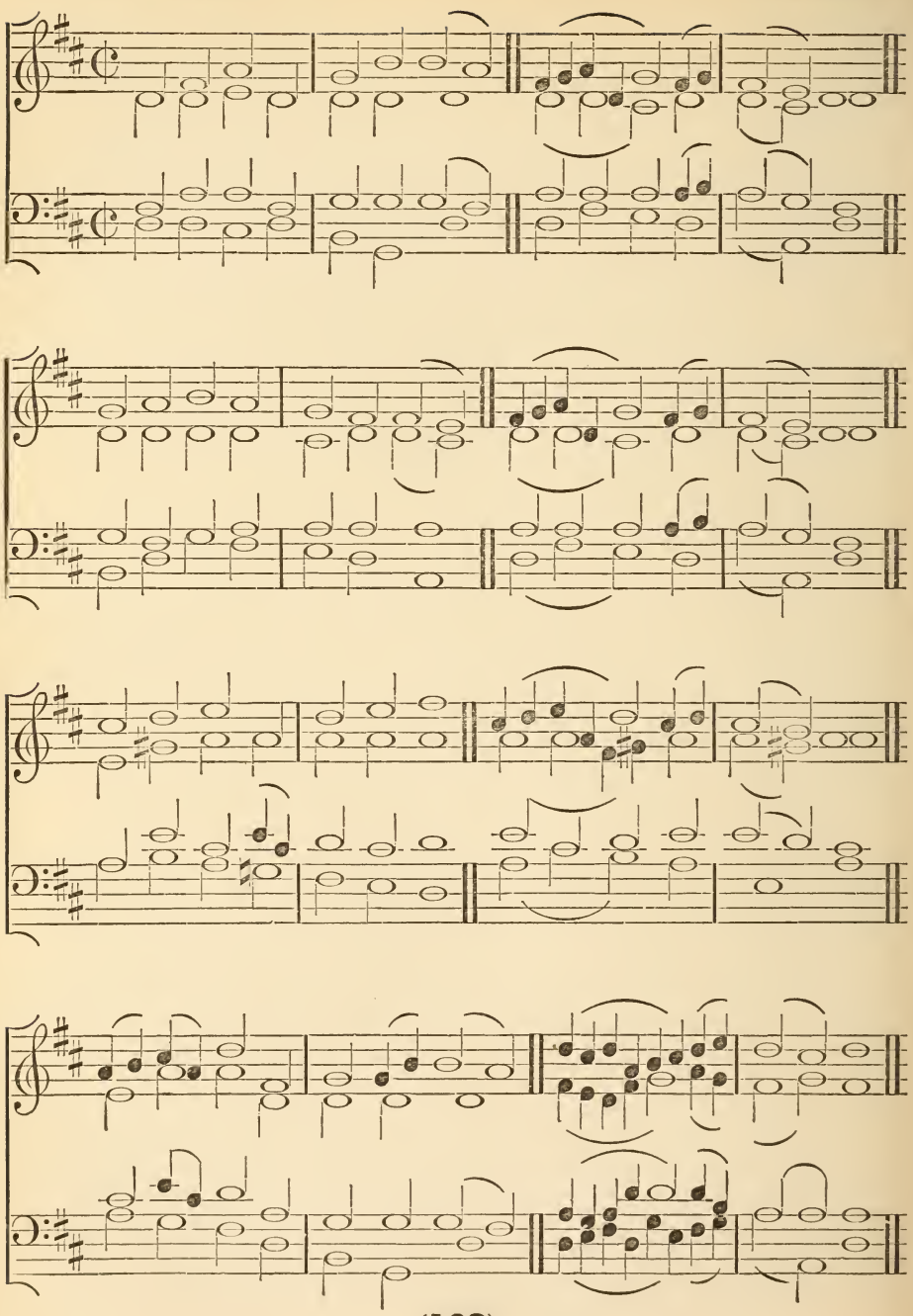
WHO are those arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Faithful to their Master died,
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the Crucified.

Out of great distress they came;
And their robes of faith below
In the blood of Christ, the Lamb,
They have washed as white as snow:
More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er,
They have all their sufferings past;
Hunger now, and thirst no more.

147

HARK! the song of Jubilee!
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! Hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheath'd His sword: He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all

205

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hal.
Our triumphant holy day; Hal.
Who did once upon the cross Hal.
Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise, then, let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly king;
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!

But the pains which He endur'd
Our salvation have procur'd;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing. Hallelujah!

54

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Hallelujah.
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Hallelujah.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Hallelujah.
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
Hallelujah.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Hallelujah.
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Hallelujah.
Death in vain forbade His rise;
Hallelujah.
Christ hath opened Paradise.
Hallelujah.

Lives again our glorious King!
Hallelujah.
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Hallelujah.
Once He died our souls to save;
Hallelujah.
Where's thy victory, O Grave?
Hallelujah.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Hallelujah.
Following our exalted Head;
Hallelujah.
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Hallelujah.
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Hallelujah.

138

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious to His native skies.
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the highest heaven. Hallelujah.

See the heaven its Lord receives;
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
Hallelujah.

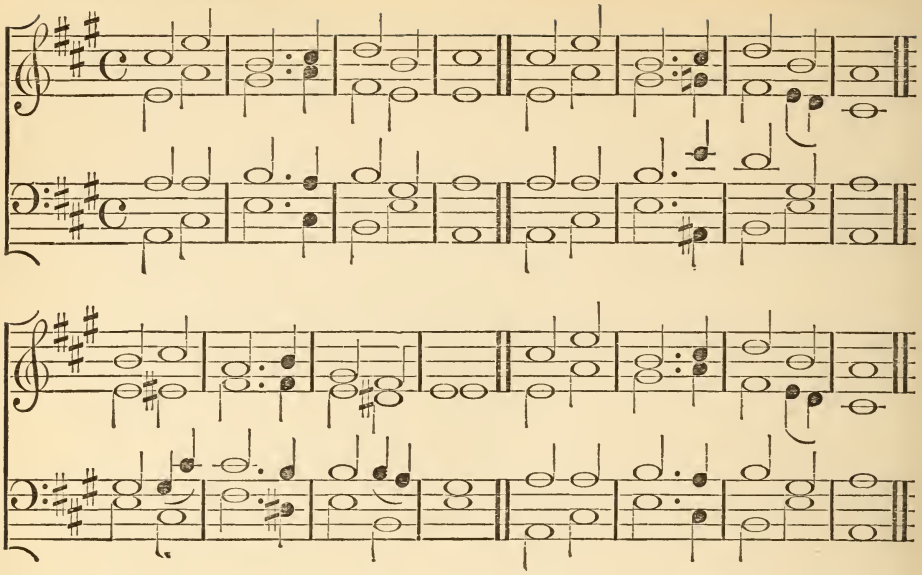
Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Saviour of the human race.
Hallelujah.

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.
Hallelujah.

18

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Hallelujah.
Death, yield up Thy mighty prey!
Hallelujah.
See, He rises from the tomb,
Hallelujah.
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah.

Praise Him, all ye heav'nly choirs;
Hallelujah.
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Hallelujah.
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song;
Hallelujah.
Let the strain be sweet and strong.
Hallelujah.

Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Hallelujah.
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
Hallelujah.
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Hallelujah.
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
Hallelujah.

163

HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief:
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Train'd by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

157

HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert, where I stray,
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

Lord, uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares:
Care for me in all my cares.

All I ask for is—enough;
Only, when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify Thy name.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

PSALM 123.

UNTO Thee I lift my eyes,
Thou that dwellest in the skies!
At Thy throne I meekly bow,
Thou canst save, and only Thou.

As a servant marks his lord,
As a maid her mistress' word,
So I watch and wait on Thee,
Till Thy mercy visit me.

Let Thy face upon me shine,
Tell me, Lord, that Thou art mine;
Poor and little though I be,
I have all in having Thee.

Here to be despised, forgot,
Is Thy children's common lot!
But with Thee to make it up,
Lord, I ask no better cup.

160

HOLY Bible, book divine;
Precious treasure! thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I come;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love:
Mine art Thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless:
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death!

Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom,—
Oh, thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

240

LORD, Thine ancient people see
Captives still in darkness bound;
Let Thy Gospel set them free;
Let them hear its joyful sound.

Still the veil is on their heart,
Rend it, Lord, at length in twain,
Bid their unbelief depart;
Bring them to Thy fold again.

Let Thy love their blindness heal;
God of Israel, hear our prayer:
Let Thy grace their pardon seal;
Still Thy cov'nant let them share.

Harp of Judah! long unstrung,
Sound at length the Saviour's praise;
Jew and Gentile,—old and young,—
Loud the glad Hosanna raise.

51

CAST thy burden on the Lord;
Lean thou only on His word;
Ever He will be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.

Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I,—be not afraid."

Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger near the mercy-seat;
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

He will gird thee by His power,
In thy weary, fainting hour;
Lean, then, loving on His word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

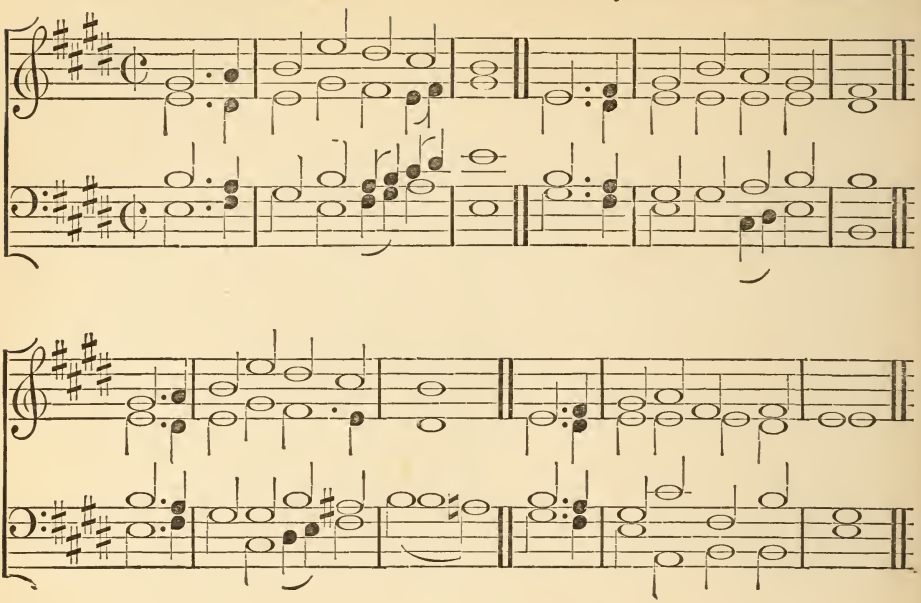
423

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

When in ecstasy sublime
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight!

When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace!

Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven and earth to me—
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

INNOCENTS, or DURHAM. 7s. Harmonized by REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.

52

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the ways the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd;
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

298

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
See! your Captain leads the way;
Onward, Christians! win the day.

Onward, then, to glory move,
More than conquerors you shall prove;
Still through danger, toil, and woe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

48

BRETHREN, let us join and bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness!
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

Son of God! to Thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of Thy Church and Head.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought;
Wrought to set Thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, evermore;
Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above.

116

GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God,
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?
Lord, my trembling soul reprieve,
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

Lo! He comes! He heeds my plea!
Lo! He comes! the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

433

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the passing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

Swiftly, thus, our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream!
Lord, to heaven our wishes raise;
All on earth is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view:

Bless Thy Word to young and old;
Fill us with the Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

88

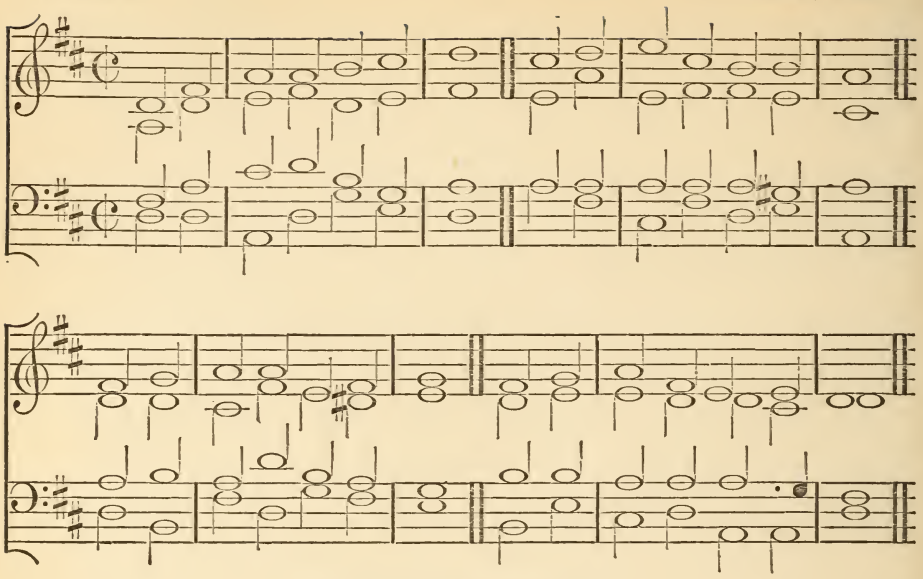
ERE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee!

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven!

Cold our services have been,
Mingled ev'ry prayer with sin:
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

While this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead!
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last!

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end!



For six lines, repeat the first part.

119

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
Man, the well-belov'd of Heaven.

Hail, by all Thy works ador'd!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
All Thy glories we confess,
Infinite and numberless.

Holy Spirit, Thee we own;
Thee, O Christ, the only Son!
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending men.

Praise the name of God Most High;
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

73

COME, Thou mighty King of kings!
Rise with healing in Thy wings;
Bare Thine arm, and ride on high,
Glorious in Thy majesty!

Thou hast mercy still in store
E'en for India's coral shore;
Afric's sable sons shall know
Thou hast mercy to bestow.

North and south and east and west,
All, are waiting to be blest;
Come and bless them, Prince of peace!
Give their fetter'd souls release.

Thus shall earth's extended frame
Swell the trophies of Thy name,
And redeemed souls confess:—
Jesus is our righteousness.

Saviour! send Thy Spirit down;
By His work thy pleasure crown:
If He breathe not on the slain,
All our efforts are in vain.

39

BLESS, O Lord, the opening year,
To the souls assembled here;
Clothe Thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the harden'd soul to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See their sins, and look to Thee.

Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let our whole assembly prove
Thy power, Thy mercy, and Thy love.

PSALM 133.

'TIS a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree,
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above;
Acting each a Christian part,
One in lip and one in heart.

Gently as the dews distil
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Bright'ning and refreshing all;
Such is Christian union, shed
Through the members from the Head.

Where divine affection lives,
There the Lord His blessing gives;
There His will on earth is done;
There His heaven is half begun.
Lord, our great Example prove,
Teach us all like Thee to love!

41

BLESSED Lord, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
"As Thou art, so let us be."

Fix, oh! fix each wavering mind,
To Thy cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Perfect all our souls in love.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Make us Thine, O Son of God,
Wash us in Thy precious blood.

135

GREAT the joy when Christians meet
Christian fellowship how sweet!
When (their theme of praise the same)
They exalt Jehovah's name.

Sing we then eternal love
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone:
Lov'd the world, and gave His Son.

Sing the Son's amazing love;
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Liv'd and died to save our race.

Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
How with stubborn hearts He strove,
Chas'd the mists of sin away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.

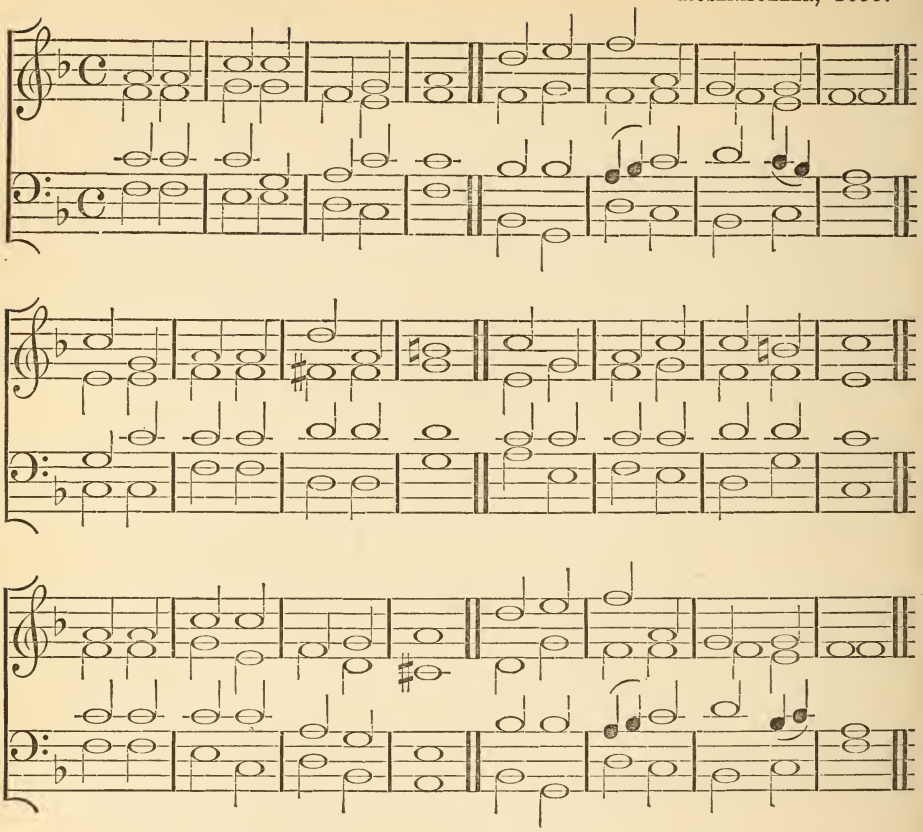
Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet,
Where the theme will be the same,
As they praise Jehovah's name.

57

CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
One glad hymn to God should raise,
One high song of grateful praise.

Here we all may meet no more,
But there is a happier shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the strain again,
Gladly sound the loud AMEN.

NASSAU. Six 7s. ROSENMULLER, 1655.

328

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' approaching Sabbath day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand;
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Nourish'd by Thy bounteous hand:
Now, from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near,
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

110

"FORWARD let the people go,"
Israel's God will have it so;
Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee?
He who bids thee pass the waters,
Will be with His sons and daughters.

Israel, art thou sorely tried?
Art thou press'd on every side?
Does it seem as if no power
Could relieve thee in this hour?
Wherefore art thou thus disheartened,
Is the Arm that saves thee shortened?

Stand thou still this day and see
Wonders wrought and wrought for thee;
Safe thyself on yonder shore,
Thou shalt see thy foes no more,
Thine to see the Saviour's glory,
Thine to tell the wondrous story.

Yes, thy God shall yet be known,
Far and wide as God alone;
At His feet shall idols fall,
For thy God is Lord of all;
His is strength, and His salvation,—
He shall reign o'er every nation.

428

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glowing sun,
When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge-brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

55

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true and only Light;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart!

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

320

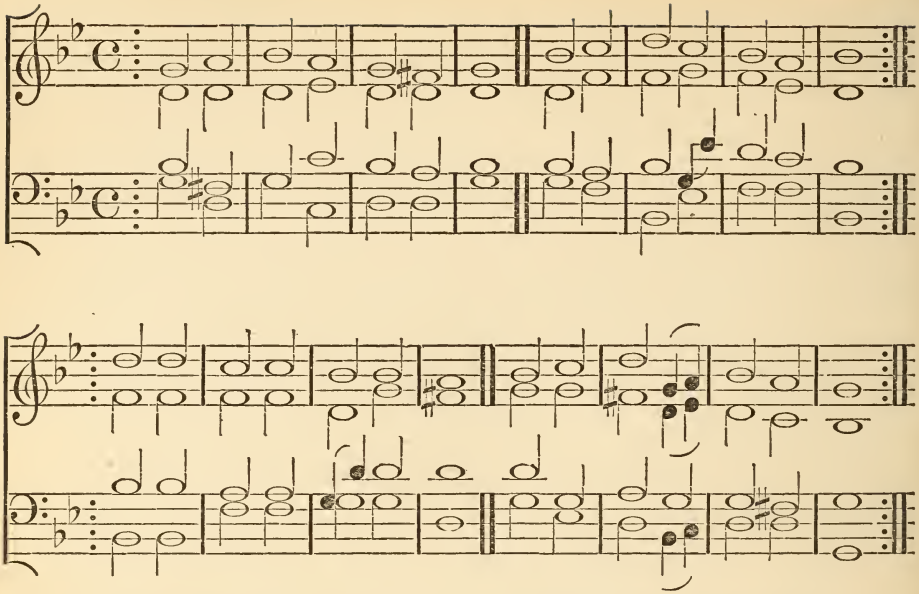
PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladd'ning streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise to His redeeming love:
Let the echo forth resound
To the earth's remotest bound;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

NORWICH. 7s. C. H. PURDAY.



When sung to eight lines, repeat both parts: to six lines, repeat the first part.

424

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear,
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear!

Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear!

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin:
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deign'd our load to bear,
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear!

333

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy birth and early years;
By Thy human griefs and fears;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By Thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power;
Jesus! look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thine hour of dark despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the purple robe of scorn;
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,

Cross and passion, pangs and cries;
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus! look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy last expiring groan;
By the seal'd sepulchral stone;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power from death to save:
Mighty God! ascended Lord!
To Thy throne in heaven restor'd;
Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

143

HARK! my soul, it is the Lord:
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

"I deliver'd thee when bound;
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound:
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh! for grace to love Thee more.

123

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
Oh! the wormwood and the gall!
Oh! the pangs His soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of Time,
—God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!"—hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

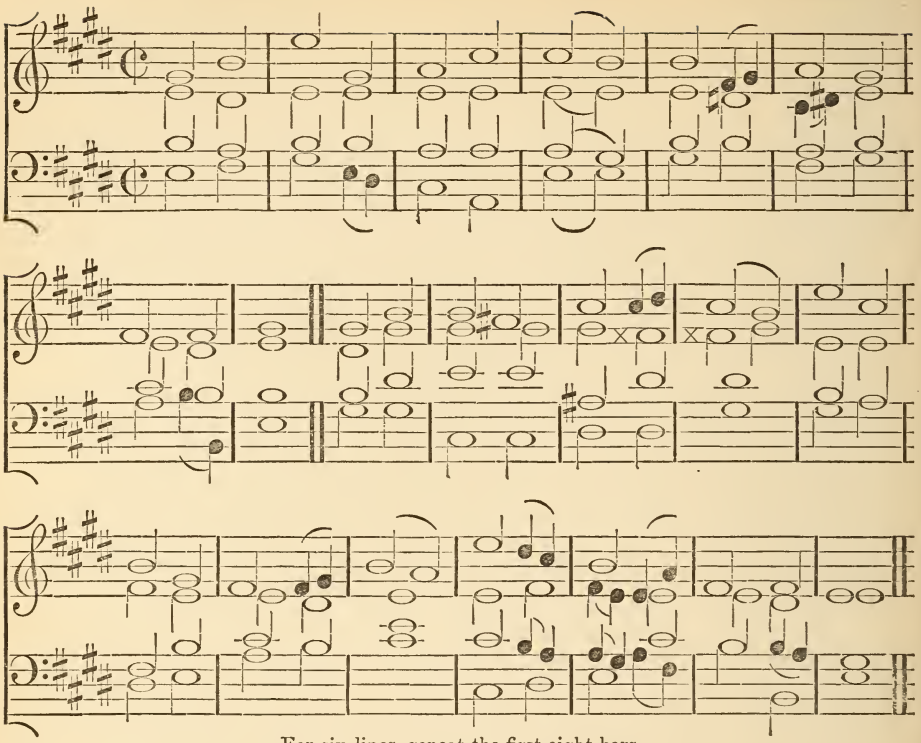
Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
—Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen;—He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

230

LORD, I look for all to Thee,
Thou hast been a Rock to me:
Still Thy wonted aid afford,
Still be near, my Shield and Sword.
I to Thee my soul commit,
For Thy blood has ransom'd it.

Faint and sinking on my road,
Still I cling to Thee, my God;
Bending 'neath a weight of woes,
Harass'd by a thousand foes,
Hope still chides my rising fears,
Joys still mingle with my tears.

On Thy word I take my stand,
All my times are in Thy hand;
Make Thy face on me to shine,
Take me 'neath Thy wings divine:
Lord, Thy grace is all my trust,
Save, oh, save Thy trembling dust!

ST. DAVID'S NEW. 7s. C. E. HORSLEY.

For six lines, repeat the first eight bars.

69

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord! I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

PSALM 136. PT. II.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord; for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Look'd upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

156

HEAVENLY Father! may Thy love
Beam upon us from above!
Let this Infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.

Son of God, be with us here!
Listen to our humble prayer!
Let Thy blood, on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

Holy Ghost! to Thee we cry;
Thou this Infant sanctify!
Thine Almighty power display,
Seal *him* to redemption's day.

Great Jehovah!—Father, Son,
Holy Spirit,—Three in One,
May the blessing come from Thee!
Thine shall all the glory be!

353

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

When He came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high;"
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who should louder sing than I?

Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the Law fulfil;
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak!

O, my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend;
Every precious name in one;
I will love Thee without end.

115

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear
Bursting on my troubled ear;
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!

Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!

Spread for thee, the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!

Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo, I come, your Saviour Friend,
Safe thy spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home,
Come, and welcome, sinner, come!

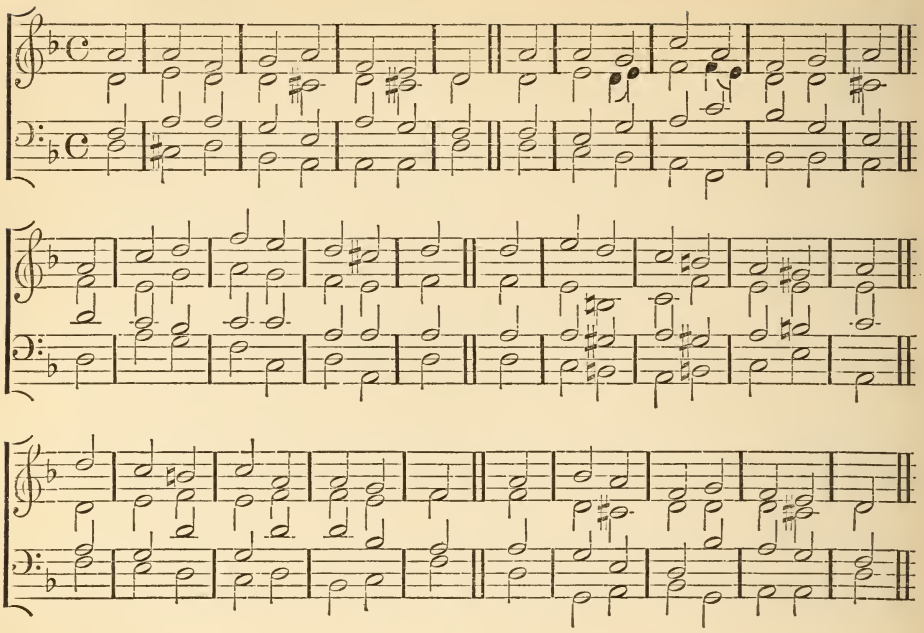
323

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Humble, upright, free from art;
Make me as a little child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me thankfully receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care—
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,—
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
Thee my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

WORMS, or Old 112th. 8.8.8.8.8.8. LUTHER.

PSALM 46. PT. II.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In Him undaunted we'll confide:
Though earth were from her centre toss'd
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While His almighty aid is nigh.

PSALM 91.

HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
Thus to my soul of Him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

His tender love and watchful care
Shall free me from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence:
He over me His wings shall spread,
And cover my unguarded head;
His truth shall be my strong defence.

PSALM 146. PT. II.

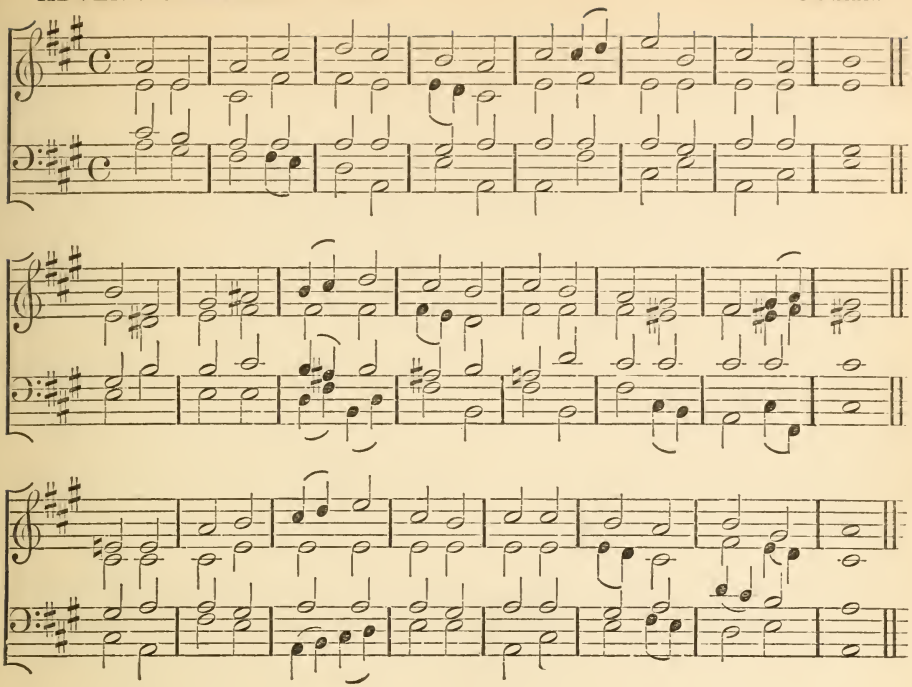
I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor;
And none shall find His promise vain.

The Lord gives eyesight to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

ADVENT CHORALE. 8.7.4. GERMAN.



217

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah! Jesus now shall ever reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see!

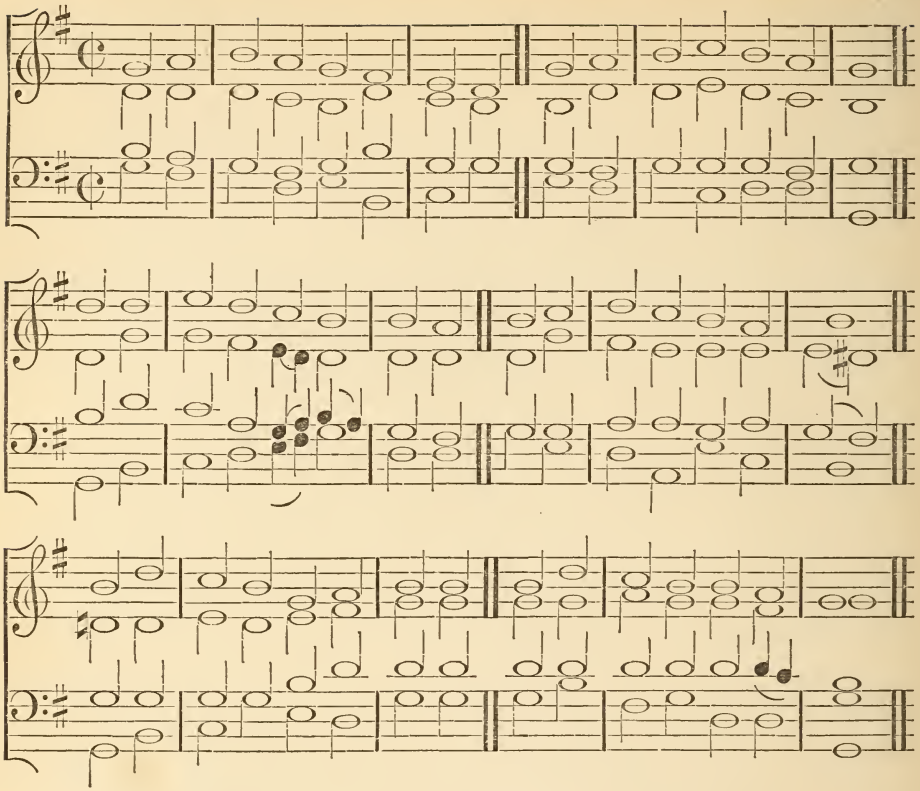
Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah! see the Son of God appear!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Hallelujah! oh, come quickly! Come, Lord, come!

222

LOOK! ye saints! the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now!
From the fight return'd victorious,
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Sinners, in derision, crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels now surround Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

307

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bringing—
Zion long in hostile lands: [thy bands.
Mourning captive, God himself will loose

Has the night been long and mournful?
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well belov'd.

Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glory;
God Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance Zion's king vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour bless'd;
All thy conflicts end in everlasting rest.

295

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace. [dawn.
Blessed Jubilee! Let thy glorious morning

Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary: [pole.
Let the Gospel loud resound from pole to

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
Let the morning chase the night:
Chase the darkness from their long benighted eyes.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase!
Sway Thy sceptre, Saviour, all the world around!

319

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring!
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress!
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!
Praise Him! praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Fatherlike He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows.
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him! praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows!

148

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky.
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

"It is finish'd!" Oh, what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, the dying words record.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's name:
All on earth and all in heaven
Join the triumph to proclaim.
"It is finish'd!"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Ye on earth who humbly call Him,
Your belovèd, and your friend,
Highest raise your grateful voices,
Yours these blessings without end.
"It is finish'd!"
On His grace and power depend.

120

GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross,
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us: [thus.
Spread His glory, who redeemed His people

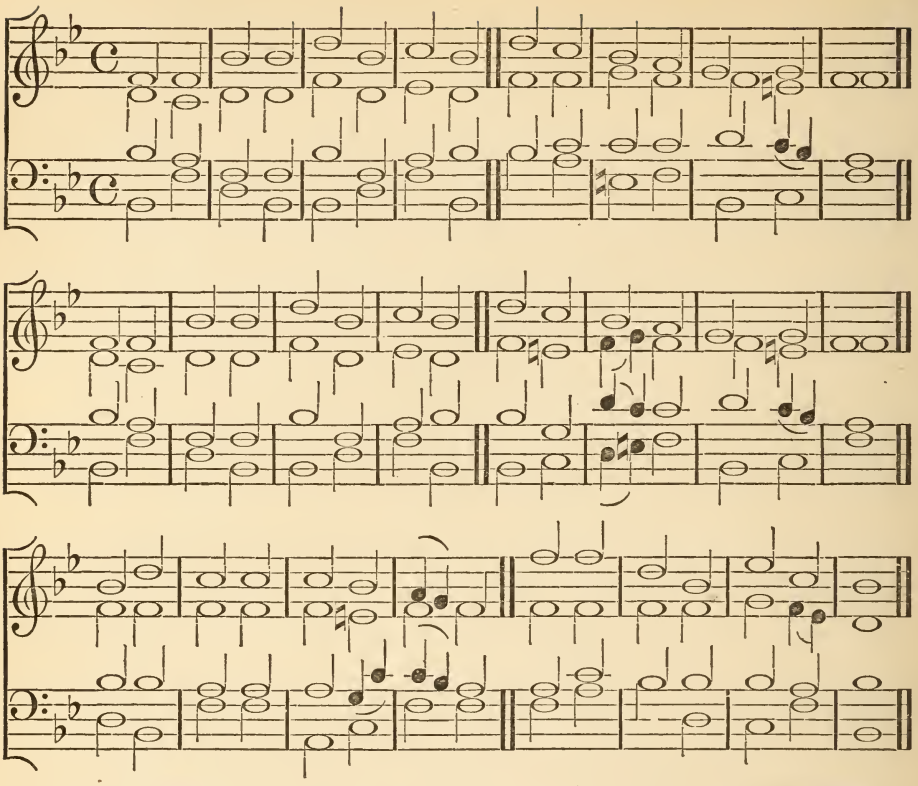
Jesu's love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend; [Friend.
Praise the Saviour; magnify the sinner's

While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb;" [name.
Saints and angels, give ye glory to His

338

SHEPHERD of Thine Israel! lead us,
Pilgrims o'er this barren sand;
Thou who hast from bondage freed us,
Guard us with Thine outstretch'd hand!
Guide Thy chosen safely to the promised land.

Feed us with the heavenly manna;
Fainting, may we feel Thy might;
Go before us as our banner,
Cloud by day, and fire by night: [light.
Great Redeemer, shine around us: Thou art

When we come to death's dark river,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Thou who canst our life deliver,
Bear us through the sunder'd tide: [side.
Praises! praises we will sing on Canaan's

For eight lines 8.7, repeat the last eight bars; for four lines 8.7, sing only first and last eight bars.

17

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come, &c.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come, &c.

Saints before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come, &c.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come, &c.

139

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilæan King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour!
Thou didst bear our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Ev'ry sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made for man with God.

Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heav'nly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
"Spare them yet another year:"
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, pow'r and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

PSALM 87.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Flows that all may thirst assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name!
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

403

WELCOME days of solemn meeting!
Welcome days of praise and prayer!
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share.

Be Thou near us, blessed Saviour;
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

When the fervent prayer is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer;
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song Thine impress bear.

Lord, Thy spirit cast upon us,
Mightily increase its power;
Grant some sinner, here among us,
May be saved this present hour.

125

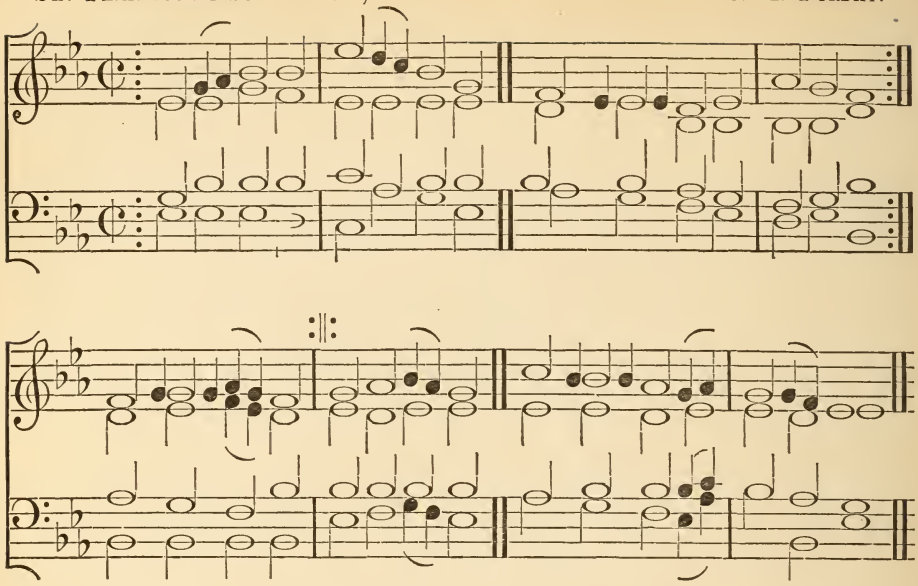
GOD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss He forms, and woe He lightens:
God is light, and God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
Worlds decay, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is light, and God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is light, and God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is light, and God is love.

ST. PETERSBURGH. 8.7.4, or 8.7. C. H. PURDAY.



For a four line verse, use no repeat.

*** The crotchets in bars 3, 5, and 7 are intended for Hymn 46.

209

LEAD us, heavenly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us:
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

225

LORD, go with us, grant Thy blessing,
Let us now depart in peace.
Lord, Thy favour still possessing,
Let our faith and love increase.

May each Sabbath bring us nearer
To our glorious rest above;
And our hopes grow brighter, clearer,
Till we reach our home above.

195

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

As of old, St. Andrew heard it
By the Galilæan lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

In our joys, and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

Jesus calls us—by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

427

WHEN the world my heart is rending
With its heaviest storm of care:
Then my thoughts, to God ascending,
Find a refuge from despair.

There's a hand of mercy near me,
Though the waves of trouble roar;
There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
When the toils of life are o'er.

Oh! to rest in peace for ever,
Join'd with happy souls above;
Where no foe my heart can sever
From the Saviour whom I love!

This the hope that shall sustain me,
Till life's pilgrimage is past;
Fears may vex and troubles pain me;
I shall reach my home at last.

136

GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold us with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living Fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our Strength and Shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

438

WHY those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship.
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Led by Christ, we brave the ocean;
Led by Him, the storm defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh;
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

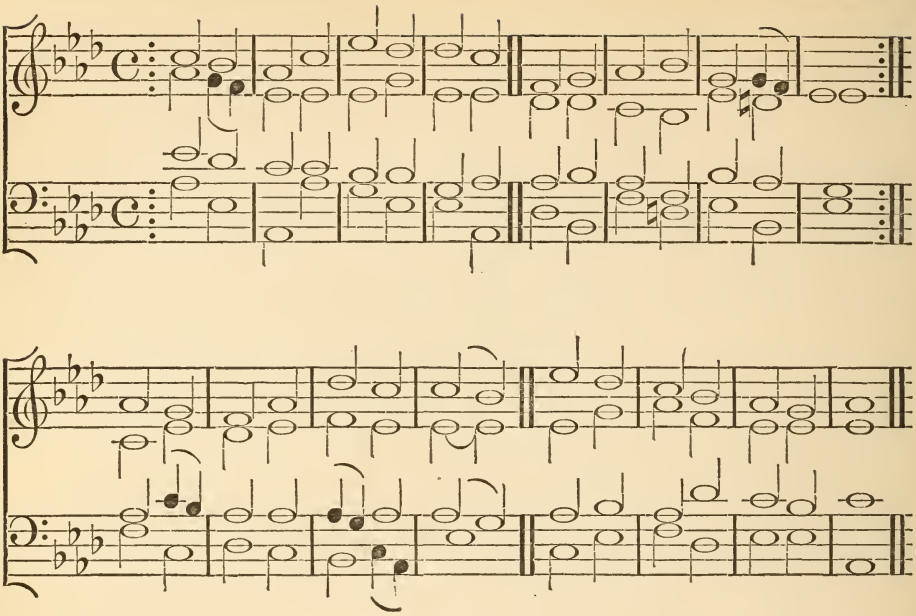
Though the shore, we hope to land on,
Only by report is known;
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

Oh, what pleasures there await us;
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

46

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead,—

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

BASLE. 8.7, 8.7.4, or 8.7.7. GERMAN.

309

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name,
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

393

THROUGH the day Thy love hath spar'd us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thy arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

234

LORD of every land and nation,
"Ancient of eternal days,"
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

"Brightness of the Father's glory,"
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?
Shun, my tongue, the guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.

From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow my praise, for ever flow. Hal.

Come, return, immortal Saviour;
Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy throne;
Quickly come, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own. Hal.

214

LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He hath hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He hath quench'd Mount Sinai's flame;
He has wash'd us with His blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong-salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown;
He who wash'd us with His blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky;
"Thou hast wash'd us with Thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

47

BRETHREN, come, our Saviour bids us,
Bids us to a feast of love!
Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us,
With provision from above:
Ye for whom His life was giv'n,
Come, and eat the bread of heaven.

Let us think of Him who bought us;
'Tis the Saviour's own command:
When we wander'd, Jesus sought us,
Now He leads us by the hand:
Now He gives us hope, and says,
We shall sing His endless praise.

Oh! how much His people owe Him,
For the love that He hath shown!
Well may we surrender to Him
All that once we call'd our own;
Lord, we give ourselves to Thee;
Thou, our Guide, our Master be.

248

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

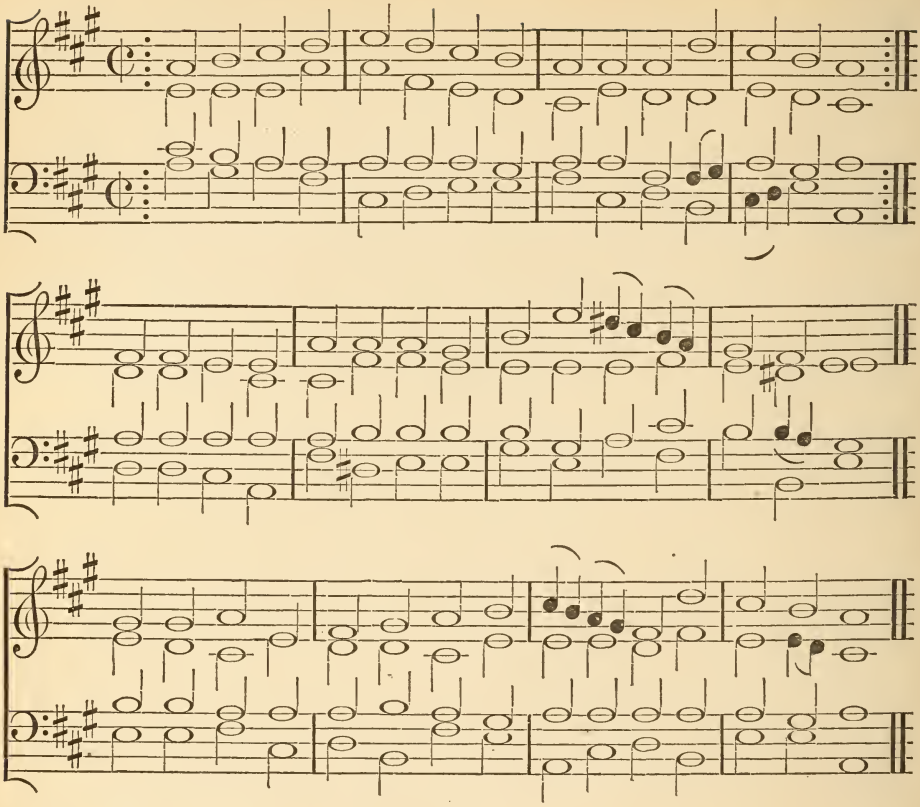
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

224

LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Trav'lling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
Let the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

CORINTH, or GLORIA PATRI. 8.7. Ascribed to M. Haydn.

352

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend:
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:
Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from His pitying eye;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
All I have is from His grace!

Love and grief my heart dividing,
Gazing here I'd spend my breath;
Constant still in faith abiding
Life deriving from His death.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thine,
Till I taste Thy whole salvation,
Where unveil'd Thy glories shine!

72

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring:
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

216

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, Thyself revealing,
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

Thou of life and light Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature;
Pour the day upon our eyes.

Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry meek and contrite heart.

By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
By the leading of Thy Spirit,
Guide us to Thy perfect peace.

197

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smiles are thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall end thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

246

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art!
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Come, Almighty, to deliver;
May we all Thy life receive;
Graciously return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee would we be ever blessing,
Serve Thee as Thine hosts above;
Still adore Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

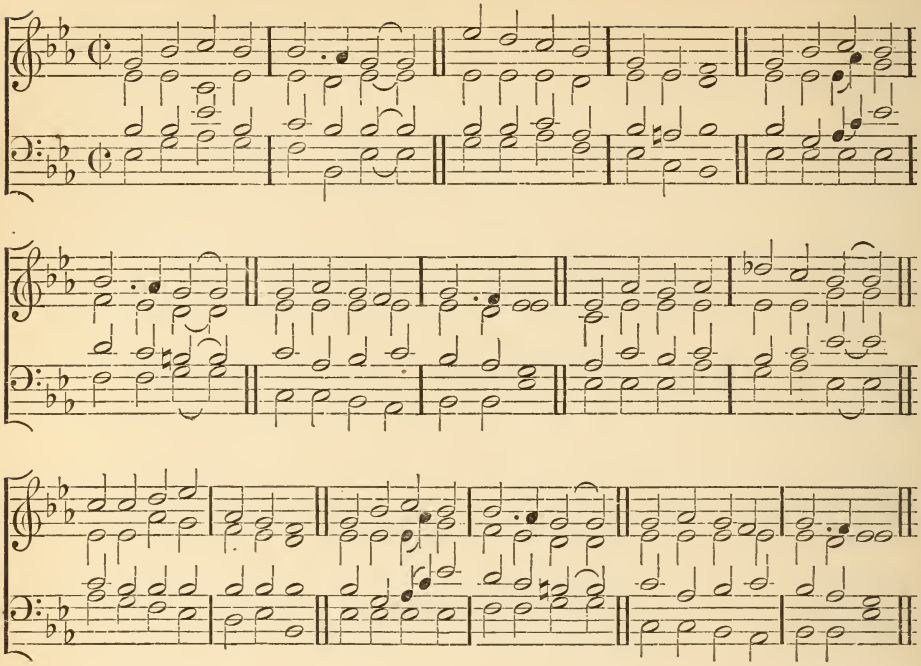
Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted, may we be!
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee.
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

71

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s, or 8.7s. (By permission.) REV. J. B. DYKES.



199

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!

Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace!

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee!
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

140

HAIL! Thou source of ev'ry blessing,
Sov'reign Father of mankind;
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne:
In Thy covenant united,
Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.
Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine!
Myst'ry hid in former ages,
Myst'ry great of love divine.

Hail! Thou all-inviting Saviour;
Gentiles, we our off'rings bring;
In Thy temple seek Thy favour,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise;
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

161

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light:
Hear, O hear our supplication!
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Rest upon this congregation,
Great distributor of grace.

Come Thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We can ask or wish no more!
Author of our new creation,
Bid us all Thy influence prove;
Make our souls Thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

154

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
"O my people! faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken!
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

"Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night:
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

PSALM 131.

HUMBLE, Lord, my haughty spirit;
Bid my swelling thoughts subside,
Strip me of my fancied merit:
What have I to do with pride?
Was my Saviour meek and lowly!
And shall such a worm as I,
Weak, and earthly, and unholy,
Dare to lift my head on high!

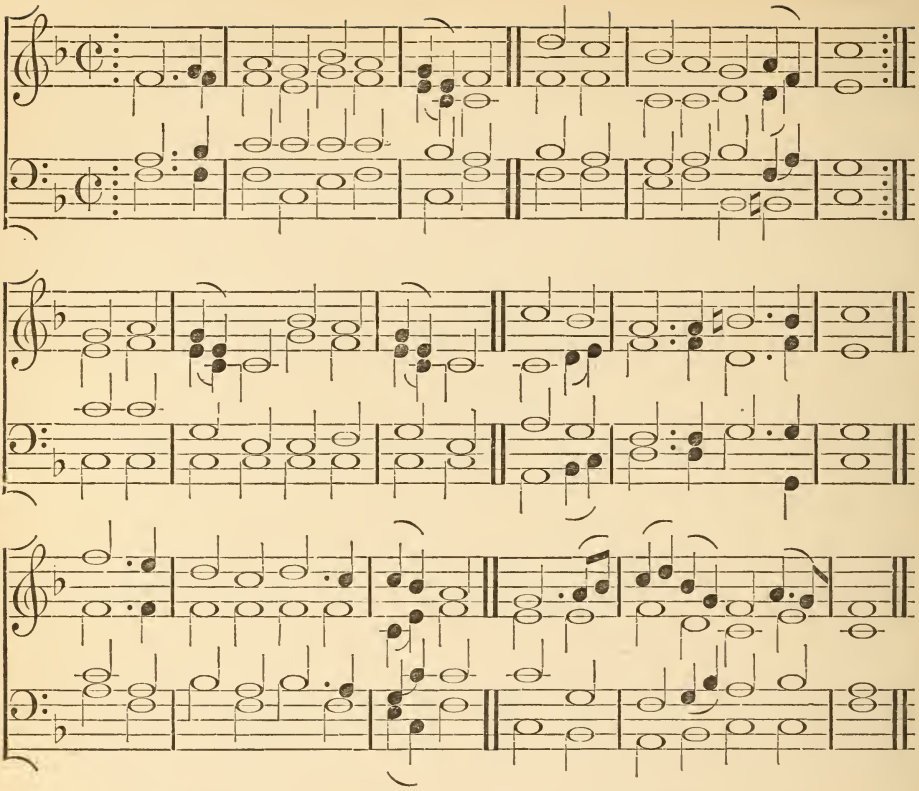
Teach me, Lord, my true condition;
Bring me childlike to Thy knee,
Stripped of every low ambition,
Willing to be led by Thee.
Guide me by Thy Holy Spirit;
Feed me from Thy blessed Word:
All my wisdom, all my merit,
Borrowed from Thyself, O Lord!

Like a little babe, confiding,
Simple, docile, let me be;
Trusting still to Thy providing,
Casting every care on Thee.
Thus my all to Thee submitting,
I am Thine, and not my own,
And, when earthly hopes are flitting,
Rest secure on God alone.

332

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the nights be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

VIENNA. 8.7. HAYDN.

PSALM 148. PT. II. [Him:

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obey'd;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.
Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God will make His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

334

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.
Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

235

LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from Thy bright abode,
While our hearts with deep devotion
Own their great and gracious God:
Now with joy we come before Thee,
Seek Thy face—Thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard Thy Church, and guide our Queen.

Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favour'd nation
May those mercies ever last!
Britons, then, shall still before Thee
Songs of ceaseless praises sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless Thy people—bless our Queen!

444

ZION is Jehovah's dwelling,
There the "King of kings" appears.
Here is glory far excelling
All the worldling sees or hears.
Zion's walls are everlasting,
Form'd through endless years to shine,
Strength and beauty never wasting,
Show their origin divine.

Zion claims peculiar honour;
High distinction marks her lot;
Light eternal shines upon her;
Hers a sun that fadeth not.
Zion's city hath foundations,
God Himself has raised her walls;
She survives the wreck of nations;
Zion stands, whatever falls.

Brethren, let the prospect cheer us,
Fair the lot that's cast for us;
When we call, our God will hear us,
Happy who are favour'd thus.
Let the timid fear no longer;
What though earth and hell oppose?
He who pleads our cause is stronger—
Stronger far than all our foes.

223

LORD, a thousand foes surround us;
Come to succour and defend.
Hell's dark hosts cannot confound us,
While our souls have such a Friend.
Let their legions round us gather;
Be but Thou us nigh to aid:
Strong in Thee, Almighty Father,
We can meet them undismayed.

Holiest, greatest, best, and wisest,
Who shall dare to cope with Thee?
When to conflict Thou arisest,
Ah, how soon the boldest flee!
Thou Thy people's wrongs resentest;
On Thy saving arm we rest:
Thou with grace our prayers preventest;
Thou wilt choose and give the best.

To our help then rise and hasten;
Check, if not destroy, the foe.
If he must be left to chasten,
Let him not our hopes o'erthrow.
Safe through suffering and temptation,
Lead us to Thy fold at last,
To adore Thy full salvation,
And our crowns before Thee cast!

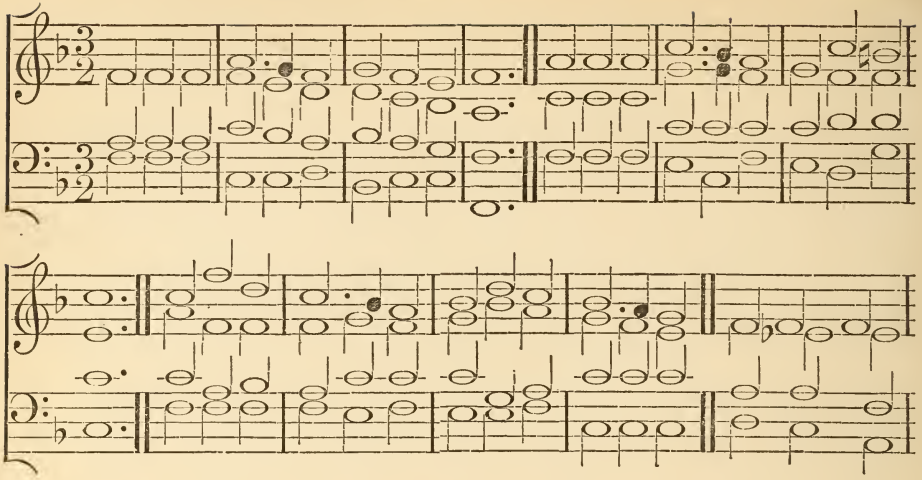
86

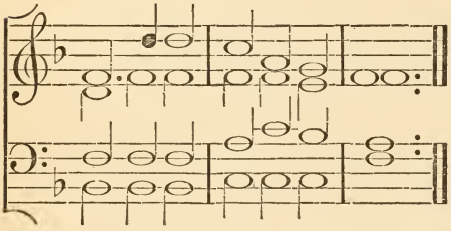
DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.
Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesu's blood can cleanse them all;
Let that mercy veil transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

Hear, O God, the vows we render;
With our hosts to battle go;
Shield the head of each defender,
And confound our country's foe;
So, when ceased the battle's raging,
Thine shall be the victor's praise:
And, in holy bonds engaging,
We will serve Thee all our days.

BAYSWATER. 6.4.6.4.6.6.(6)4. C. H. PURDAY.





259

NEARER, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!"

Though, like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me—my rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

Then let the way appear steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethels I'll raise;
So, by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

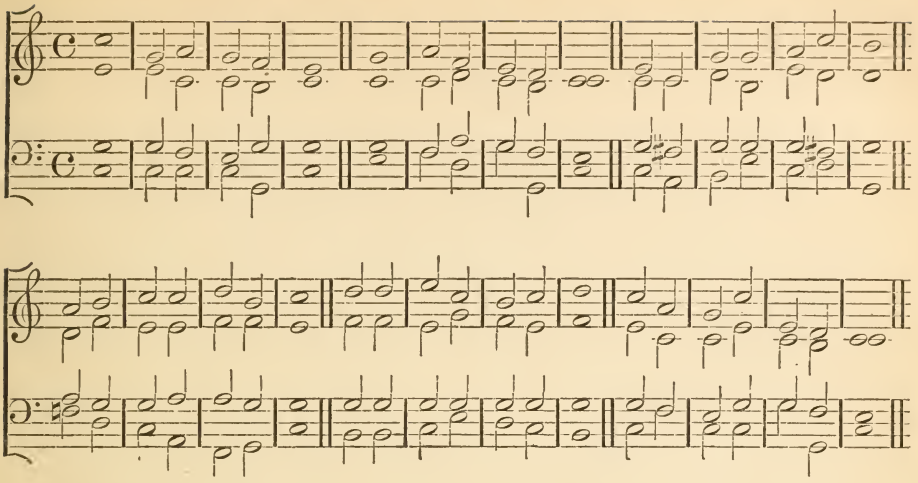
And when on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be, [Thee!"
"Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to

182

I'M but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home!

What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home!
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home!
Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home!

Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home!
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home!
For I shall surely stand
At my dear Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my fatherland;
Heav'n is my home!

BURLINGTON. 6.6.7.7.7.7. C. H. PURDAY.

*** This tune will suit Hymn 418 by making the semibreves in bars one and five minims, and by repeating the four-syllable line.

311

OUR friend is gone before
To that celestial shore,
He hath left his mates behind;
He hath all the storms outrode!
Found the rest they toil to find;
Landed in the arms of God.

And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies?
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?

No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering Church beneath
To a reigning Church above;
Thou hast more than conquered death,
Thou art crown'd with life and love.

Thou in thy youthful prime,
Hast leaped the bounds of time,
Suddenly from earth released.
Lo, we now rejoice for thee,
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

418

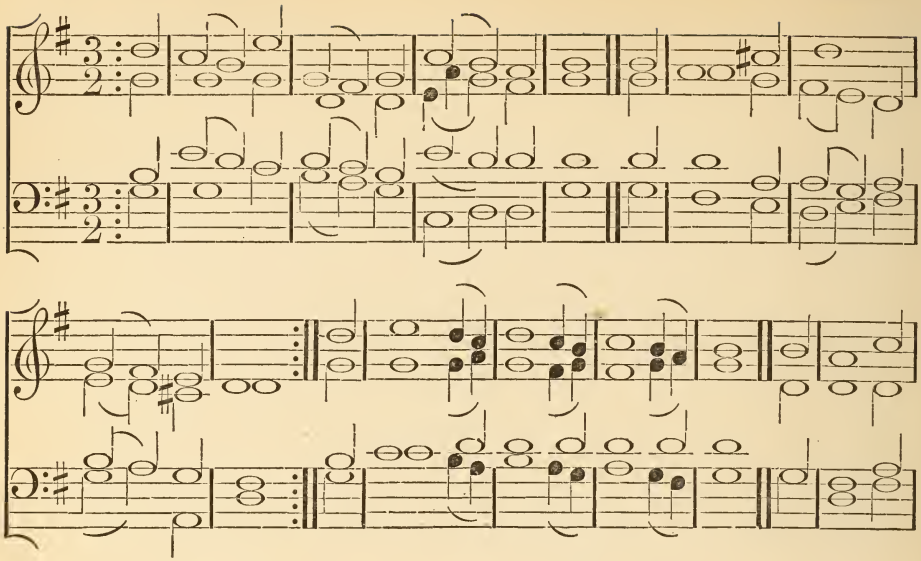
WHEN I listen to Thy word,
In Thy temple cold and dead;
When I cannot see Thee, Lord,
All faith's little daylight fled,—
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head.

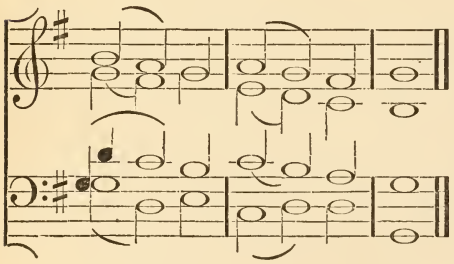
When Thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine;
When Thy covenant I break,
Jesus, then remember Thine,—
Check my wanderings,
By a look of love divine.

When Thy heav'nly dew distils,
And my views, O Lord, are clear,
Clear and bright from Zion's hills,
Temper joy with holy fear,—
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone when Thou art near.

When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When Thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on Thy love repose,—
Stay the rough wind,
When Thy chilling east wind blows.

CAREY'S, or 112th. H. Carey.





PSALM 23. PT. II.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

374

THEE will I love, my strength and tower,
Thee will I love, my joy and crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works; and Thee alone!
Thee will I love, till that pure fire
Fill my whole soul with strong desire.

In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved,
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved:
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

238

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee,
A boon of love divine to seek?
Brought to Thine arms in infancy, [speak,
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come? and come again?
Oft as we seek yon table spread,
And see the tokens of Thy pain,
The wine poured out, the broken bread?
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.]

Lord, shall we come? not thus alone,
At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom, or light,—
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, shall we come? come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more;
To come, not now alone, but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee.

78

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for Thee.

Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose pow'r doth heav'n and earth command,
Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our heart with heav'nly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee:
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name!
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee!

426

WHEN streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine,
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

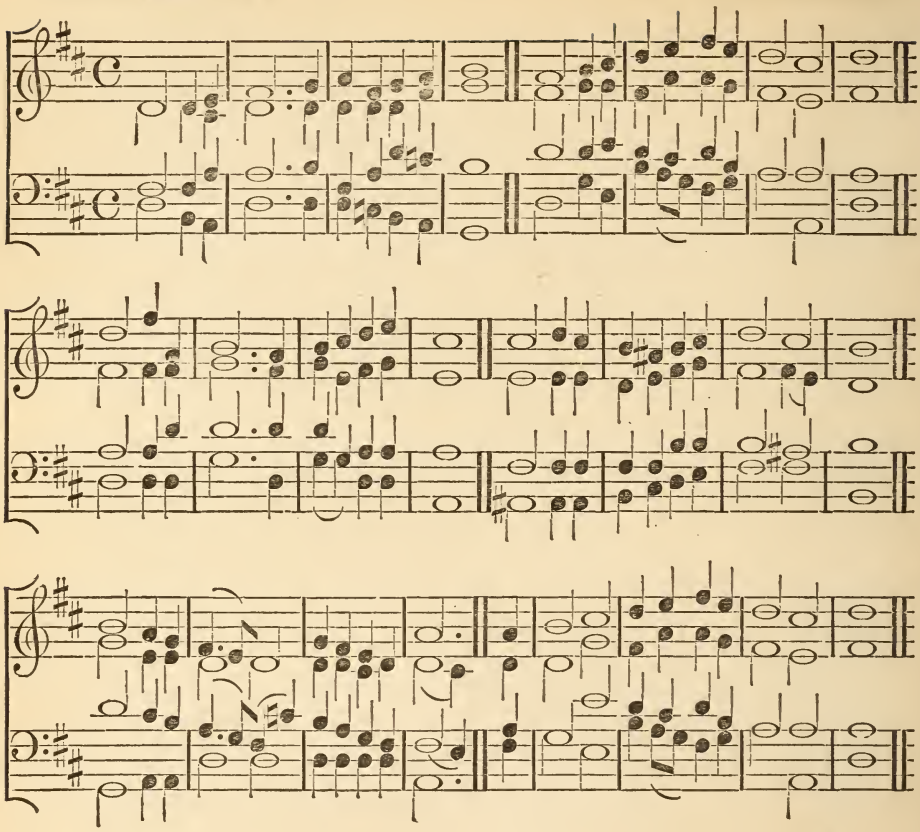
And when to heaven, all-glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh! onward lead me to the skies.

179

I PRAIS'D the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay, and varied green;
I prais'd the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
Our beauties are but for a day.

I prais'd the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
Our days of light are numbered.

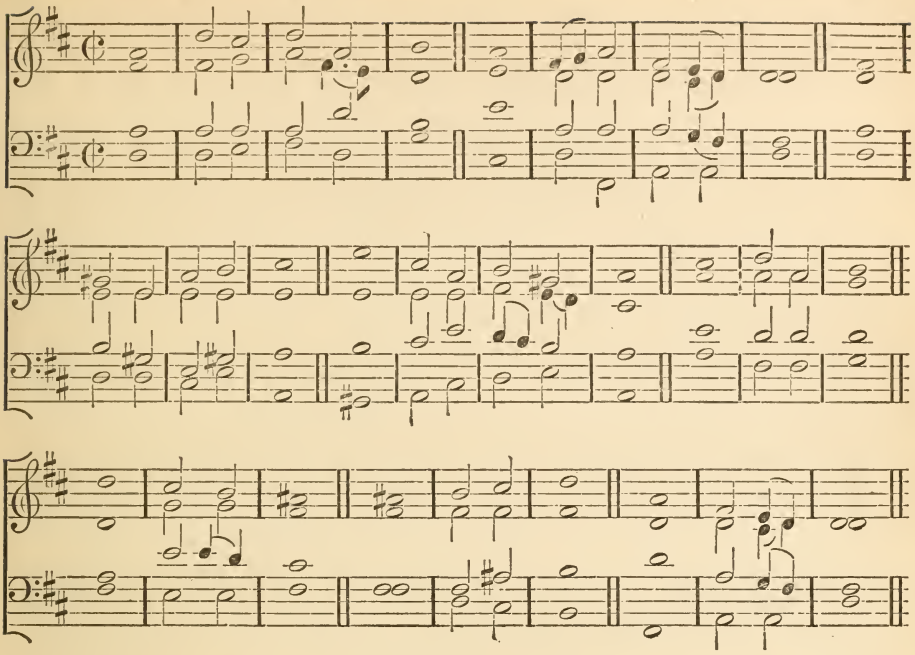
O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair;
If thus Thy beauties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man;
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

56

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, "Behold
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfill'd His promis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake: and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still—
Peace upon earth, to sinful man good-will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man:
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return, [burn:
And their glad hearts with holy rapture
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's Name.



PSALM 148.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day:
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

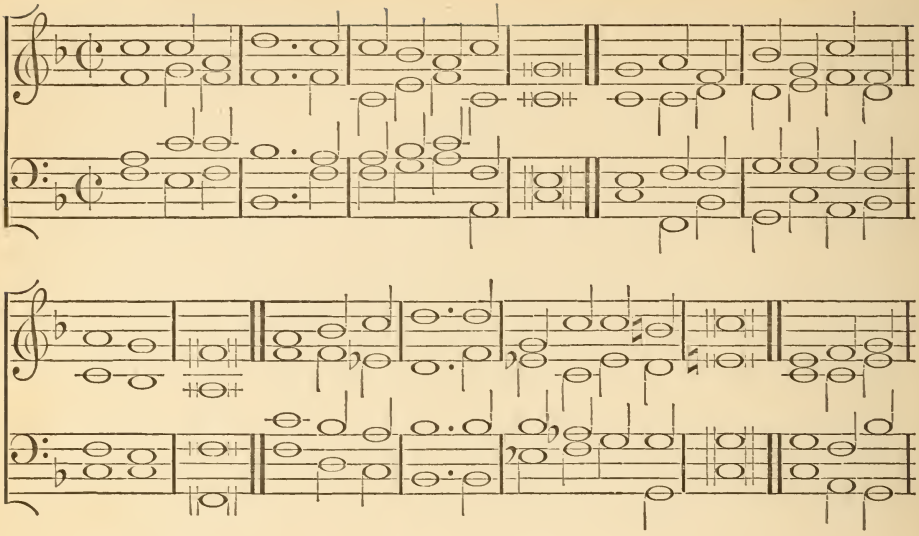
PSALM 84. pt. II.

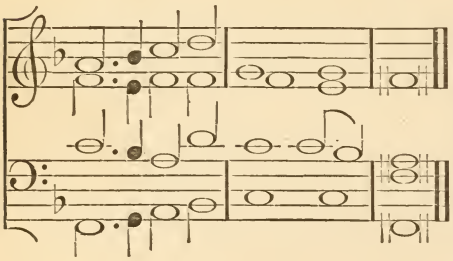
LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant, and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are.
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

Oh, happy souls that pray
Where God appears to hear;
Oh, happy men that pay
Their constant service there;
They praise Thee still,
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh, glorious seat
Of God our King,
Lord, thither bring
Our willing feet.

DEPTFORD. 10s. Altered from O. Gibbons, 1623.





3

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the Eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

6

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like His own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallowed duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

Father of Heav'n! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend;
Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.

345

SOON shall the evening star with silver ray
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day;
Resume we, then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that holiness and heaven ordain.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
That shines reveal'd on inspiration's page;
Nor those blest hours in sin and folly waste,
Which all who lavish shall lament at last.

Here humbly let us seek our Maker's smile
To crown with sweet success our weekly toil;
And here, on each returning sabbath, join
In prayer, in penitence, in praise divine.

Father of Heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend;
Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.

98

FATHER, again in Jesu's name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

Oh! we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare;
Is not our life with hourly mercies crown'd?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove:
But now encourag'd by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

Oh! by that Name in Whom all fulness dwells:
Oh! by that love which ev'ry love excels!
Oh! by that blood so freely shed for sin!
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

175

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguil'd
Of Him, on whom I lean—my Strength, my Stay—
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

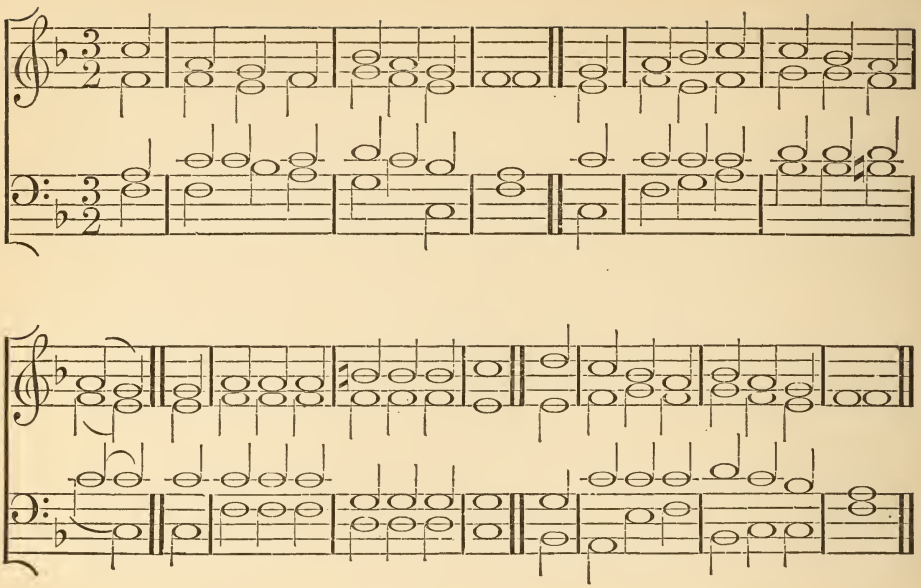
Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace,
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
The tale of love, unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
I love again, and yet again, to trace.

Thoughts of His death—upon the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;
Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimm'd eye.

Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait and pray;
The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee—
Oh! what a sunrise will that advent be!

COLNEY. 8s. C. H. PURDAY.



PSALM 55.

OH! had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and be gone;
I'd mix with the spirits above,
Who compass yon heavenly throne.

I'd fly from all labour and toil,
To dwell where the weary have rest;
I'd haste from contention and broil,
To share the abode of the blest.

How happy are they who no more
Have to fear the assaults of the foe!
Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below.

Around that magnificent throne,
Where Jesus His glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing His praise.

How holy, how happy, are they!
No tongue can express their delight;
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for her heavenly flight.

188

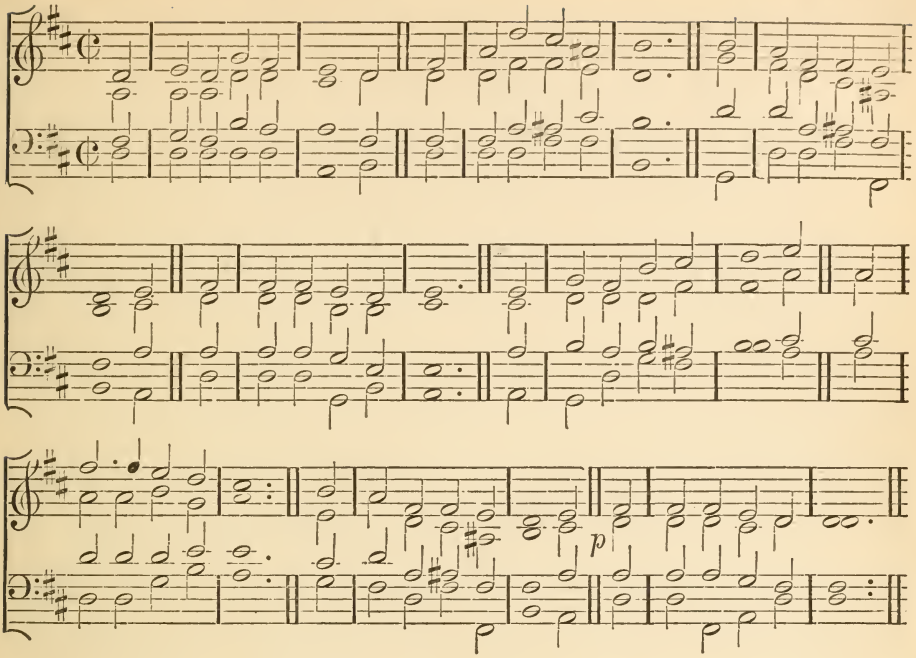
INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine!
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign.

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as the moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

I, too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore without end
Their faithful Creator, and mine.



193

JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

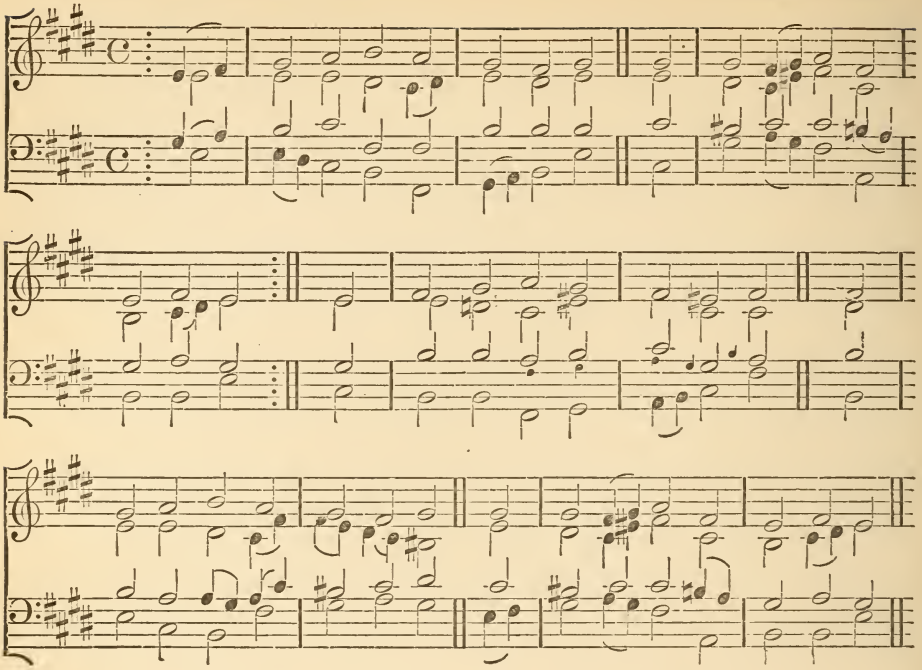
There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

302

OH! that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel home returning
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

LEYDEN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. or 8s. KUGELMAN, 1540.

8

ALL glory to the Sovereign Good,
And Father of compassion!
To God, our help and sure abode,
Whose gracious visitation
Renews His blessings every day,
And takes our secret griefs away—
GIVE TO OUR GOD THE GLORY!

The heavenly host with awe proclaim,
The praise of their Creator,
And tribes of earth shall do the same,
Whate'er their place and nature;
Throughout the kingdom of His grace
Prevail His truth and righteousness;
THEN GIVE TO GOD THE GLORY!

In my distress I raised, with faith,
To God my supplication;
My Saviour rescued me from death,
And gave me consolation;
This makes my heart with thankfulness
Rejoice before the Lord of grace,
AND GIVE TO GOD THE GLORY!

279

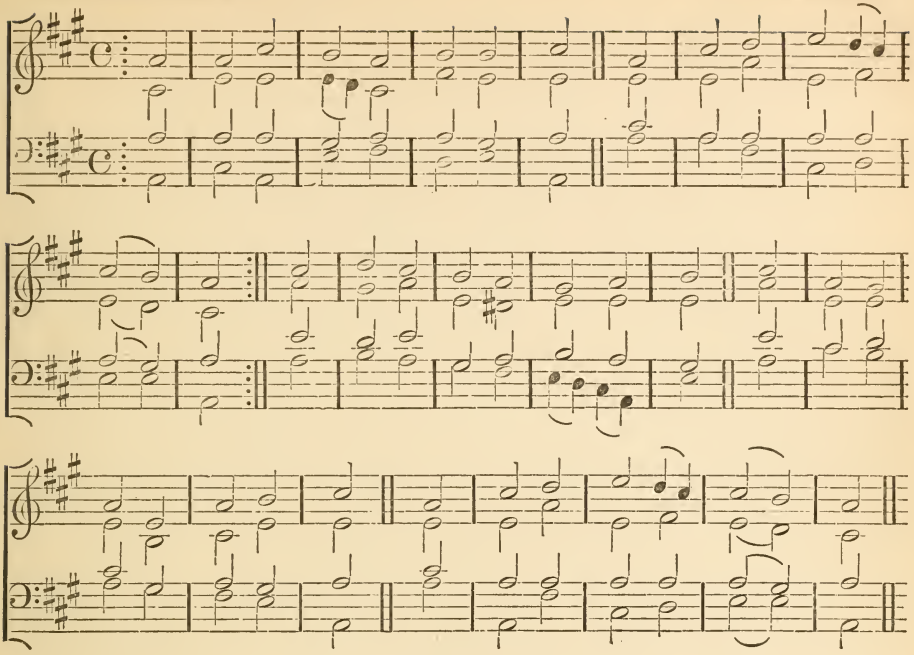
O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee,—
To Thee, my God, to Thee, to Thee!

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my heart with joy;—
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee,—
On Thee, my God, on Thee, on Thee!

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place!
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,—
To Thee, my God, to Thee, to Thee!

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee,—
In Thee, my God, in Thee, in Thee!

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.7. LUTHER.



133

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

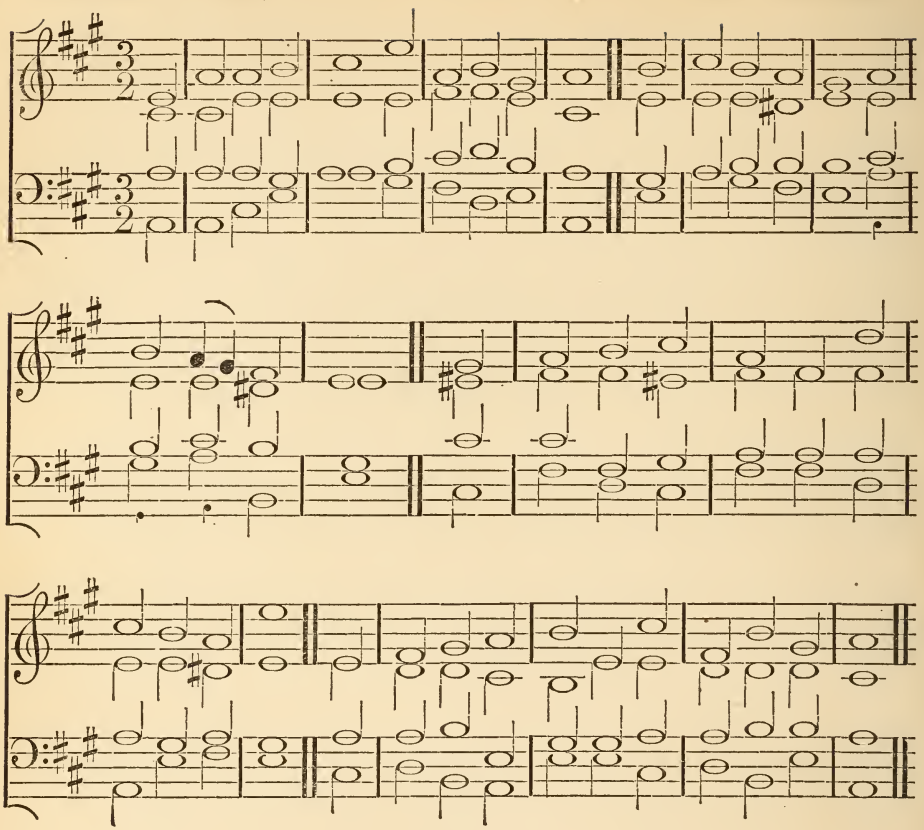
Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath His cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

363

THE LORD OF MIGHT from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder;
Beneath His feet was darkest night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

The LORD OF LOVE on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

THE LORD OF LOVE, THE LORD OF MIGHT,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

HANOVER.—104th, or 10.11. DR. CROFT.

PSALM 149.

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing:
In God, their Creator, let Israel rejoice;
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

Let them His great name extol in their songs,
With hearts well in tune His praises express;
Who listens with pleasure to hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation the humble to bless.

With glory adorn'd His people shall sing
To God, who their heads with safety doth shield:
Such honour and triumph His favour shall bring:
O therefore, for ever, all praise to Him yield.

306

OH, worship the King, all glorious above,
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love.
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form, [storm.
And dark is His path on the wings of the

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end! [Friend.
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and

Oh, measureless might! ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, tho' feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

392

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright, [unite;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
Yet one thing secures us,—whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide."

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied, [provide."
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried, [will provide."
This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord

No strength of our own or goodness we claim; [name,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of His grace shall comfort us through;
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side, [provide."
In death, as while living, "The Lord will

33

BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform; [storm.
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the

Though dark be the way, since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail, [vail.
The word He has spoken shall surely pre-

Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told us no less:
The heirs of salvation, we know from His word, [Lord.
Through much tribulation must follow their

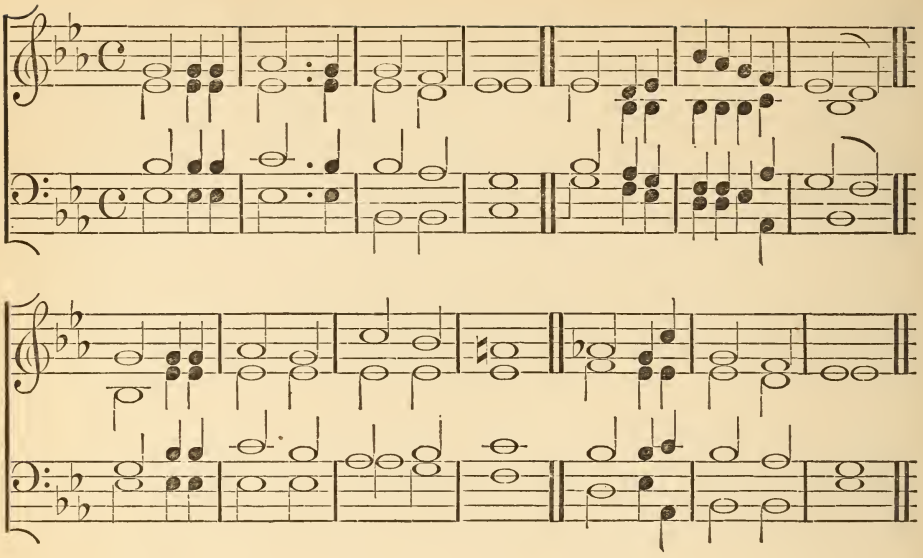
Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food!
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long, [song!
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's

PSALM 104. O.V.

MY soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of His Name;
O Lord, our great God,
How dost Thou appear!
Surpassing in glory,
How great is Thy fame,
Thy Honour and Majesty
Shine out most clear.

With light as a robe
Thou hast Thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see;
The heav'ns in such sort, too,
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

His chamber-beams lie
In clouds full and sure,
Which are as His chariots
Thus made Him to bear:
And there with much swiftness
His course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding
Of winds in the air.

GAINSWORTH. 8.8.8.6. C. H. PURDAY.

206

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me—
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without—
O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,—
O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive—
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,—
Because Thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine—yea, Thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

286

O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend!
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me!

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

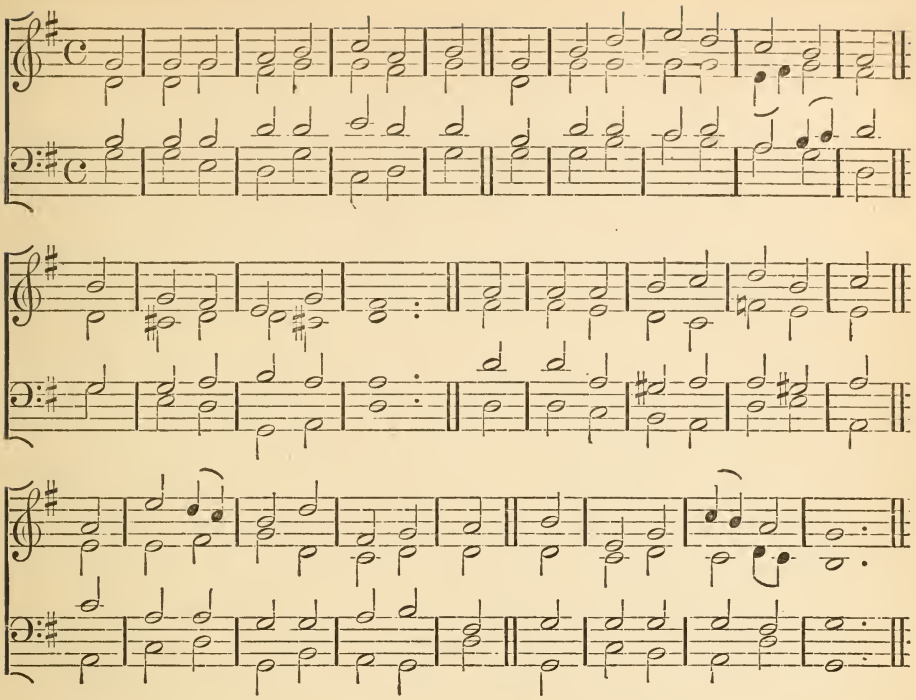
When I have err'd and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh! plead for me!

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with conflict, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heav'n for me!

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away,—
O say Thou plead'st for me!

HEREFORD. 8.8.6.8.8.6. DR. BOYCE.



386

THOU God of power and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry
"Thrice Holy!" to their God most high,
"Thrice Holy!" to their King.

Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms their ruin'd souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

The veil that hides Thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix Thy blest abode;
Here to each heart Thyself reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel
The presence of our God.

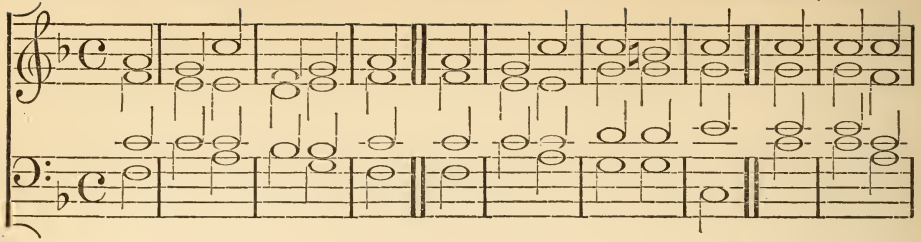
293

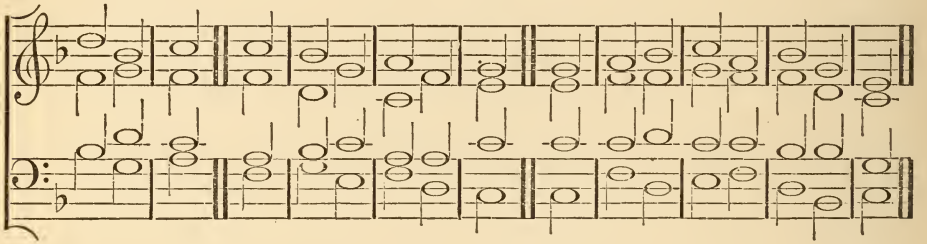
O THOU whom thoughtless men contemn,
And yet who ne'er neglectest them,
My soul would Thee adore.
Thy love the heaven of heavens transcends,
Thy faithfulness, Thy truth extends
Beyond where thought can soar.

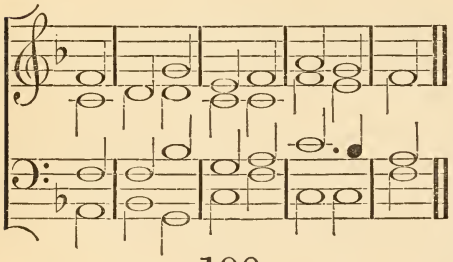
Thy justice like the mountain stands,
Vast are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments deep and broad;
And all Thy creatures, man and beast,
Down from the loftiest to the least,
Thy bounty share, O God.

How blest are all the heirs of grace,
The favoured souls that find a place
Beneath a Saviour's wing!
How from Thy table are they fed,
How drink they from the fountain head,
The mercies of their King!

The springs of life are all with Thee;
Light in Thy light alone we see,
Creator, Father, Friend!
Still on our souls Thy graces shed,
Still feed us with Thy living bread,
And keep us to the end.







190

ISRAEL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth,
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

The scapegoat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away!"

Dipped in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea;
Described a guilty soul enlarged
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

Jesus! I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of Thy grace,
The same in every age:
Oh! grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

PSALM 136.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To Him due praise afford,
As good as He is great.
For God does prove our constant friend;
His boundless love shall never end.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove our constant friend;
His boundless love shall never end.

To God the Father, Son, &c.

441

YE dying sons of men,
Immers'd in sin and woe,
The Gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you;
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesu's arms there yet is room.

Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim,
He is a gracious Lord,
And Faithful is His name:
Backsliding souls, return, and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Drawn by His bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear;
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

357

THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid—
By Him our vict'ry won.
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

173

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now on high He lives and reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

PSALM 107. PT. II.

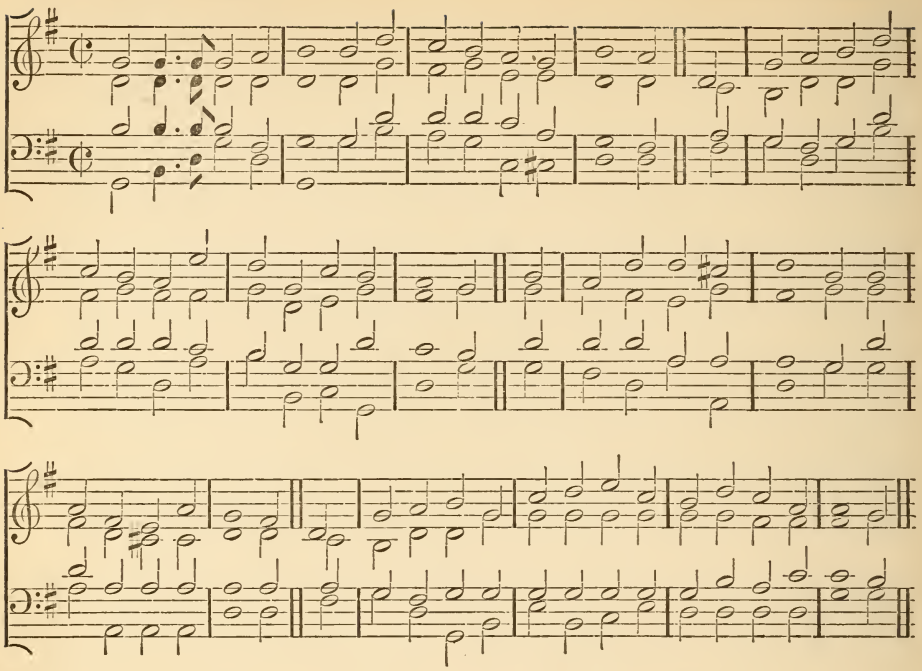
WITH songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat,
His goodness and His ways
Through all the earth repeat:
His mercy rose ere time was known,
And from His throne eternal flows.

Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
To you the strains belong;
His boundless grace record,
In a triumphal song:
That mercy tell, whose power display'd
Your ransom paid from death and hell.

He bade His light arise,
And sent His gospel forth;
From east to west it flies,
And fills the south and north:
His mighty grace its power imparts,
And willing hearts His truth embrace.

Oh, then, that men would raise
Their tribute to His name,
Would speak Jehovah's praise,
His goodness to proclaim,
His wonders show, and deeds of grace,
Which to our race abundant flow!

JUBILATE. 7.7.8.7. C. H. PURDAY.



151

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The world despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven.

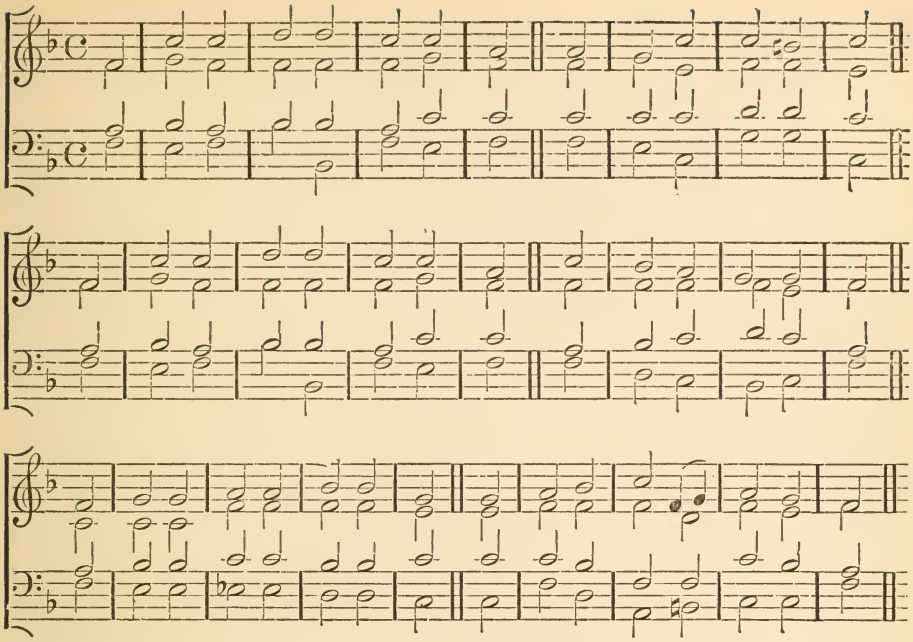
90

ETERNAL hallelujahs
Be to the Father given,
Who loved His own ere time began,
And marked them out for heaven.
Anthems of equal glory
Ascribe we to the Saviour,
Who lived and died that we, His bride,
Might live with Him for ever.

Hail, co-eternal Spirit,
Thy Church's new Creator!
The saints He seals, their fear dispels,
And sanctifies their nature.
The triune God we worship,
The mystic One in essence,
Till called to join the hosts that shine
In His immediate presence.

Faithful is He that promised,
And stands engaged to save us;
The triune Lord has passed His word
That He will never leave us.
A kingdom He assign'd us,
Before the world's foundation;
Thou God of Grace be Thine the praise,
And ours the consolation.

LIEGE. 8.6.8.6.8.8.



31

BE still, be still, impatient soul,
Rest, weary mourner, rest;
The trump shall sound, the thunder roll,
And heaving earth's cold breast
Call from their stern and silent bed
The millions of the ransomed dead.

The hour is coming, when the sun
At once shall pass away;
Eclipsed before a mightier one,
The light of Heaven's pure day;
A splendour, high above all height,
Sun of a morn that knows no night.

Yet, ere that hour, Almighty King,
Thy vials shall be poured;
Famine the heart of nations wring,
And Death unsheath the sword;
And thrones, to flee that hour of doom,
Call to the mountains, and the tomb.

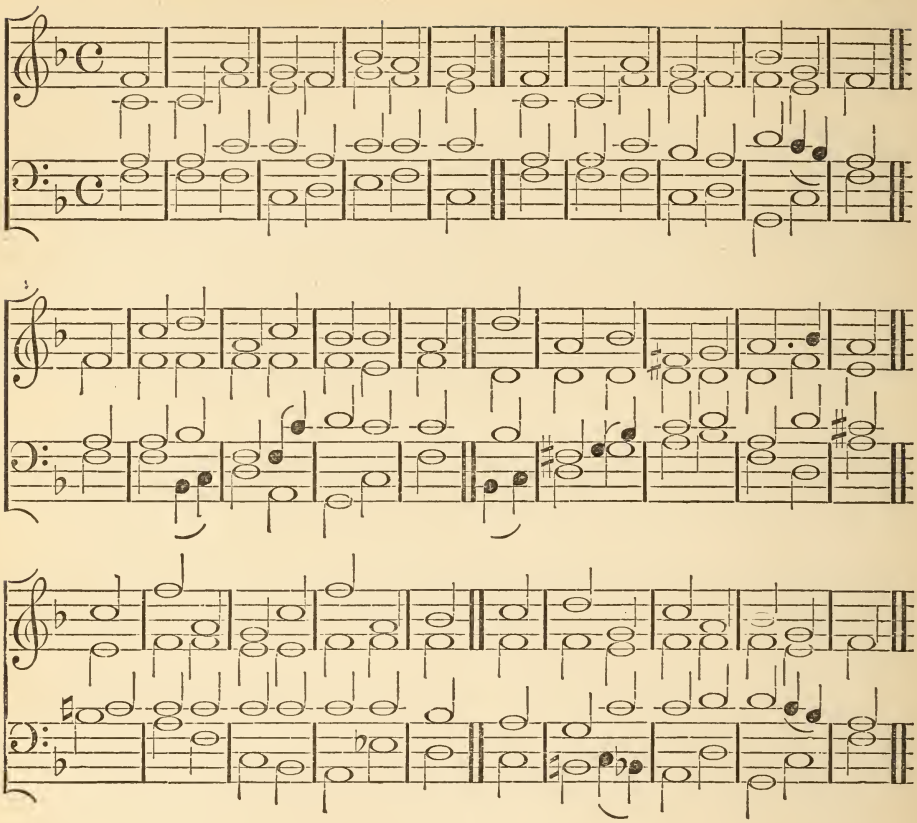
Lord, like Thine angels, make us here,
A spirit and a flame;
Teach us, in holy faith and fear,
To triumph in Thy name,
Cling to the cross, and plead Thy love,
And join Thee, with Thy saints, above.

417

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resign'd, beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing pow'r;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

O! to be brought to Jesu's feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a blessing; and how sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

Then blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks:
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heav'n adores, and death obeys.

MAMRE'S PLAIN. Six 8s. From HANDEL.

14

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! Th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love Divine!
'Tis mercy all: let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

132

GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways
Display Thine attributes divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine:
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare;
This is Thine own prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share:
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon—bestow'd through Jesu's blood!
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

387

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows!
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh! crucify this self, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
Bid all my vile affections die,
Nor let one hateful lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

415

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour! mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

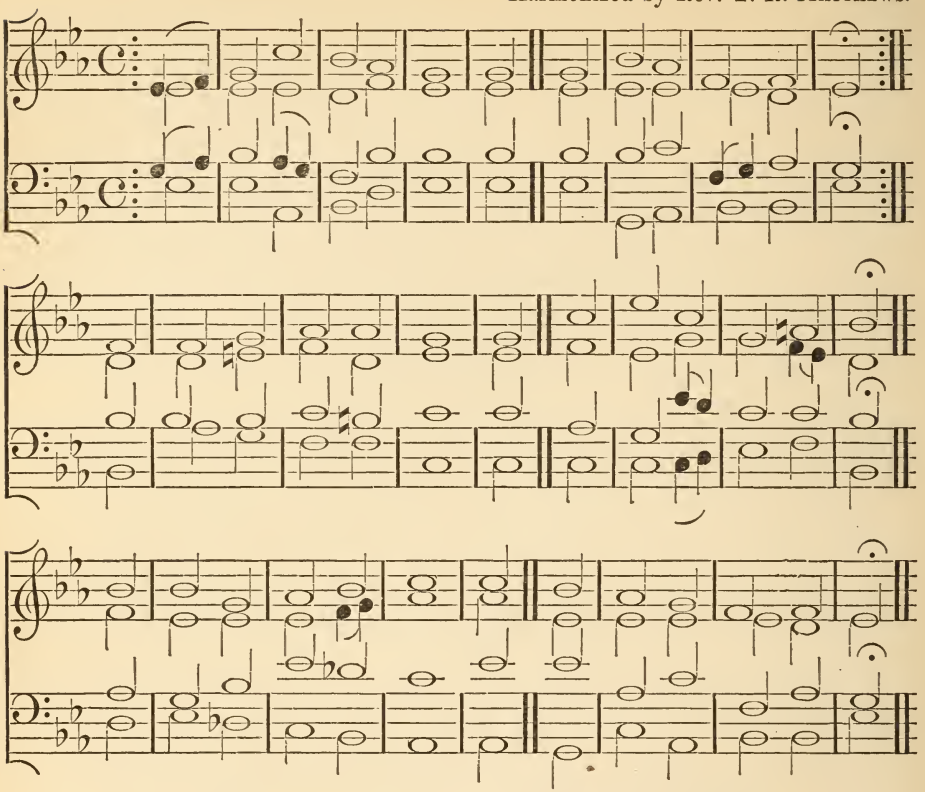
And oh! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed,—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

22

AS every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

When each day's scenes and labours close
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest,
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed,
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

MISSIONARY, or KONIGSBERG. 7.6. OLD GERMAN.
Harmonized by Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

114

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

PSALM 72. PT. II.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
See, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captives free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With off'rings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age most glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.

177

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains,
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,—
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,—
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,—
This weary soul of mine;
sI right hand me embraces,
on His breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is pour'd.

I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints, His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

342

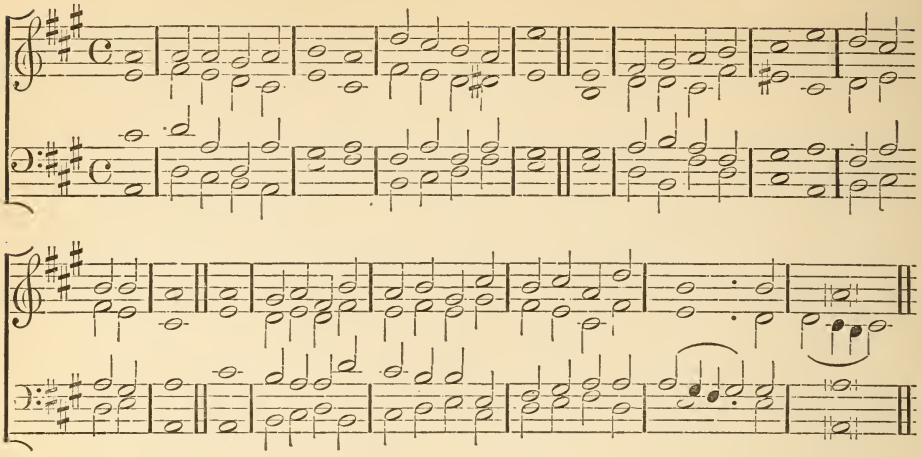
SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

MORIAH. 6.6.6.8.8. (By permission.) REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



PSALM 97.

REJOICE! The Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

Jesus, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to the Saviour given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

361

THE long-expected morn
Has dawn'd upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing His birth;
We'll join the bright seraphic throng;
We'll share their joys, and swell the song.

Now sing of peace divine,
Of grace to guilty man;
No wisdom, Lord, but Thine
Could form the wondrous plan;
Where peace and righteousness embrace,
And justice goes along with grace.

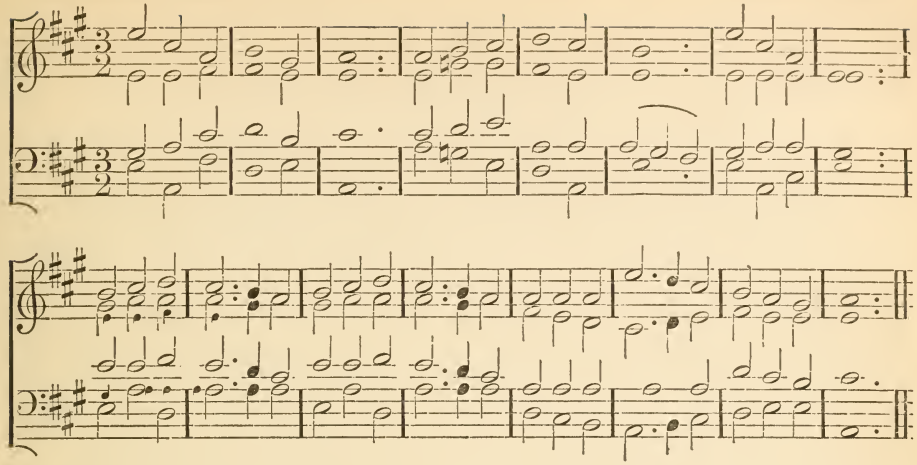
Give praise to God on high,
With angels round His throne;
Give praise to God with joy,
Give praise to God alone!
'Tis meet His saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

308

ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord! bestow;
The power is Thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

MOSCOW. 6.6.4.6.6.4. GIARDINI, 1760.



391

THOU, Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight:
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light;"

Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

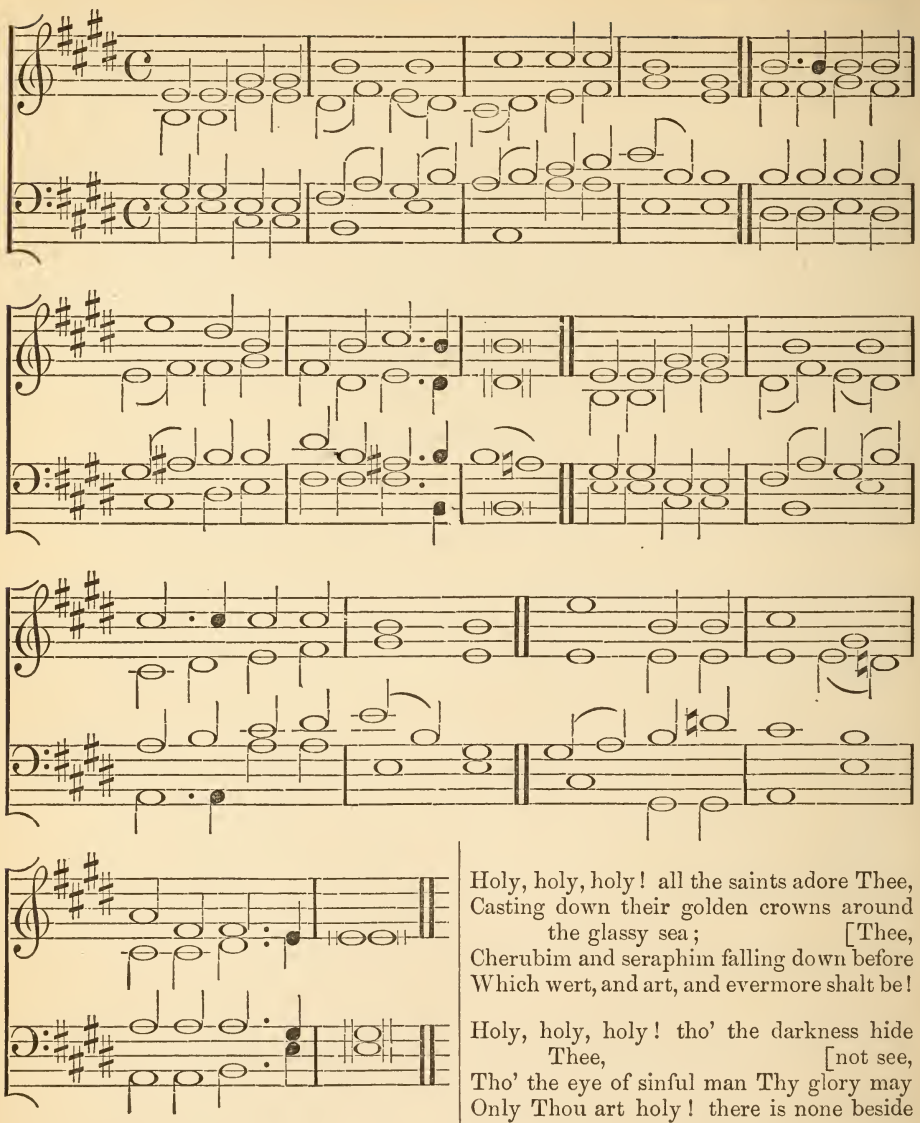
118

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye His Name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye His Name!
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won;
Sing His great Name alone—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Let all the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His dear Name!
To Him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His Name:
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

NICÆA. 11.12.12.10. (By permission.) REV. J. B. DYKES.

162

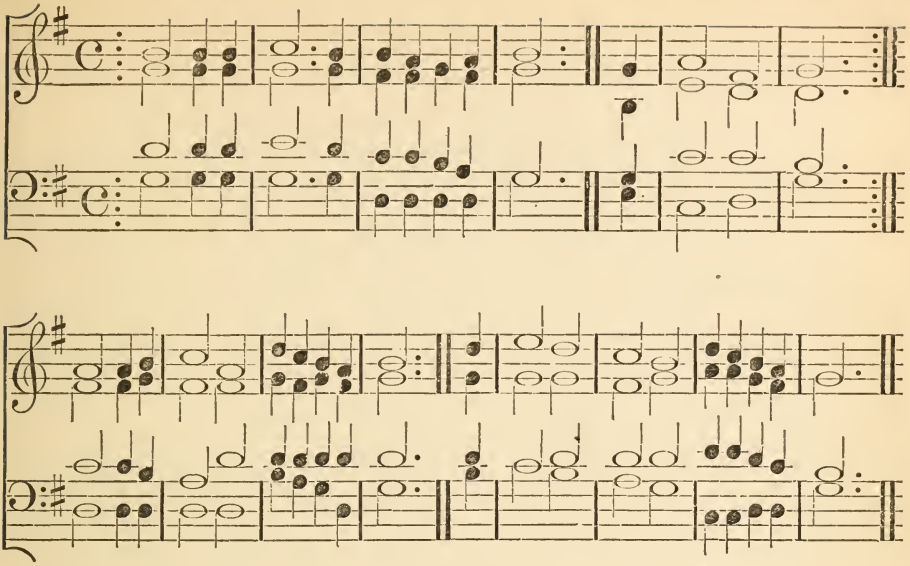
HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea; [Thee,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness hide Thee, [not see,
Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
Only Thou art holy! there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

SANDON. 10.4.10.4.10.10. C. H. PURDAY.



208

LEAD, Saviour, lead, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I lov'd to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I lov'd the glare of day, and, spite of fears,
Pride rul'd my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath bless'd me—sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er dale and hill, through stream and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have lov'd long since and lost awhile.

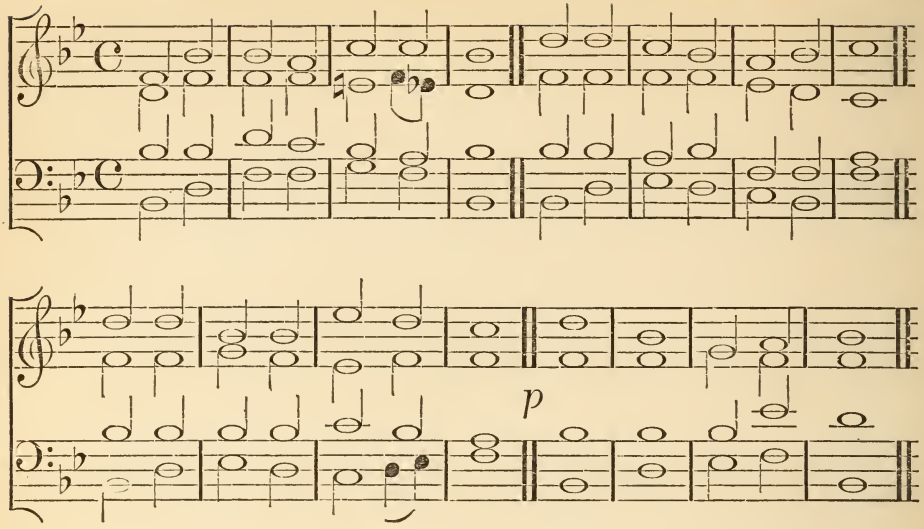
268

O CHRIST, the Leader of that war-worn host,
Thy cross who bear—
Lend us Thine aid, or we, O Lord, are lost!
O hear our prayer!
Disperse Thy foes, who long in deadly strife
Have sought, O Lord, to take away our life.

Come, Lord, and shield Thy children with Thine arm,
And us defend; harm,
Restrain the pow'r of those who seek our
And be our friend. assail,
O'er all that would Thy members here
Stretch forth Thy wings, O Lord, and Thou'lt prevail.

Peace to the pow'rs that our fair country rule,
O Lord, impart,
Grant us Thy peace within the Church and school,
Ne'er to depart;
And heaven and earth eternally shall raise
A glorious hallelujah to Thy praise.

STOCKWELL. 7.7.7.5. (By permission.) ANDREW JACKSON, 1861.



236

LORD of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the Life and Light!
Maker, Teacher infinite!
Jesus, hear and save!

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save!

Strong Creator! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal Child!
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men!
Hear us now, and hear us then!
Jesus, hear and save!

83

DAY of wrath! that awful day
Shall the banner'd cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away!
Oh! that solemn day!

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne,
On that solemn day!

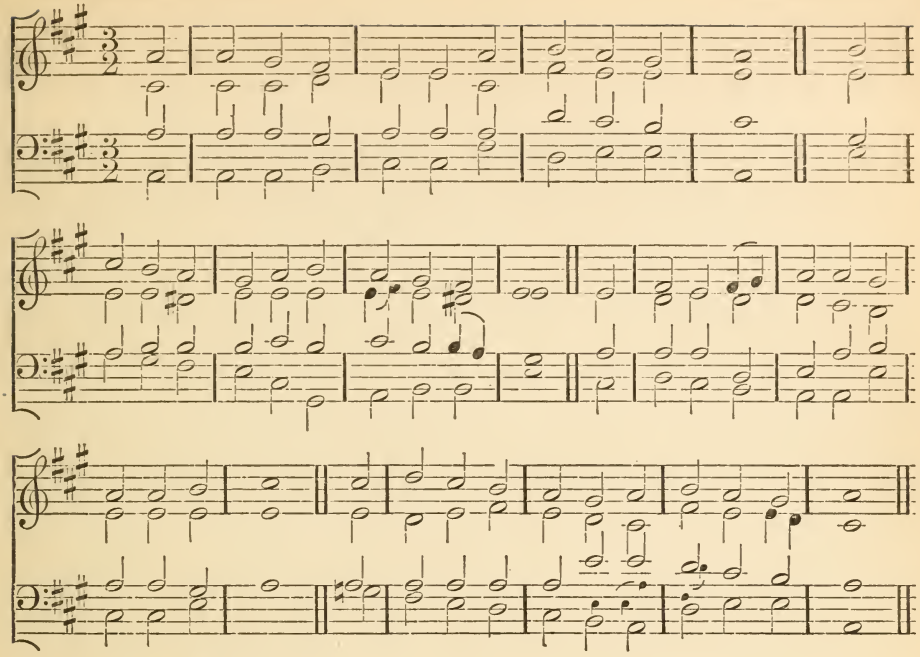
Death and Time shall stand aghast,
And creation, at the blast,
Rise to answer for the past,
On that solemn day!

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead!
Oh! that solemn day!

Full of tears will that day prove,
When from ashes all shall move
To the judgment-seat above,
On that solemn day?

King of dreadful majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of pity! save Thou me
On that solemn day!

Let my soul Thy peace possess,
As I track this wilderness!
Cares nor sins shall me distress
On that solemn day!



PSALM 55. PT. II.

OH! had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy presence above!
How soon would I flee where the weary breast!
And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering have rest,

I flutter, I struggle, I pant to get free!
I feel me a captive while banished from Thee:
A pilgrim and stranger the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and long to be home.

Ah, there the wild tempest for ever shall cease;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to decline!
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
Oh! what will it be when the fulness appears!

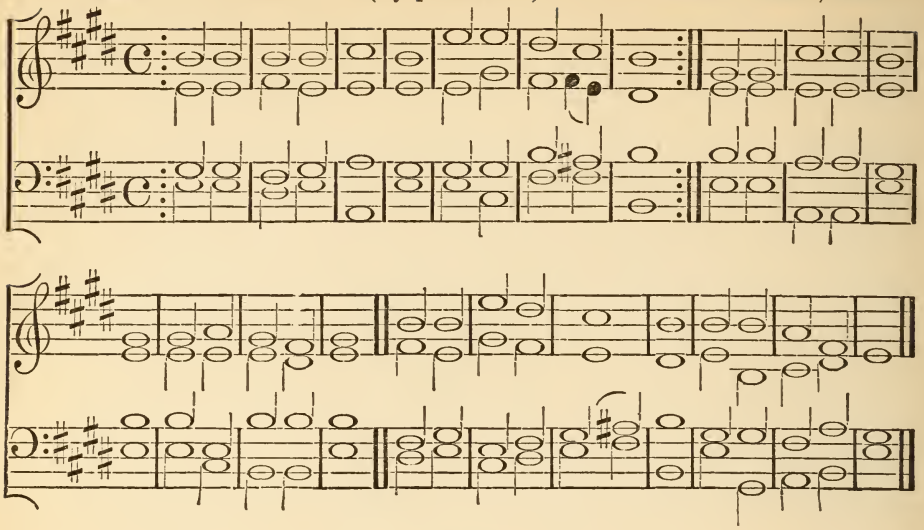
258

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I tremble when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come home.
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes, in a region like this:
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy; into joy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all
The bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close; befal,
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

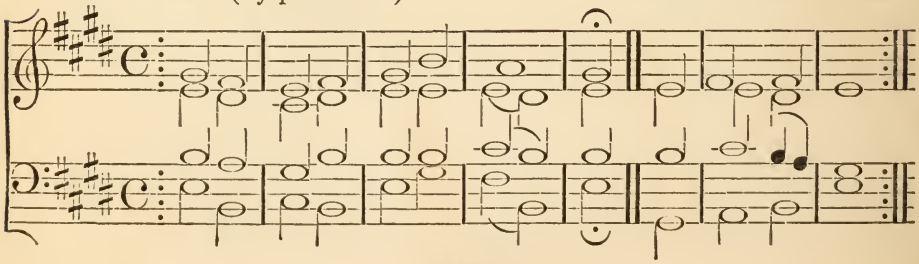
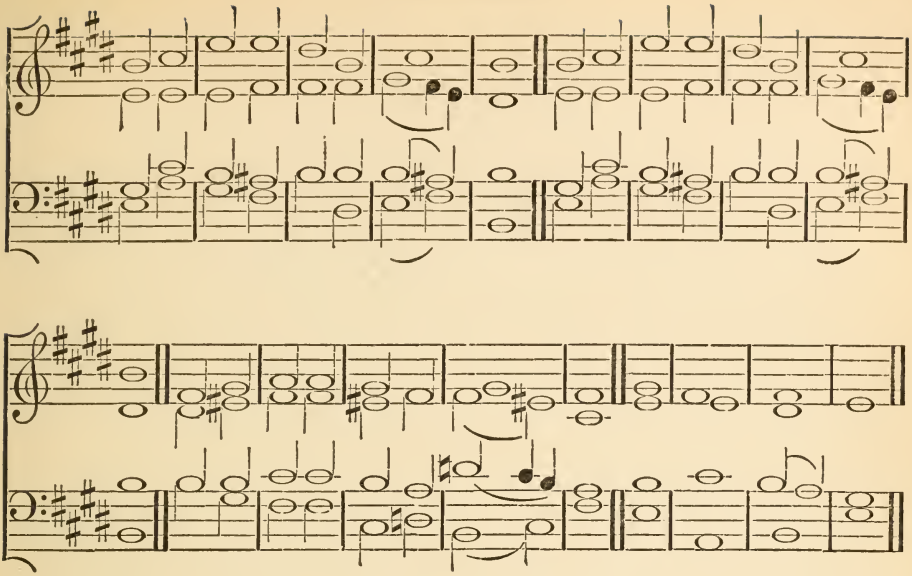
BOHEMIA. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. (By permission.) From a German Chorale, 1658.

184

IN the hour of trial
Jesus, pray for me;
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recal,
Nor for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures,
Would this vain world charm;
Or, its sordid treasures
Spread, to work me harm:
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise;
Pour Thy benediction,
On the sacrifice;
Then upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes,
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

UPSAL. P.M. (By permission.) From a German Chorale.

394

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us;
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us;
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us;—
All must be well!

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, if in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well!

We expect a bright to-morrow,—
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well!

129

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie!
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high!

Addenda.

226

LORD God of hosts! who dost fulfil
In heaven and earth Thy sov'reign will—
For heaven and earth are Thine—
The councils of our nation bless
With wisdom, truth, and righteousness,
With light and love divine.

Whate'er they plan, whate'er decree,
Oh! may they lift their eyes to Thee
For Thine Almighty aid;
Free them from sin's corrupting sway;
Teach them to show the heavenly way,
Where humbler men may tread.

Oh! be it ever their design
To make Thy grace, Thy glory shine,
And stay the realm on Thee;
Thy church from error to defend,
Until its light to heaven ascend,
And spread from sea to sea.

When Thou in terror risest forth
To sweep the wicked from the earth
With dread resistless stroke,
O'er Britain stretch Thy sheltering arm;
Her Tower of refuge in the storm;
Her everlasting Rock!

294

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath—
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;—
Lest we be driven from Thy face,
For evermore undone:—

Here would we end our quest;—
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

122

GLORY to Thee, O Lord!
Who from this world of sin,
By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win!

Glory to Thee, O Lord!
For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heavenly crown!

Oh! that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
Oh! that as free from wilful sin
We shrank not from Thy sight!

Lord! help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy name!

285

O THOU that dwellest in the heavens high,
Above yon stars, and within yon sky;
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, or the moon by night.

Though flaming millions around Thee stand,
For the sake of Him that's at Thy right hand,
Oh, think on those that have cost Him dear,
Now lingering in sadness and darkness here.

Our night is dreary, and dim is our day,
And if Thou shalt turn Thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
With none to look to, and none to trust.

The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They know no Saviour, they fear no God;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,
Oh, turn not Thou Thy face away.

Thine aid, O Mighty One, we crave!
Not shortened is Thine arm to save:
Let not Thine anger ever burn—
Return, O Lord of hosts, return!

PSALM 113.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great Name address.

God through the world extends His sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are.
With Him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Though 'tis beneath His state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM 19. PT. IV.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine!"

Doxologies.

1. C.M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be still,
To all eternity.

2. L.M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3. S.M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of His grace
Be equal honour done!

4. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

5. 8.7.4.

LO, Jehovah! we adore Thee:
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit; join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises,
To the Three in Godhead One!

6. 6—8s.

SINCE God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Glorious beyond all speech and thought,
Have jointly our salvation wrought,
We'll join Them in our songs of praise,
Now, and through heaven's eternal days.

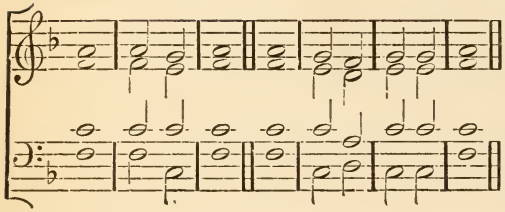
7. 10.11. (or Ps. 104.)

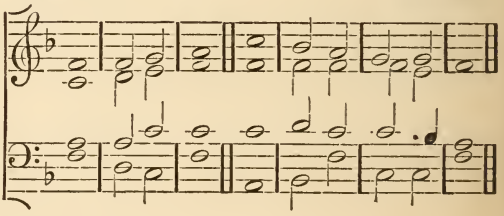
GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
And publish abroad again and again
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,
The gifts of the Spirit to Adam's lost race.

8. Ps. 148th.

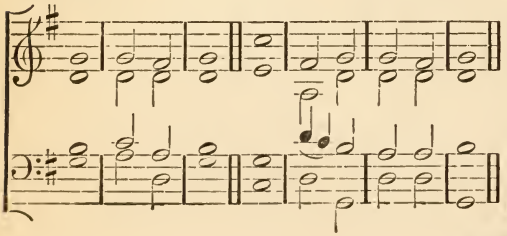
TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd!
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore!

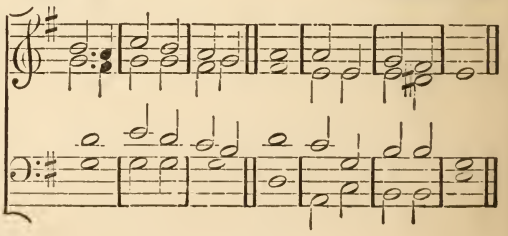
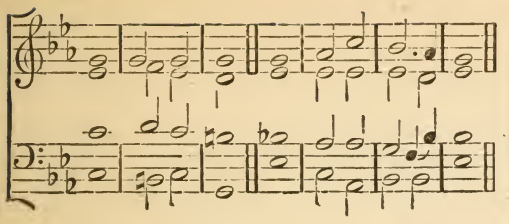
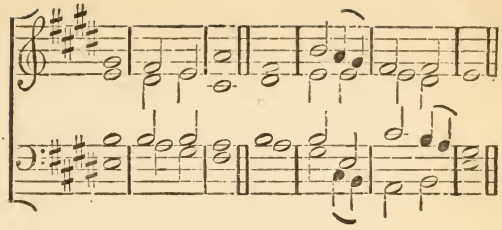
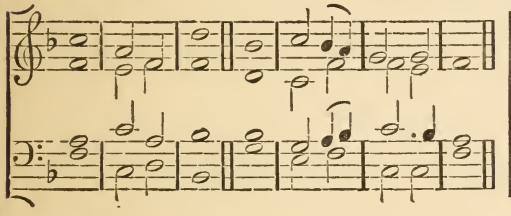
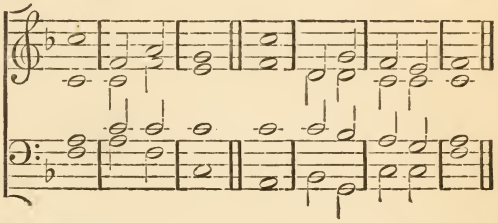
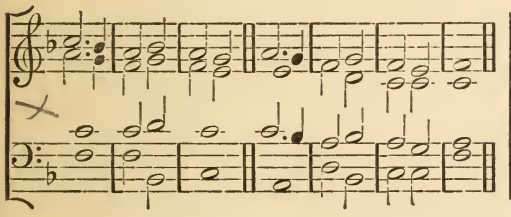
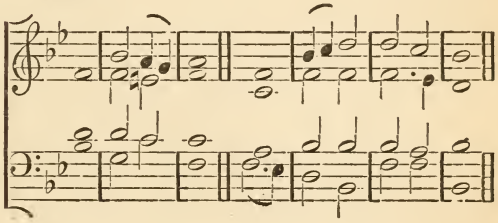
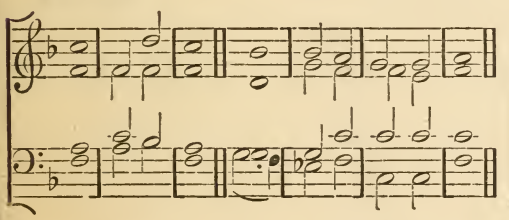
Single Chants.

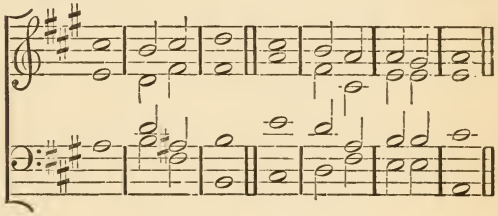
No. 1. TALLIS.

No. 2. FARRANT.

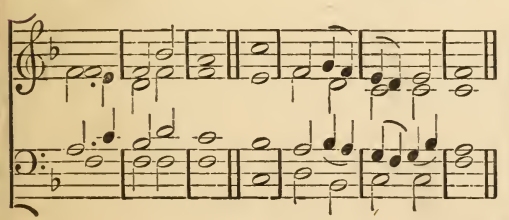
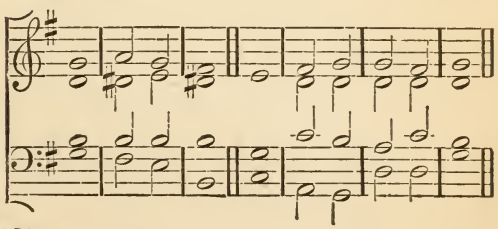
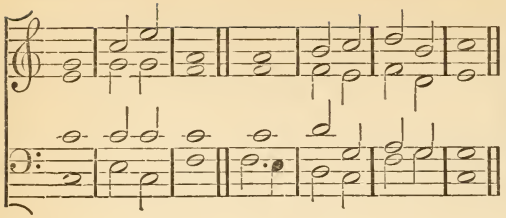
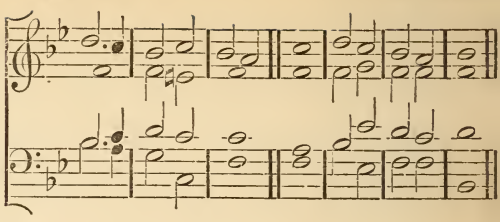
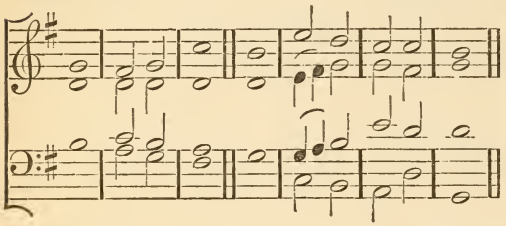


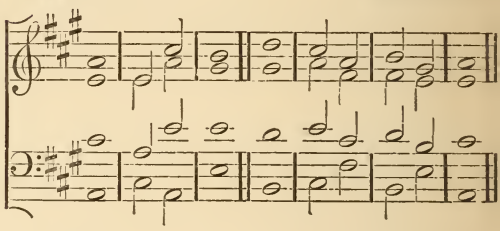
No. 3. H. PURCELL.

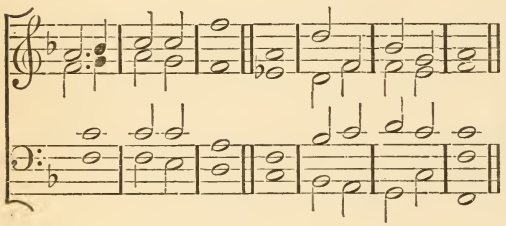


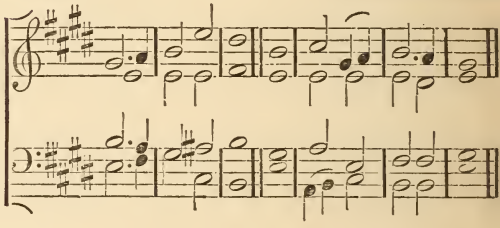
No. 4. GREGORIAN.

No. 5. Rev. W. Felton.

No. 6. G. Cooper.

No. 7. Dr. Cooke.

No. 8. Bellamy.

No. 9. Dr. P. Hayes.

No. 10. Dr. Dupuis.

No. 11. Dr. Crotch.

No. 12. Dr. Turner.

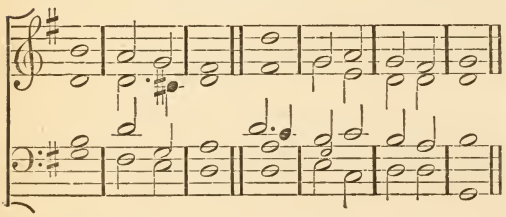
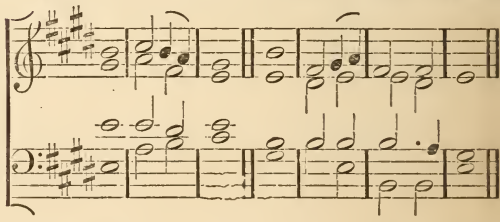
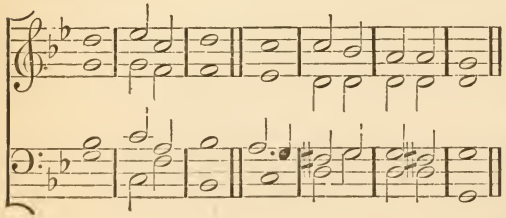


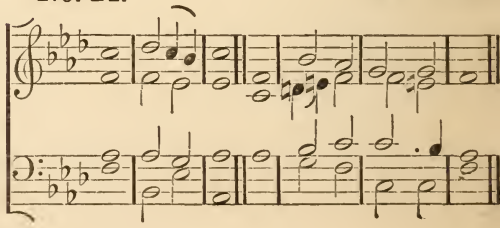
No. 13. A. Bennett.

No. 14. V. Novello.

No. 15. W. Russell.

No. 16. Dr. P. Hayes.

No. 17. Battishill.

No. 18. Battishill.



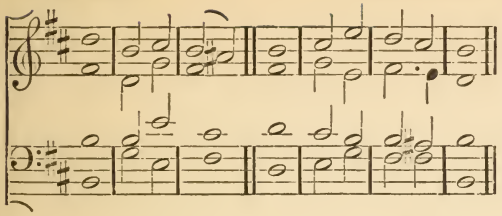
No. 19. G. Cooper.

No. 20. John Travers.



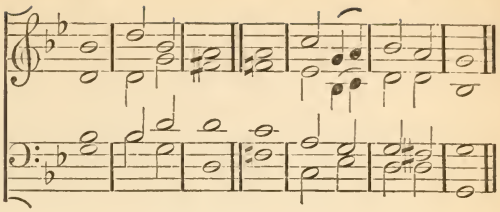
No. 21. (Major or minor.) T. Purcell.

No. 22. (Major or minor.) Dr. Hayes.

No. 23. Gregorian.

No. 24. Dr. Dupuis.

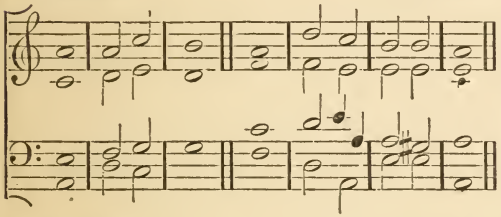
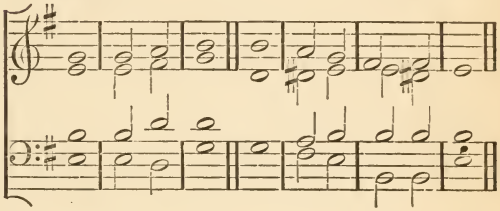
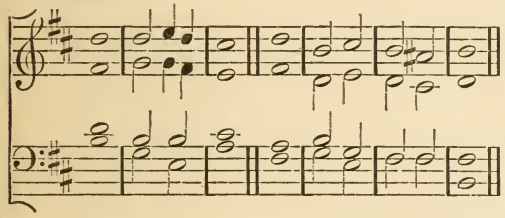


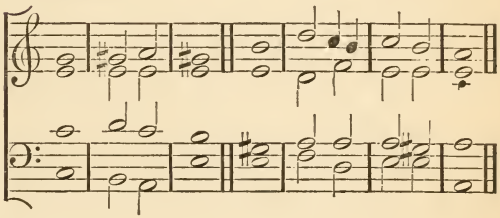
No. 25. Dr. Dupuis.

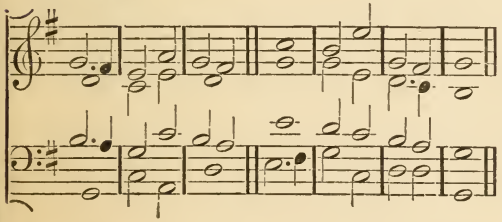
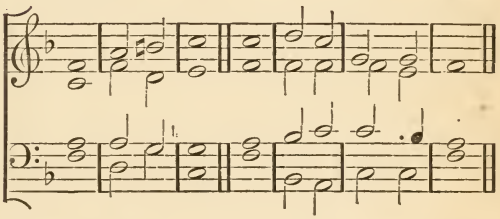


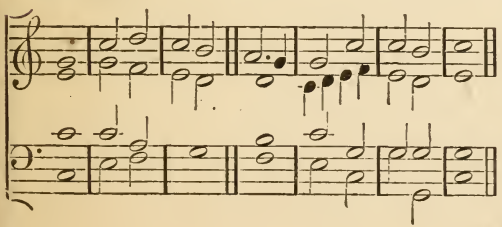
No. 26. Weldon.

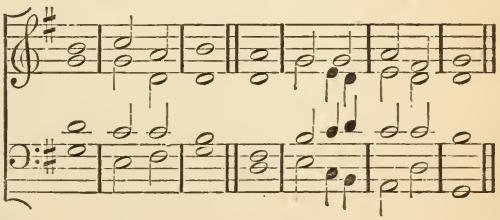


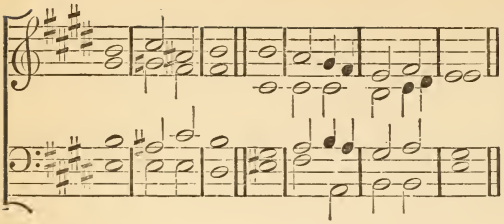
No. 27. Farrant.

No. 28. Dr. Blow.

No. 29. J. Kelway.

No. 30. Hy. Purcell.

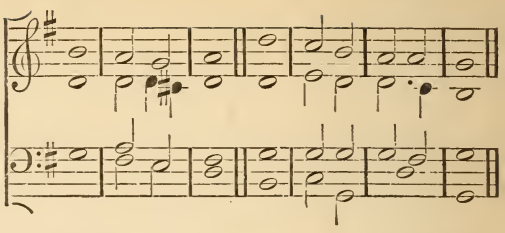
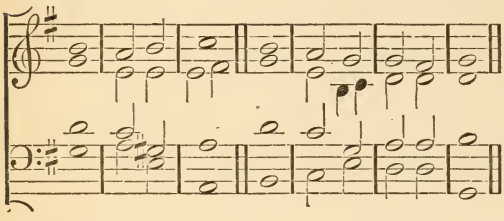


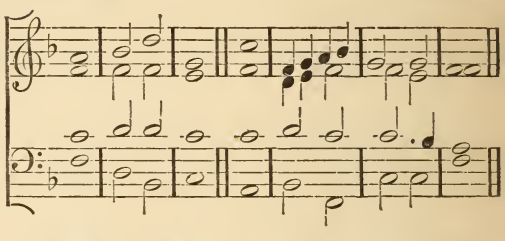
No. 31. Dr. Crotch.

No. 32. B. Lamb.

No. 33. J. Jones.

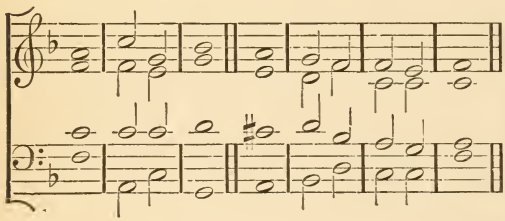
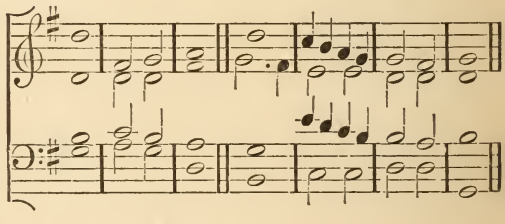


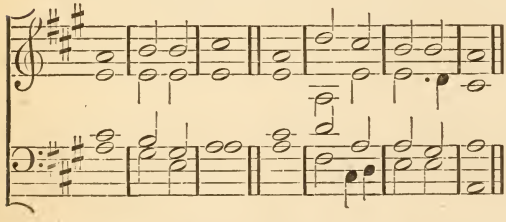
No. 34. Bp. Turton.

No. 35. G. Cooper.

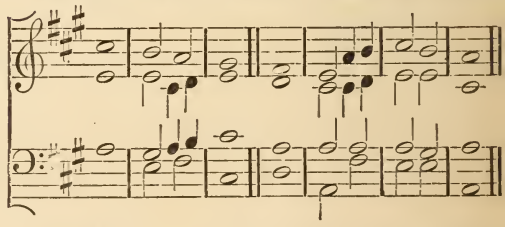


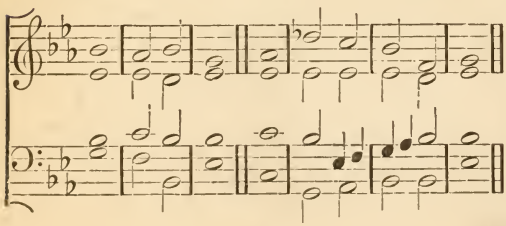
No. 36. T. Purcell.

No. 37. Dr. Aldrich.

No. 38. King.



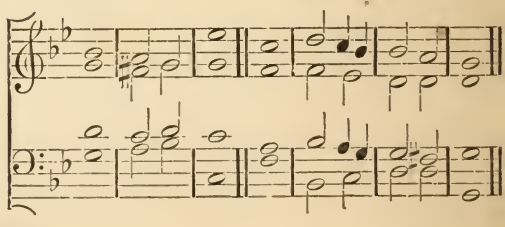
No. 39. Dr. Crotch.

No. 40. (Major or minor.) James Kent.

No. 41. (Major or minor.) Dr. Turner.

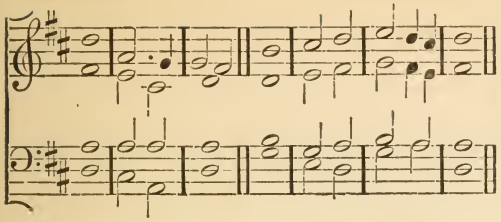
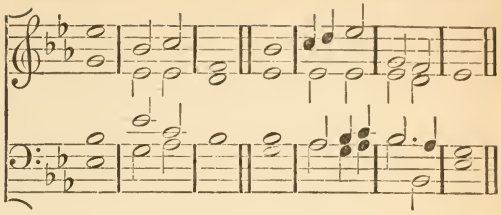
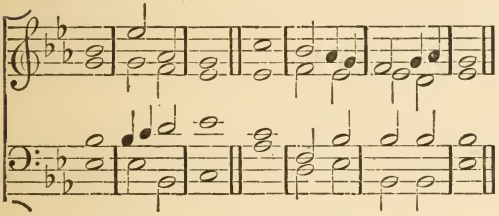
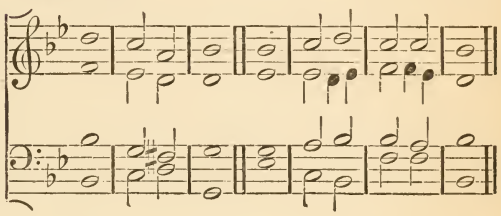
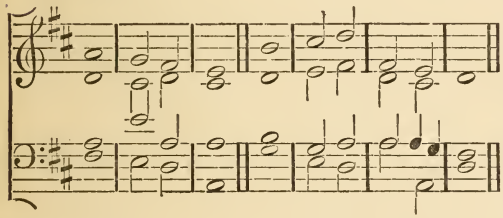


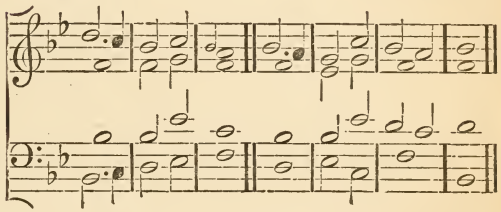
No. 42. (Major or minor.) Rev. R. Bacon.

No. 43. (Major or minor.) G. Cooper.

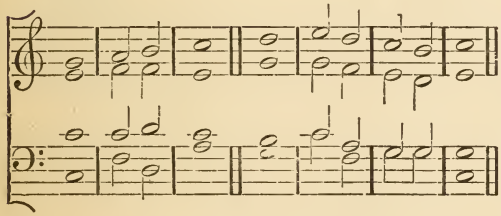
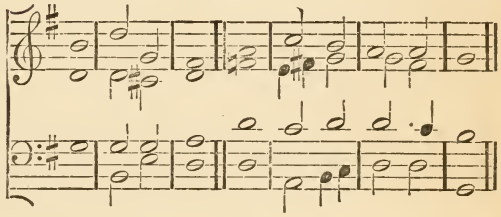
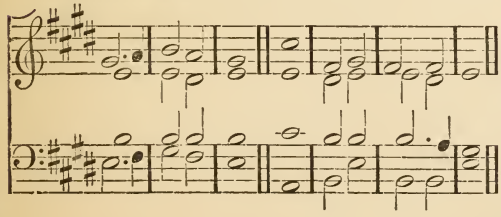
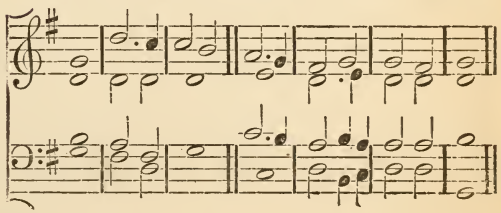
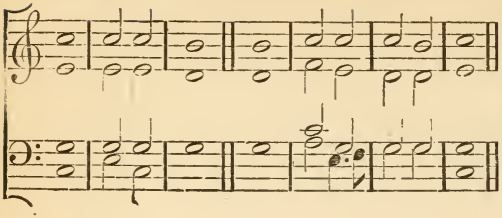


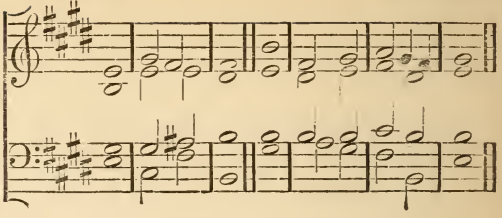
No. 44. From Langdon's Collection.



No. 45. Dr. W. Hayes.

No. 46. Dr. W. Hayes.

No. 47. Dr. Ayrton.

No. 48. Dr. Greene.

No. 49. J. Jones.

No. 50. Dr. Arnold.

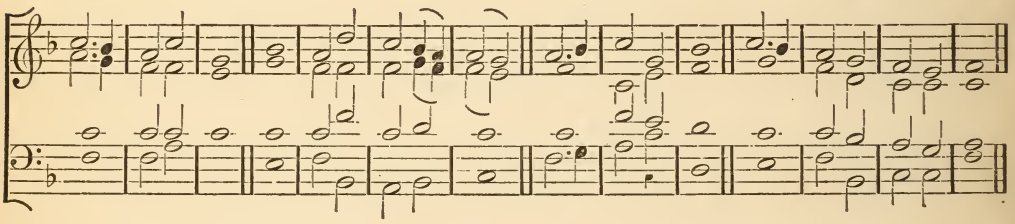


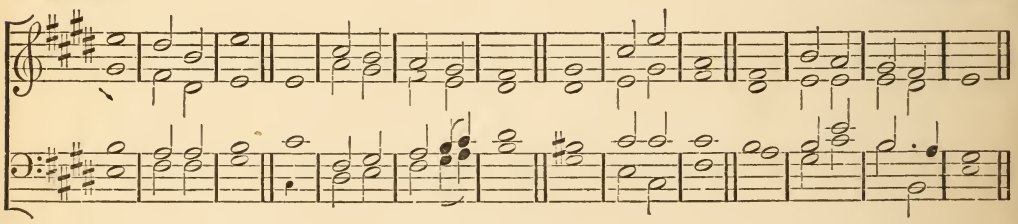
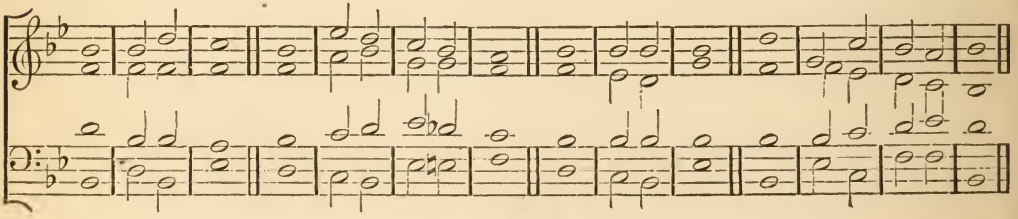
No. 51. Dr. Woodward.

No. 52. C. Gibbons.

No. 53. (Major or minor.) Dr. P. Hayes.

No. 54. (Major or minor.) Sir J. Rogers.

No. 55. (Major or minor.) P. Humphrys.

No. 56. J. T. Fry.

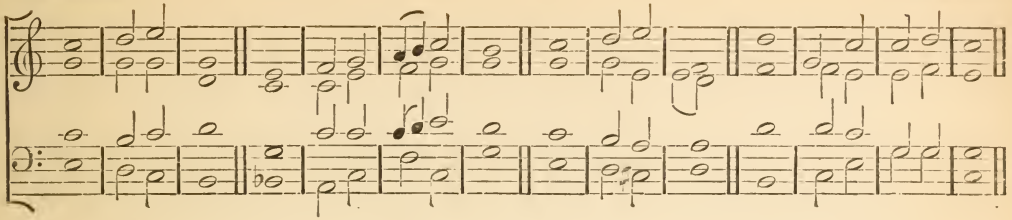


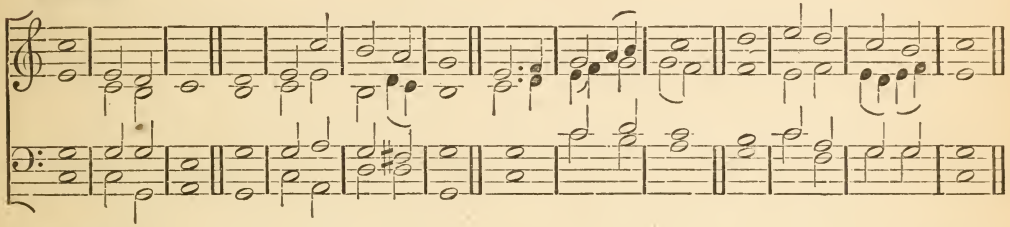
Double Chants.

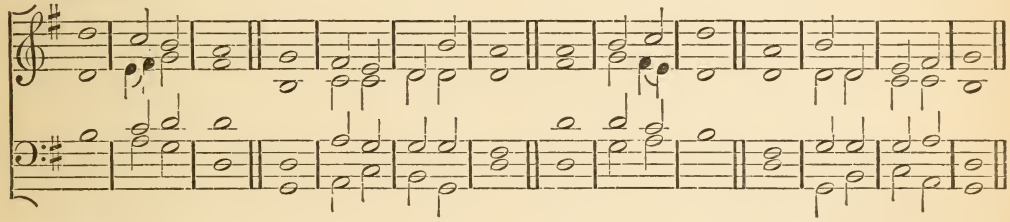
No. 57. Rev. J. Lupton.

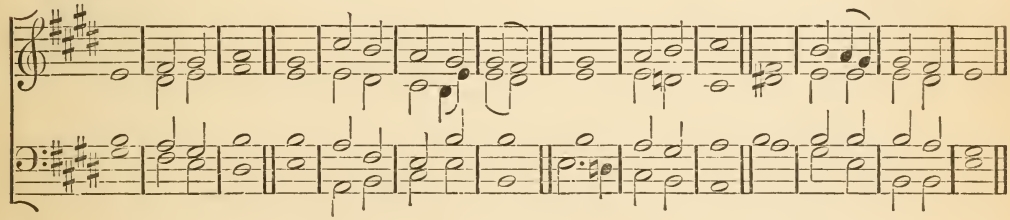
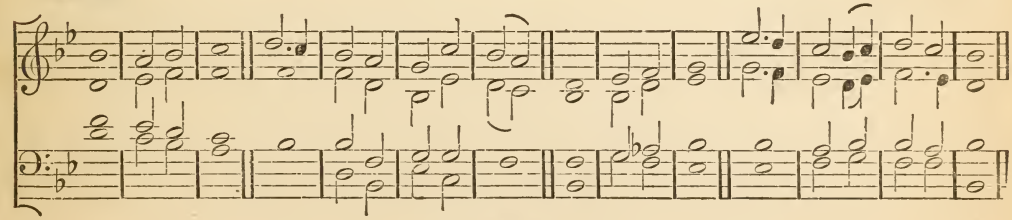
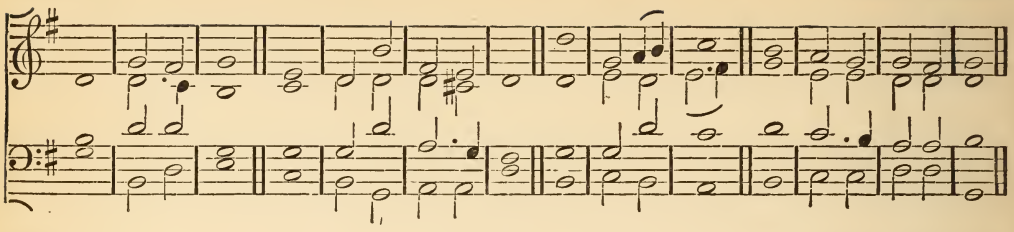


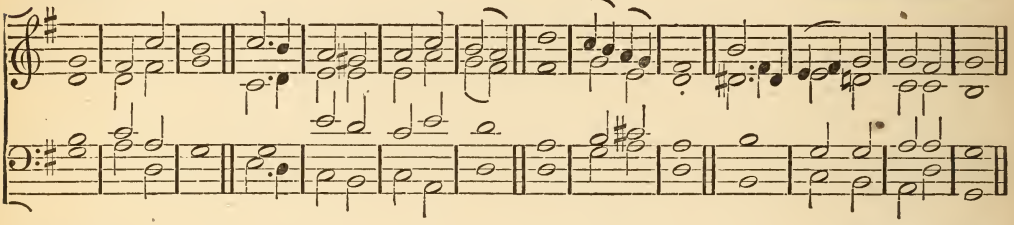
No. 58. John Davy.

No. 59. Rev. J. Lupton.

No. 60. Dr. Pring.

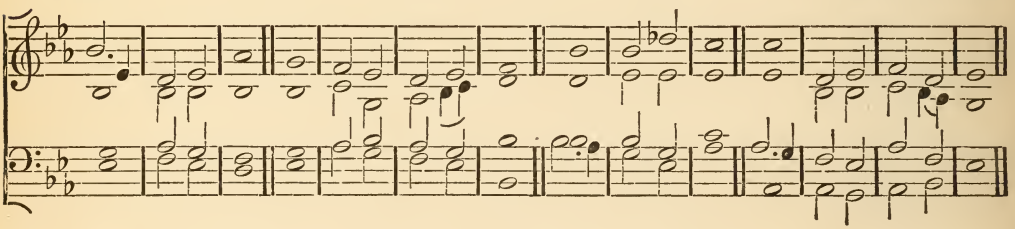
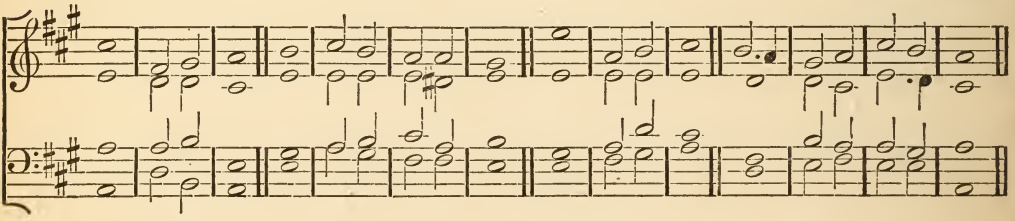


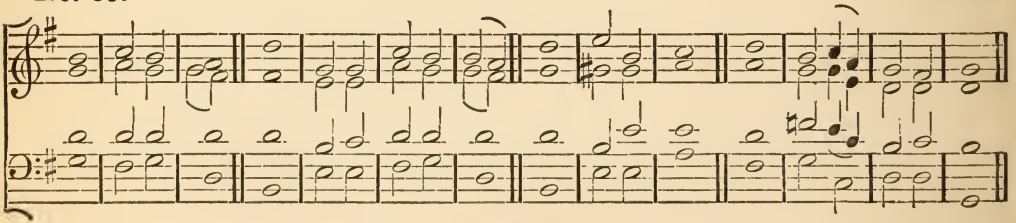
No. 61. Dr. Crotch.

No. 62. Dr. Crotch.

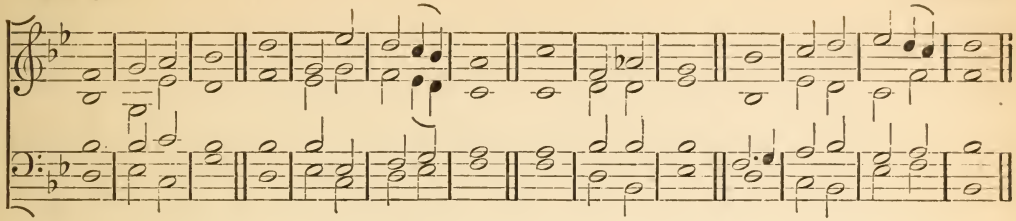
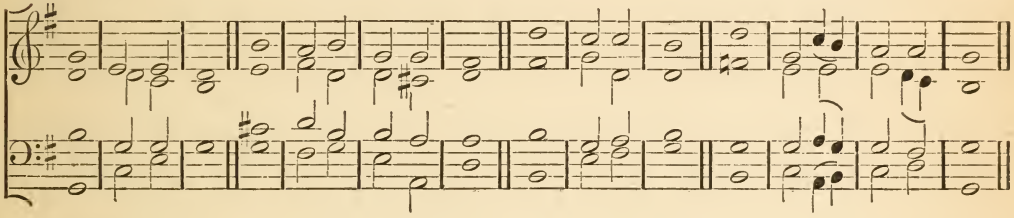
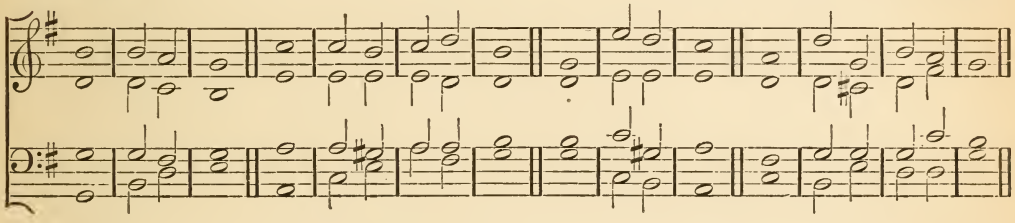


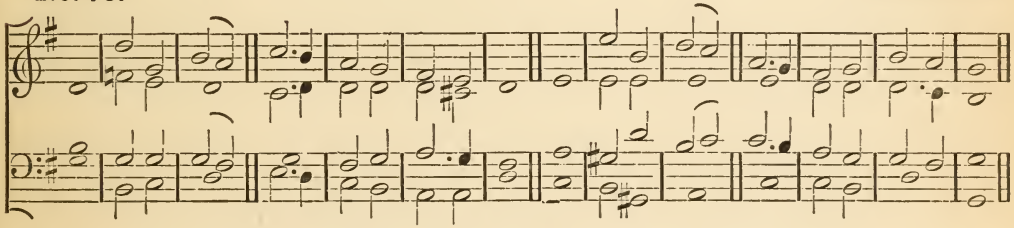
No. 63. Dr. Crotch.

No. 64. Dr. Crotch.

No. 65. Sir J. Rogers.

No. 66. Sir A. Barnard.

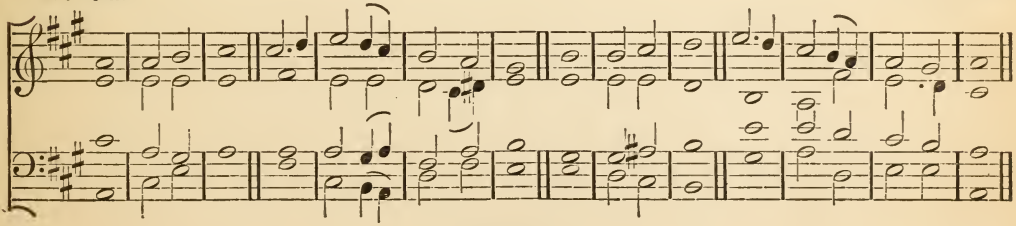


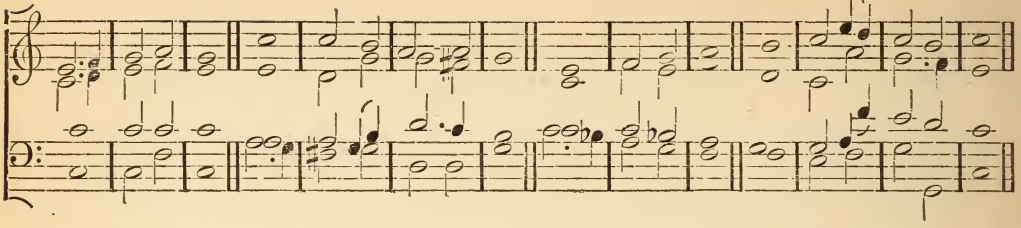
No. 67. W. Cross, M.B.

No. 68. Major Lemon.

No. 69. Winter.



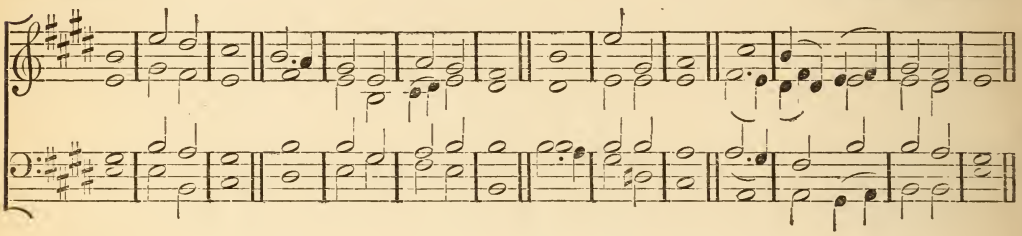
No. 70. DR. COOKE.

No. 71. GEORGE COOPER.

No. 72. Adapted from Spohr by G. COOPER.

No. 73. GEORGE COOPER.

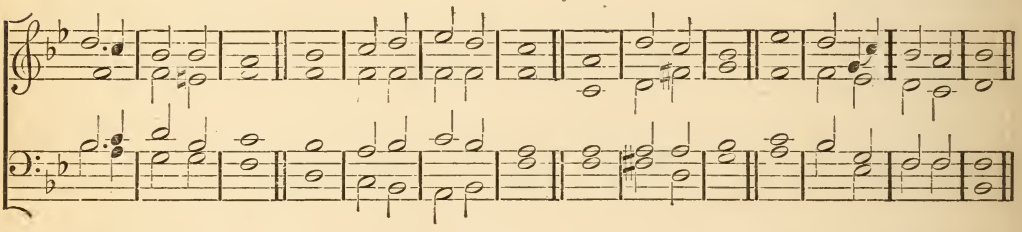
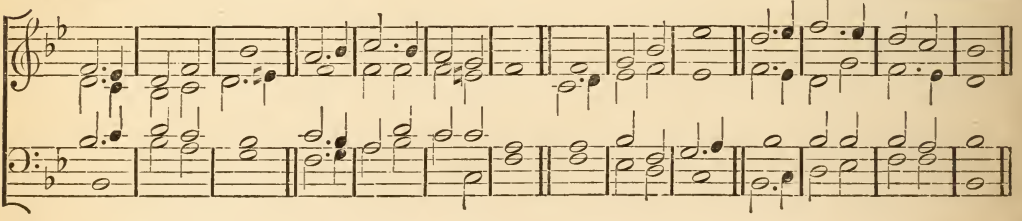


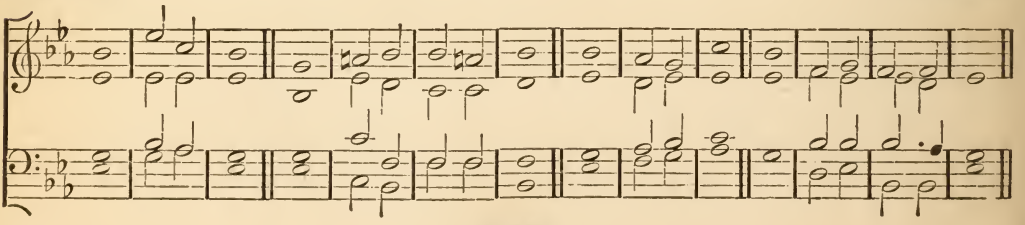
No. 74. T. SOAPER.

No. 75. W. Russell, M.B.

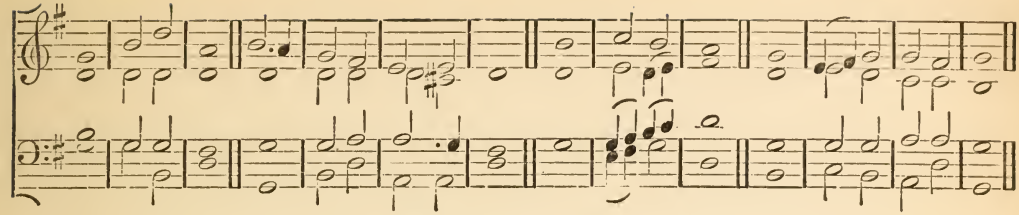
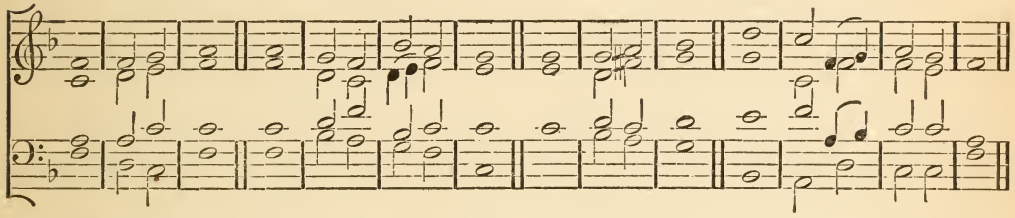
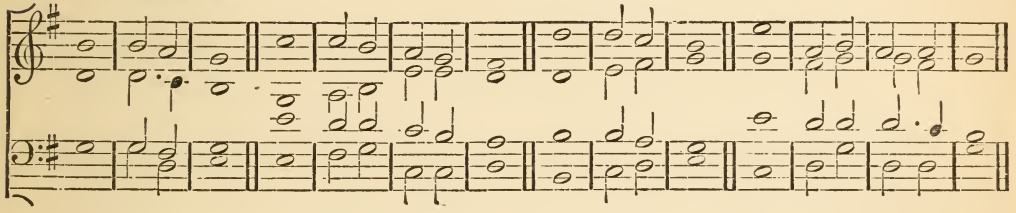
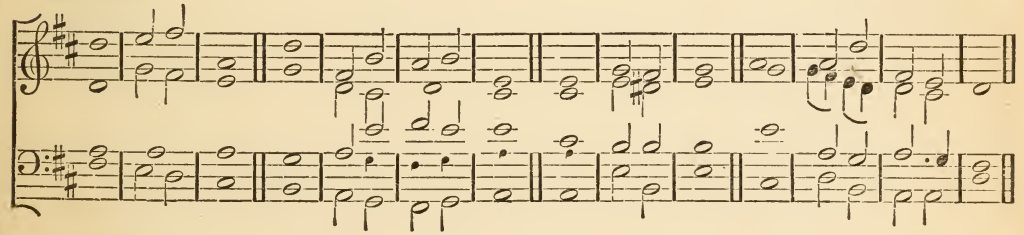


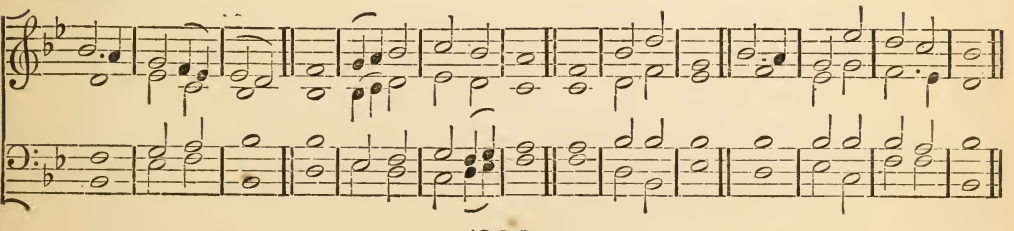
No. 76. W. Russell, M.B.



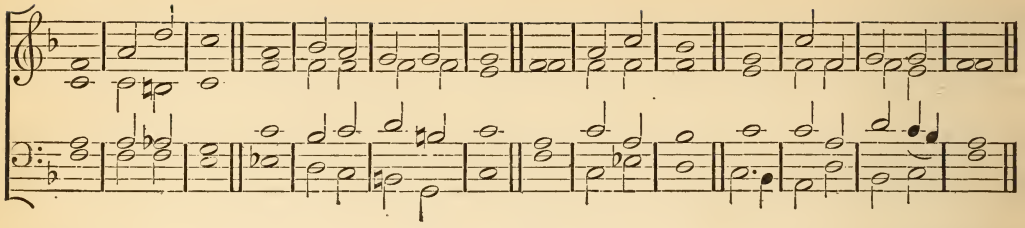
No. 77. Dr. Woodward.

No. 78. Rev. G. Heathcote.

No. 79. J. Robinson.

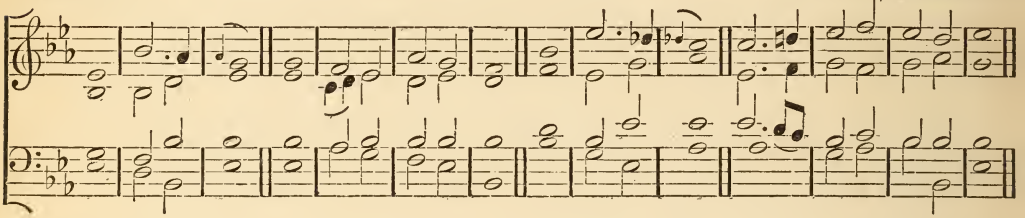
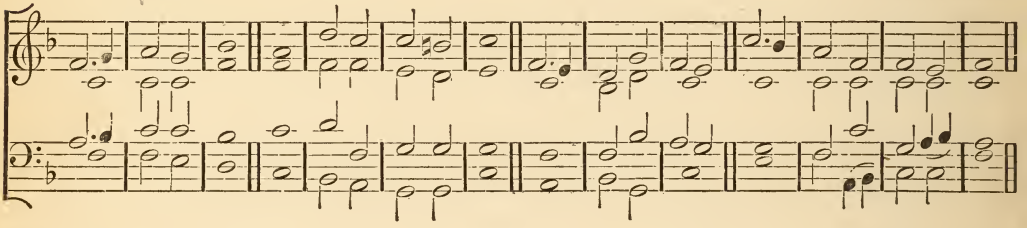


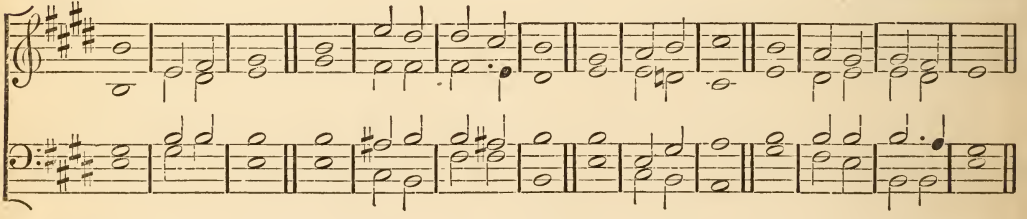
No. 80. Rev. R. P. Goodenough.

No. 81. R. Langdon.

No. 82. Dr. Hayes.

No. 83. Thos. Attwood.

No. 84. W. Gray.

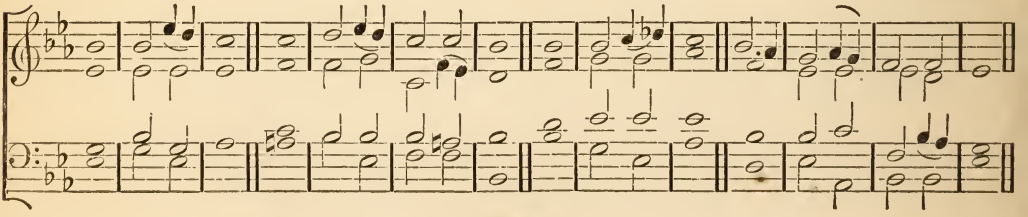


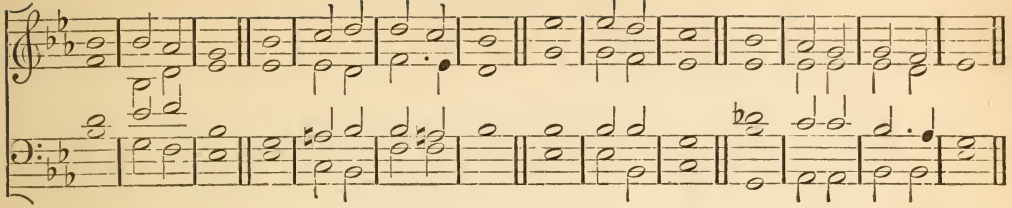
No. 85. J. J. Harris.

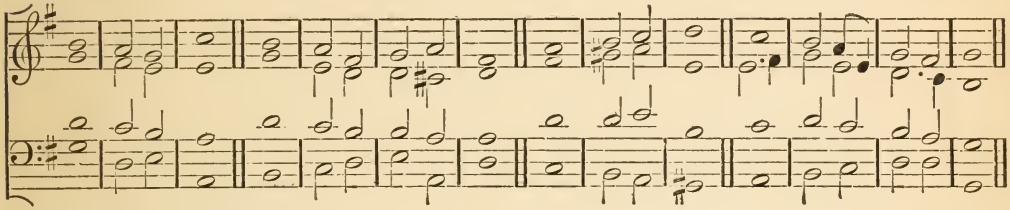
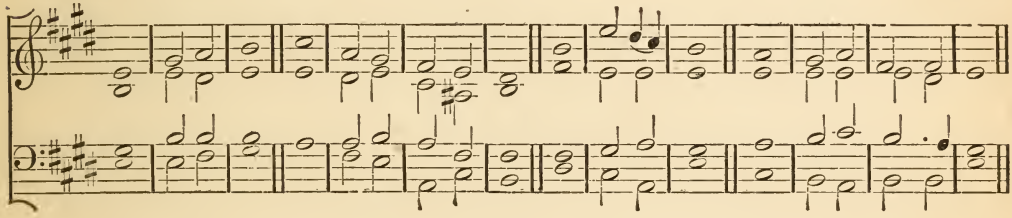
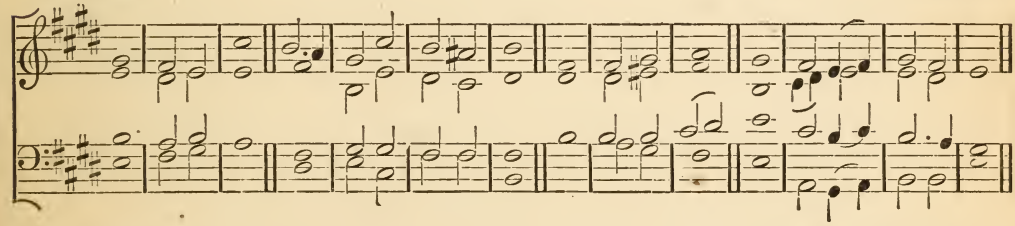
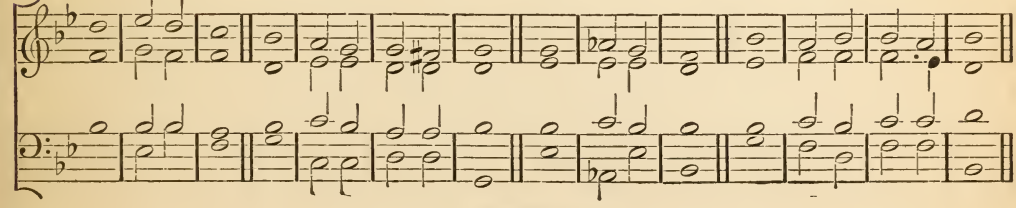


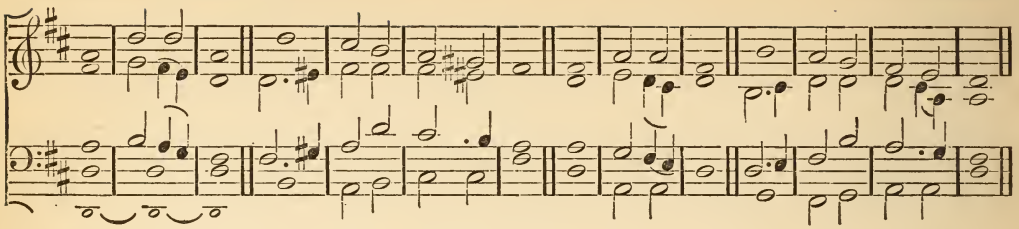
No. 86. Rev. J. E. Beckwith.

No. 87. From Handel.

No. 88. Dr. Randall.

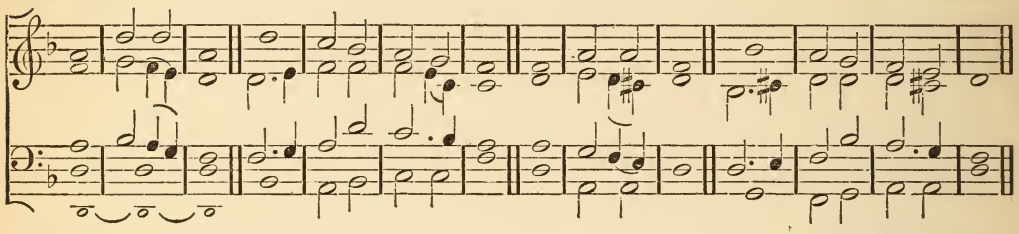
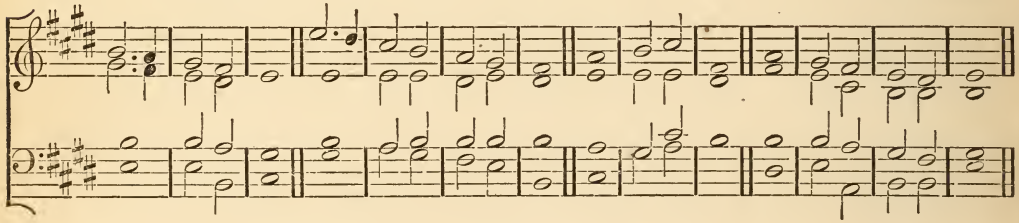
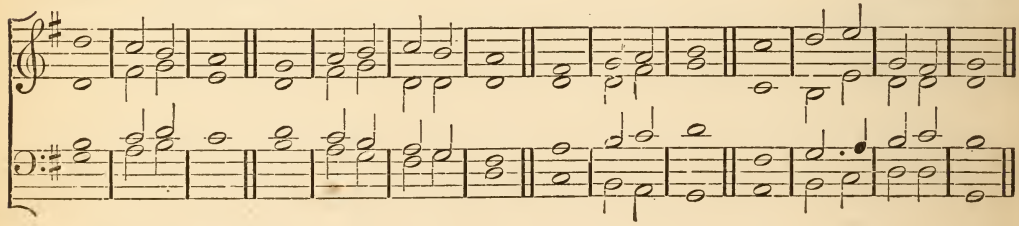


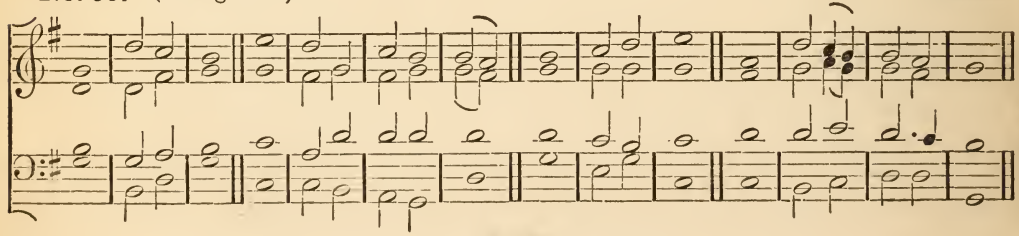
No. 89. Gregory.

No. 90. LORD MORNINGTON.



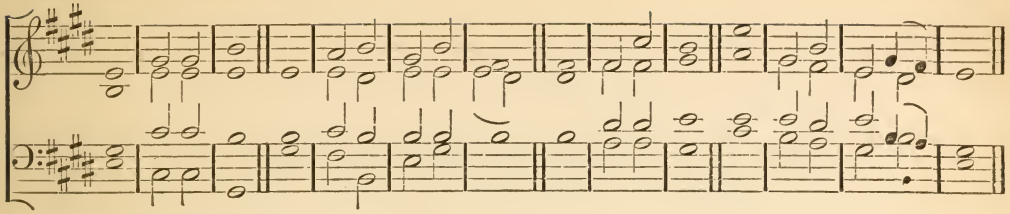
No. 91. S. WESLEY.

No. 92. (From HANDEL.) CORFE.

No. 93. HENLEY.

No. 94. W. BAYLEY.

No. 95. (Changeable.) H. S. Oakeley.

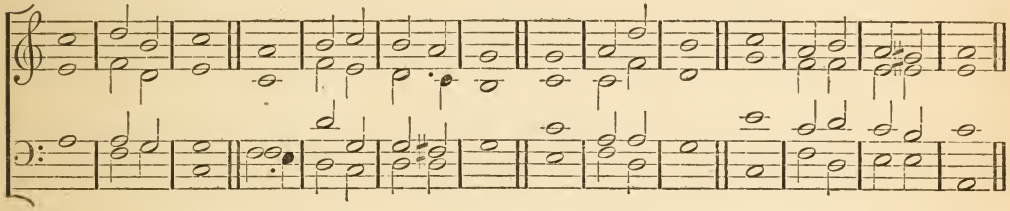
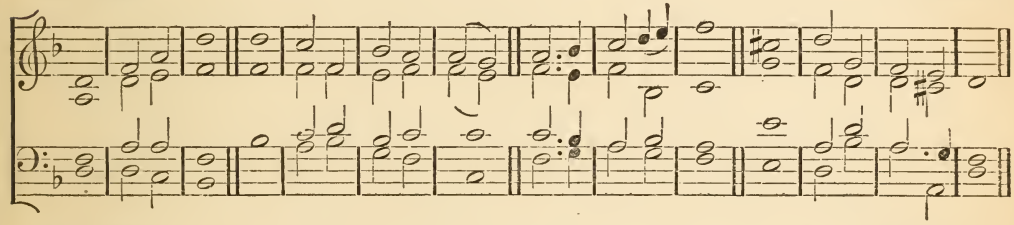
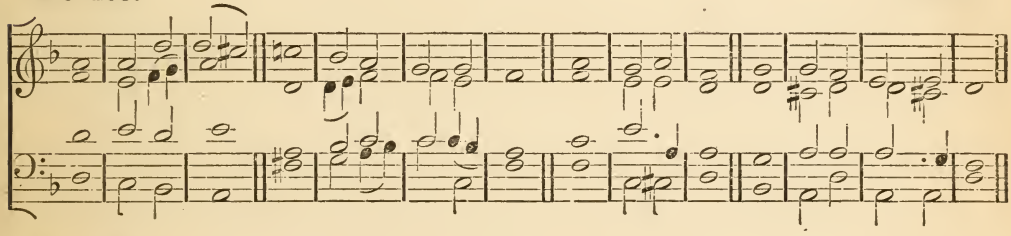
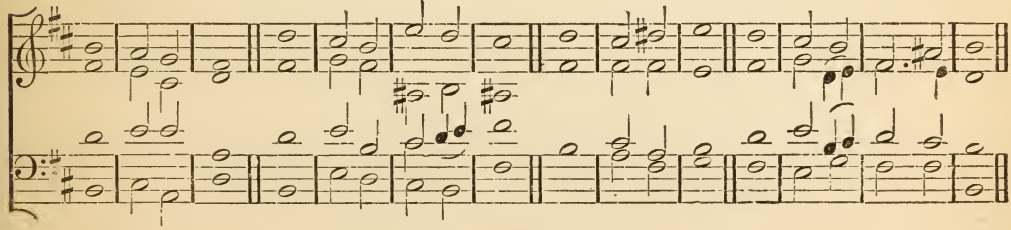


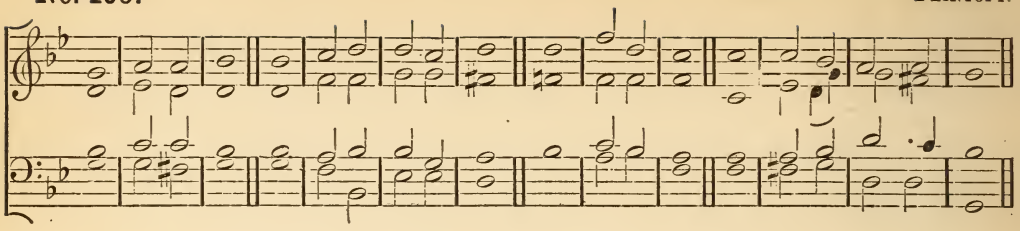
No. 96. (The same in the minor.) H. S. Oakeley.

No. 97. (Changeable.) Lord Mornington.

No. 98. (Changeable.) J. S. Smith.

No. 99. (Changeable.) Russell.

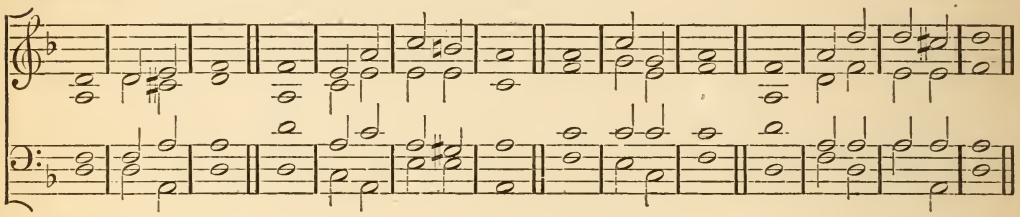
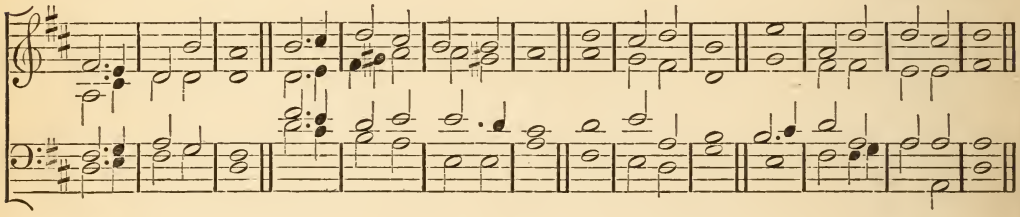
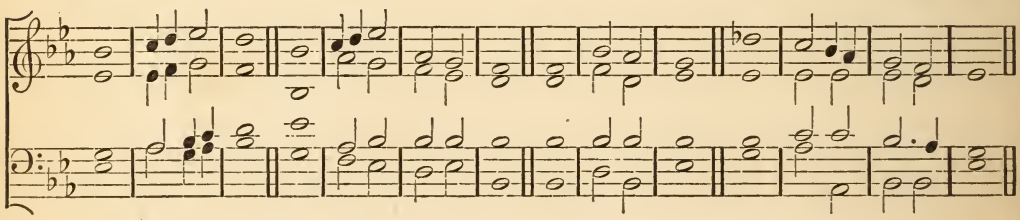
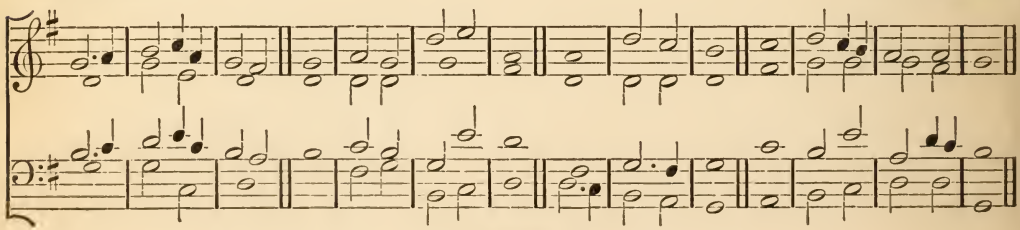


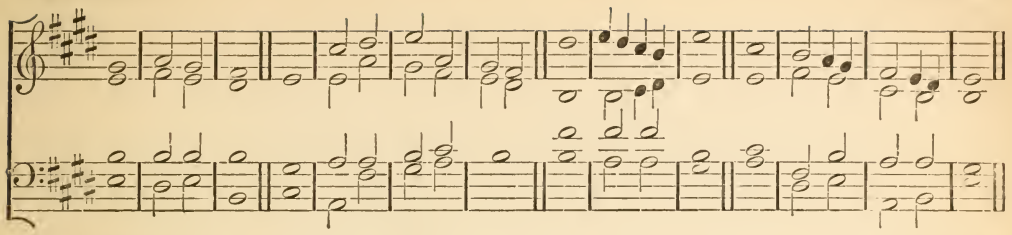
No. 100. (Changeable.) T. Attwood.

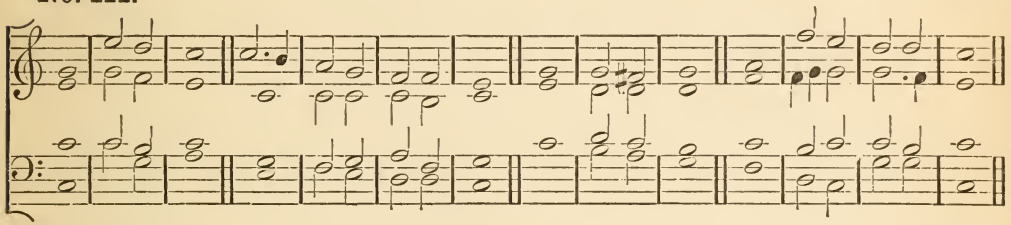
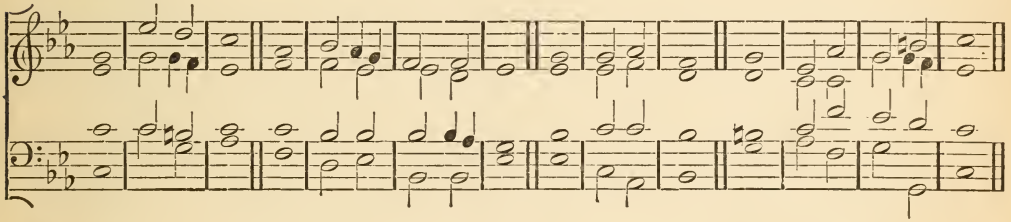


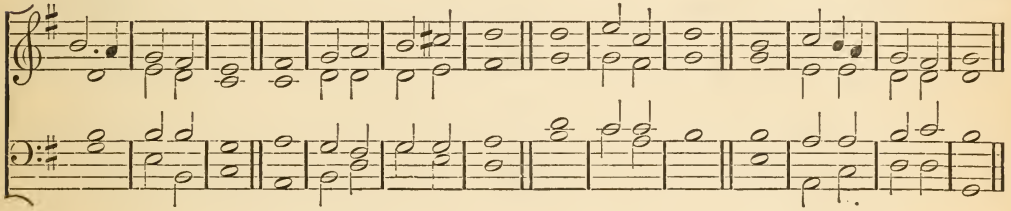
No. 101. Dr. Nares.

No. 102. Dr. Crotch.

No. 103. Rosingrave.

No. 104. Battishill.

No. 105. FLINTOFT.



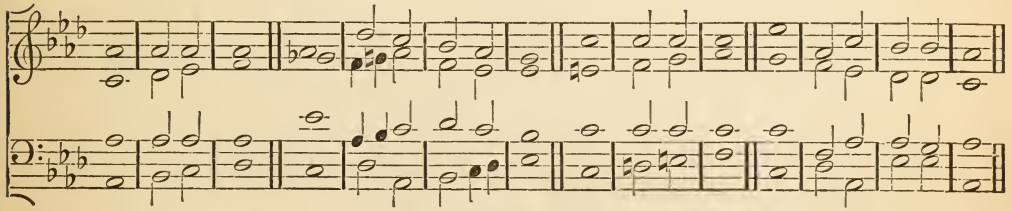
No. 106. MORLEY.

No. 107. DR. DUPUIS.

No. 108. DR. DUPUIS.

No. 109. DR. AYLWARD.

No. 110. York Chant.



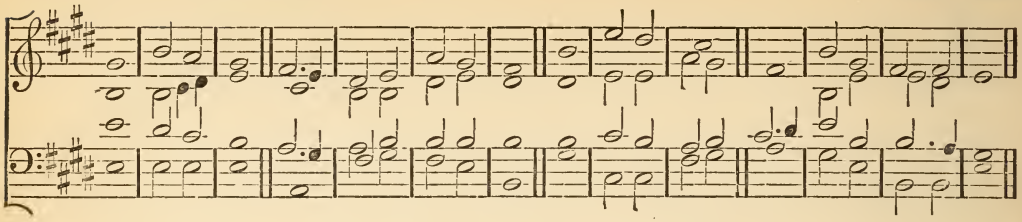
No. 111. H. Lawes.

No. 112. Robt. Cooke.

No. 113. Robt. Cooke.

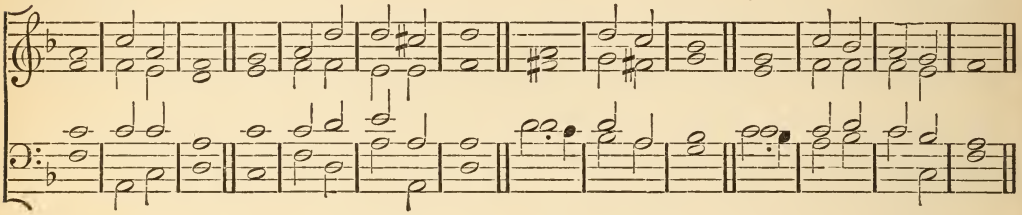


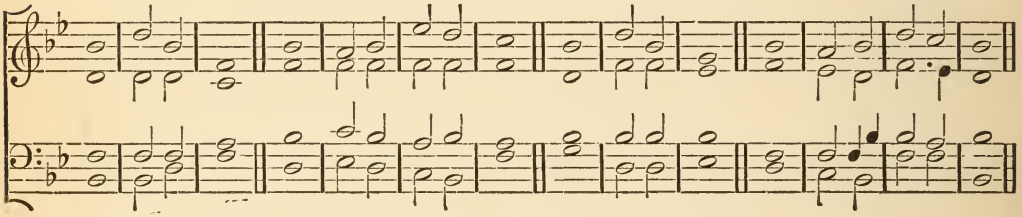
No. 114. (By permission.) John Goss.



No. 115. (By permission.) JOHN GOSS.



No. 116. DR. CROTCH.

No. 117. BP. TURTON.



THE CANTICLES POINTED FOR CHANTING.

Venite, exultemus Domino.

Psalm XCV.

O COME let us **sing** un|to the | Lord : let us heartily re**joice** in the | strength of | our sal|vation.

2 Let us come before His **pre**sence | with thanks|giving : and **show** ourselves | glad in | Him with | Psalms.

3 For the **Lord** | is-a great | God : and a **great** | King a|bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the **cor**ners | of the | earth : and the **strength** of the | hills is | His | also.

5 The sea is **His**, and | He | made it : and His **hands** pre|pared | the dry | land.

6 O come let us **wor**ship, | and fall | down : and **kneel** be|fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For **He** is the | Lord our | God : and we are the people of His **pas**ture, | and the | sheep-of His | hand.

8 To day if ye will hear His voice, **harden** | not your | hearts : as in the provocation, and as in the **day** of temp|tation | in the | wilderness;

9 **When** your | fathers | tempted me : **proved** | me, and | saw my | works.

10 Forty years long was I grieved with **this** gene|ration, and | said : It is a people that do err in their **hearts**, for they | have not | known my | ways.

11 Unto whom I **sware** | in my | wrath : that they **should** not | enter | into my | rest.

Glory be to the **Father**, | and to-the | Son : **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever shall | be : **world** | without | end A|men.

Anthem for Easter Day.

Instead of Venite.

CHRIST our passo**ver** is | sacri|ficed for us : **there**fore | let us | keep the | feast;

2 Not with the old leaven, nor with the **leav'n** of | malice and | wickedness : but with the unleavened **bread** | of sin|cerity and | truth. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

CHRIST being raised from the **dead** | dieth no | more : **death** hath | no-more do|minion | over Him.

4 For in that He died, He **died** | unto sin | once : but in that He **live**th, He | liveth | unto | God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves, to be **dead** in|deed unto | sin : but alive unto **God** through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord. Rom. vi. 9–11.

CHRIST is **risen** | from the | dead : and be**come** the | first-fruits of | them that | slept.

7 For **since** by | man came | death : by man came also the **re**sur|rection | of the | dead.

8 For **as** in | Adam all | die : even so in **Christ** shall | all be | made a|live. 1 Cor. xv. 20–22.

Glory be to the **Father**, | and to-the | Son : **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever shall | be : **world** | without | end A|men.

Te Deum.

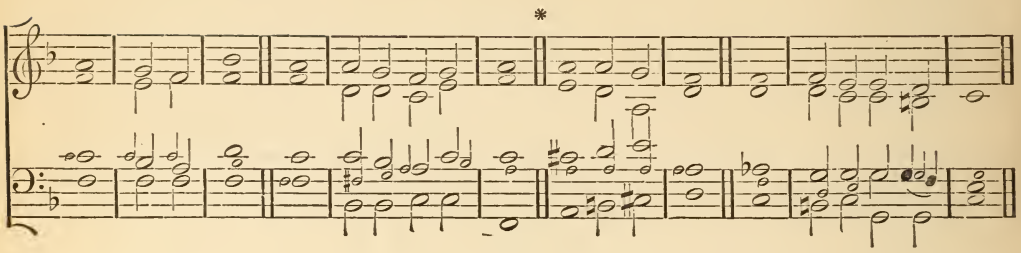
The Te Deum may be sung to two or more suitable Chants in the three following combinations :—

1st. With two Double Chants, major and minor, or both major.
Major : vv. 1—12; 21, 22;
Minor : vv. 13—20; 23—26.
The following Chants may be used together in this combination : Nos. 57 and 59; 61 and 69; 62 and 105; 83 and 102 or 104; 84 and 81; 90 and 94; 95 and 96; 115 and 74; 117 and 116; or any of the *Changeable* Chants, 95—100.

2nd. Double Chant (major) vv. 1—10.
Single Chant (major) vv. 11—16; 21, 22; 26.
Single Chant (minor) vv. 17—20; 23—25.
The following are suitable to this combination : Nos. 75, 11 and 24; 86, 10, 23 or 26.

3rd. With Single Chants only.
Single Chant (major) vv. 1—4; 21—26.
Single Chant (major) vv. 5—12;
Single Chant (minor) vv. 13—20.
The following Chants may be used in this combination : Nos. 11, 8 and 24; 6, 22 major and minor; 21, 14 and 5.

This QUADRUPLE CHANT is also appropriate to the "Te Deum;" repeating

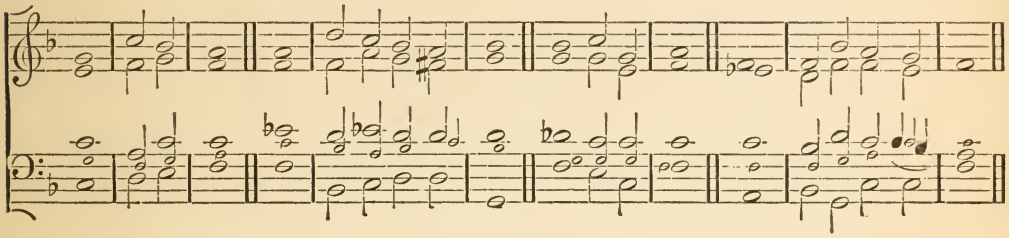


When used for the 15th Evening, the following vv. of Ps. lxxviii. must be chanted *in unison:*

1. **We**	praise-Thee,	O	God:
2. **All** — — — — — — — the	earth	doth	worship-Thee,
3. To Thee all **An**gels	cry	a-	loud:
4. To **Thee**	Cherubin	and	Seraphin
5. **Ho**ly, ...	Ho-	ly,	Holy,
6. **Heaven** — — — — — — and	earth	are	full
7. The glorious **company** of the A- — —	pos-	tles,	praise-Thee.
8. **The**	no-	ble	army
9. The holy **Church** throughout the world	doth	ac-	knowledge-Thee,
10. Thine **hon**ourable, true — — — and	on-	ly	Son:
11. **Thou** art — — — — — — the	King	of	Glory,
12. Thou art the **ever-** — — — — —	last-	ing	Son
13. When Thou tookest upon **Thee** to de-	li-	ver	man,
14. When Thou hadst over**come** — — the	sharpness	of	death,
15. Thou sittest at the **right**	hand	of	God,
16. **We** — — — — — — — —	—	be-	lieve
17. We therefore **pray** Thee	help	Thy	servants,
18. Make them to be **num**bered	with	Thy	Saints
19. O **Lord**, ...	save	Thy	people,
20. **Go-** — — — — — — — —	—	vern	them,
21. **Day** — — — — — — — —	—	by	day,
22. **And** we	worship	Thy	Name,
23. **Vouch-** — — — — — — —	safe	O	Lord,
24. O **Lord**, — — — — — —have	mercy	up-	on us;
25. O Lord, let Thy **mer**cy	lighten	up-	on us,
26. O **Lord**, — — — — — — in	Thee	have-I	trusted:

vv. 25 and 26. [The small notes are for a Second Tenor.]

H. S. Oakeley.



1 to 4; 13 to 16; 45 to 52; 66 to 68; 73 and the "Gloria." The 73rd v. must commence at the *.

---

we acknowledge	Thee	to	be	the	Lord. 1.
the	Fa-	ther	ev-	er-	lasting. 2.
the Heav'ns — — — — and	all	the	Powers	there-	in. 3.
con- — — — — — — —	tin-	ual-	ly	do	cry. 4.
Lord	God	of	Sa-	ba-	oth. 5.
of . . . . . the	Majes-	ty	of	Thy	glory. 6.
The goodly fellowship	of	the	Pro-	phets,	praise-Thee. 7.
of — — — — — — — —	—	—	Mar-	tyrs,	praise-Thee. 8.
the Father	of	an	in-	finite	Majesty: 9.
Also — — — — — — the	Ho-	ly	Ghost	the	Comforter. 10.
O — — — — — — — —	—	—	—	—	Christ. 11.
of — — — — — — — —	—	—	—	the	Father. 12.
Thou didst not — — — — ab-	hor	the	Vir-	gin's	womb. 13.
Thou didst open the kingdom of	Heaven	to	all	be-	lievers. 14.
in — — — — — — — — the	glo-	ry	of	the	Father. 15.
that Thou — — — — shalt	come	to	be	our	Judge. 16.
whom Thou hast redeemed . . .	with	Thy	pre-	cious	blood. 17.
in	glo-	ry	ev-	er-	lasting. 18.
and — — — — — — — —	—	—	bless	Thine	heritage. 19.
and	lift	them	up	for	ever. 20.
we	mag-	ni-	fy	—	Thee. 21.
ever	world	—	with-	out	end. 22.
to keep us	this	day	with-	out	sin. 23.
have — — — — — — — —	—	—	mercy	up-	on us. 24.
as — — — — — — — — our	trust	—	is	in	Thee. 25.
let — — — — — — — me	nev-	er	be	con-	founded. 26.

Benedicite, Omnia Opera.

O ALL ye Works of the **Lord**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

2 O ye Angels of the **Lord**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

3 O ye **Heav'ns**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the **Firmament**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the **Lord**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

6 O ye Sun and **Moon**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

7 O ye Stars of **Heav'n**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

8 O ye Showers and **Dew**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

9 O ye Winds of **God**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and **Heat**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

11 O ye Winter and **Summer**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

12 O ye Dews and **Frosts**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

13 O ye Frost and **Cold**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

14 O ye Ice and **Snow**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

15 O ye Nights and **Days**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

16 O ye Light and **Darkness**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and **Clouds**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

18 O let the **Earth** | bless the | Lord : yea let it **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

19 O ye Mountains and **Hills**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the **Earth**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

21 O ye **Wells**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

22 O ye Seas and **Floods**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

23 O ye Whales and all that move in the **Waters**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the **Air**, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and **Cattle,** | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

26 O ye Children of **Men,** | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

27 O let **Israel** | bless the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

28 O ye Priests of the **Lord,** | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

29 O ye Servants of the **Lord,** | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the **Right**eous, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

31 O ye holy and humble Men of **heart,** | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

32 O Ananias, Azarias, and **Mi**sael, | bless ye the | Lord : **praise-Him** and | magnify | Him for | ever.

Glory be to the **Father,** | and to-the | Son : **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now,** and | ever shall | be : **world** | without | end. A|men.

Benedictus.

St. Luke I. 68–79.

BLESSED be the **Lord** | God of | Israel : for He hath **vi**sited, | and re|deemed His | people;

2 And hath raised up a **migh**ty sal|vation | for us : **in** the | house-of His | servant | David;

3 As He spake by the **mouth** of His | holy | Prophets : which have **been** | since the | world be|gan;

4 That we should be **sav**ed | from our | enemies : and **from** the | hands of | all that | hate us;

5 To perform the mercy **promised** to | our fore|fathers : **and** to re|member His | holy | Covenant;

6 To perform the oath which He **sware** to our | forefather | Abraham : **that** | He would | give | us;

7 That we being delivered out **of** the | hand-of our | enemies : **might** | serve Him | without | fear;

8 In holiness and **right**eous|ness be|fore Him : **all** the | days | of our | life.

9 And thou Child shalt be called the **Pro**phet | of the | Highest : for thou shalt go before the face of the **Lord** | to pre|pare His | ways;

10 To give knowledge of sal**vation** | unto His | people : **for** the re|mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender **mercy** | of our | God : whereby the **day-spring** | from on | high hath | visited us;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and **in** the | shadow of | death : and to guide our **feet** | into the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the **Father,** | and to-the | Son : **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now,** and | ever shall | be : **world** | without | end. A|men.

Jubilate Deo.

Psalm c.

O BE joyful in the **Lord**, | all ye | lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and come be**fore** His | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the **Lord** | He is | God : it is He that hath made us and not we ourselves; we are His **people**, | and the | sheep-of His | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and **in**to His | courts with | praise : be thankful unto **Him**, and | speak good | of His | Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, His **mer**cy is | ever|lasting : and His truth endureth from **gene**|ration to | gene|ration.

Glory be to the **Father**, | and to-the | Son : **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever shall | be : **world** | without | end. A|men.

Magnificat.

St. Luke I. 46-55.

MY **soul** doth | magni-fy the | Lord : and my spirit **hath** re|joiced in | God my | Saviour.

2 **For** He | hath re|garded : the **low**li|ness of | His hand|maiden.

3 **For** be|hold, from | henceforth : **all** gene|rations shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is **migh**ty hath | magnified | me : **and** | holy | is His | name.

5 And His mercy **is** on | them that | fear Him : **through**|out all | gene|rations.

6 He hath showed **strength** | with His | arm : He hath scattered the proud, in the **ima**gi|nation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the **migh**ty | from their | seat : and **hath** ex|alted the | humble and | meek.

8 He hath filled the **hun**gry | with good | things : and the **rich** | He-hath sent | empty a|way.

9 He remembering His mercy, hath holpen His **ser**vant | Isra|el : as He promised to our forefathers, **A**braham | and his | seed, for | ever.

Glory be to the **Father**, | and to-the | Son : **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever shall | be : **world** | without | end. A|men.

Cantate Domino.

Psalm XCVIII.

O SING unto the **Lord** a | new | song : for **He** | hath done | marvellous | things.

2 With His own right hand, and **with** His | holy | arm : **hath** He | gotten Him-|self the | victory.

3 The Lord de**clar**ed | His sal|vation : His righteousness hath He openly showed, **in** the | sight | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth to**ward** the | house of | Israel : and all the ends of the world have **seen** the sal|vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the **Lord**, | all ye | lands : **sing**, re|joice, and | give | thanks.

6 Praise the **Lord** up|on the | harp : **sing** to the | harp with-a | psalm-of thanks-|giving.

7 With **trum**pets | also and | shawms : O show yourselves **joyful** be|fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and **all** that | therein | is : the round **world**, and | they that | dwell there|in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful to**gether** be|fore the | Lord : **for** He | cometh to | judge the | earth.

10 With righteousness **shall** He | judge the | world : **an**-|**d** the | people with | equity.

Glory be to the **Father**, | and to-the | Son : **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever shall | be : **world** | without | end. A|men.

Nunc dimittis.

St. Luke II. 29-32.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy **ser**vant de|part in | peace : **ac**|cording | to Thy | word.

2 **For** mine | eyes have | seen : **Thy** | - - | - sal|vation,

3 Which **Thou** | hast pre|pared : be**fore** the | face of | all | people;

4 To be a **light** to | lighten the | Gentiles : and to be the **glory** | of Thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the **Father**, | and to-the | Son : **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever shall | be; **world** | without | end. A|men.

Deus misereatur.

Psalm LXVII.

GOD be merciful **un**to | us, and | bless us : and show us the light of His countenance, **and** be | merciful | unto | us:

2 That Thy **way** may be | known upon | earth : Thy **sav**ing | health a|mong all | nations.

3 Let the **people** | praise-Thee, O | God : **yea**, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

4 O let the **nations** re|joice-and be | glad : for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and **govern** the | nations | upon | earth.

5 Let the **peo**ple | praise-Thee, O | God : **yea**, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

6 Then shall the **earth** bring | forth her | increase : and God, even our **own** | God, shall | give-us His | blessing.

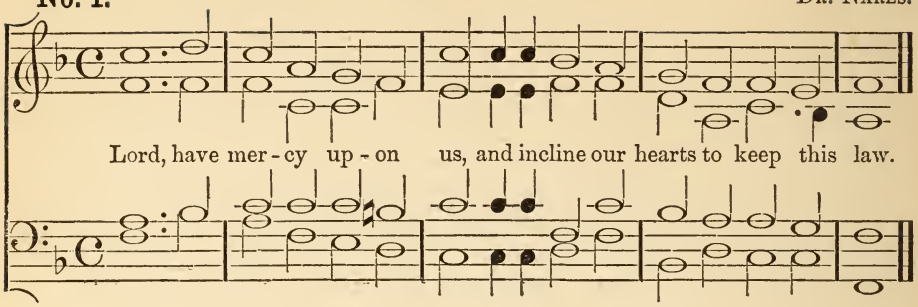
7 **God** | - shall | bless us : and **all** the | ends of the | world shall | fear Him.

Glory be to the **Father**, | and to-the | Son : **and** | to the | Holy | Ghost;

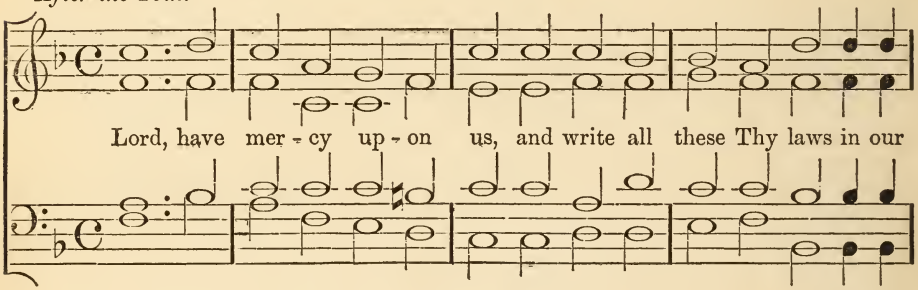
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever shall | be : **world** | without | end. A|men.

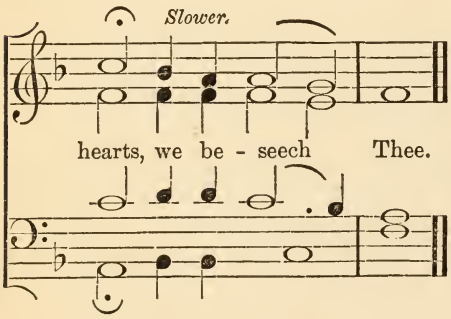
Responses.

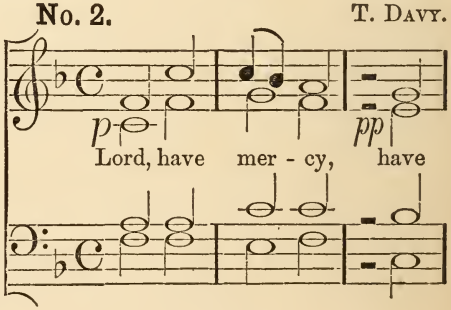
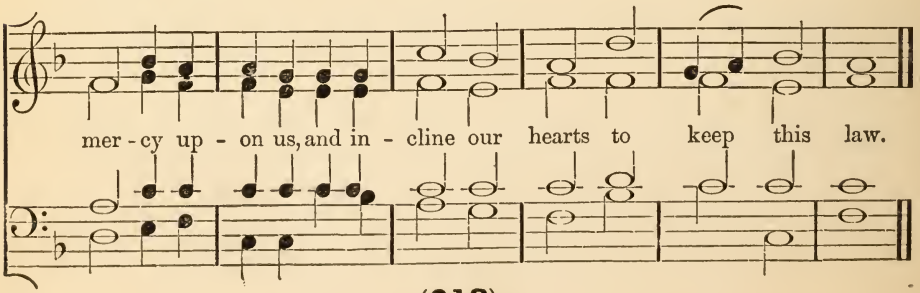
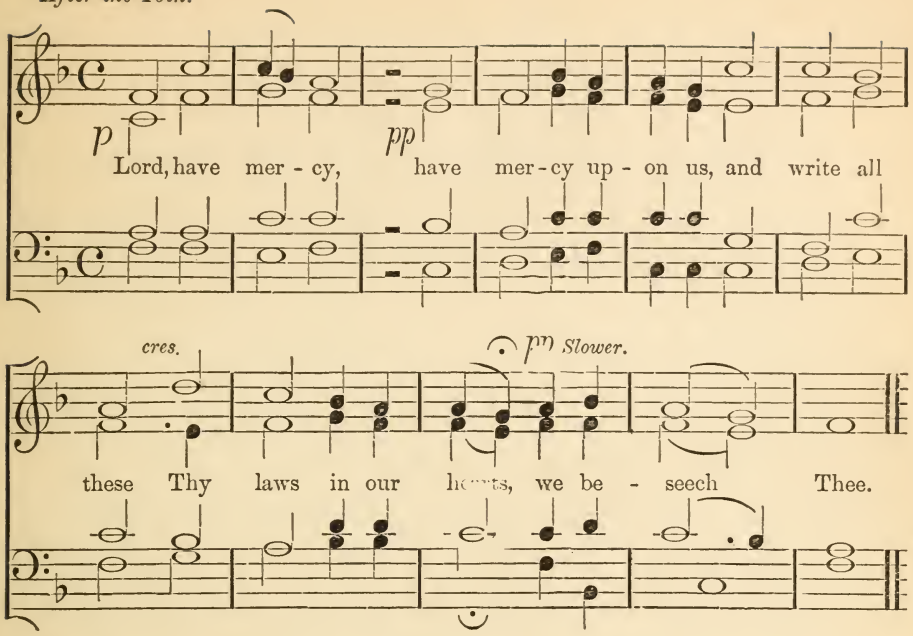
No. 1. DR. NARES.

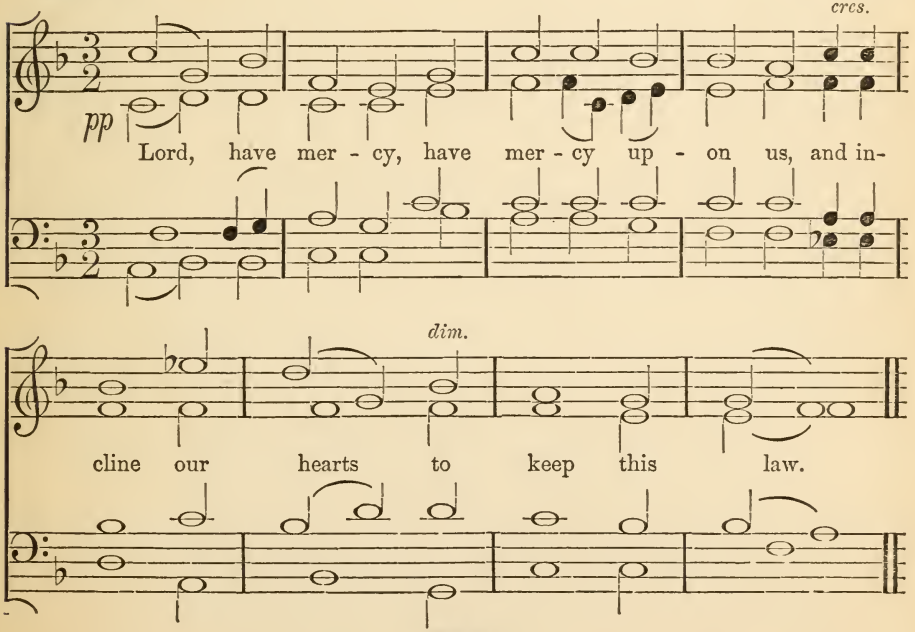
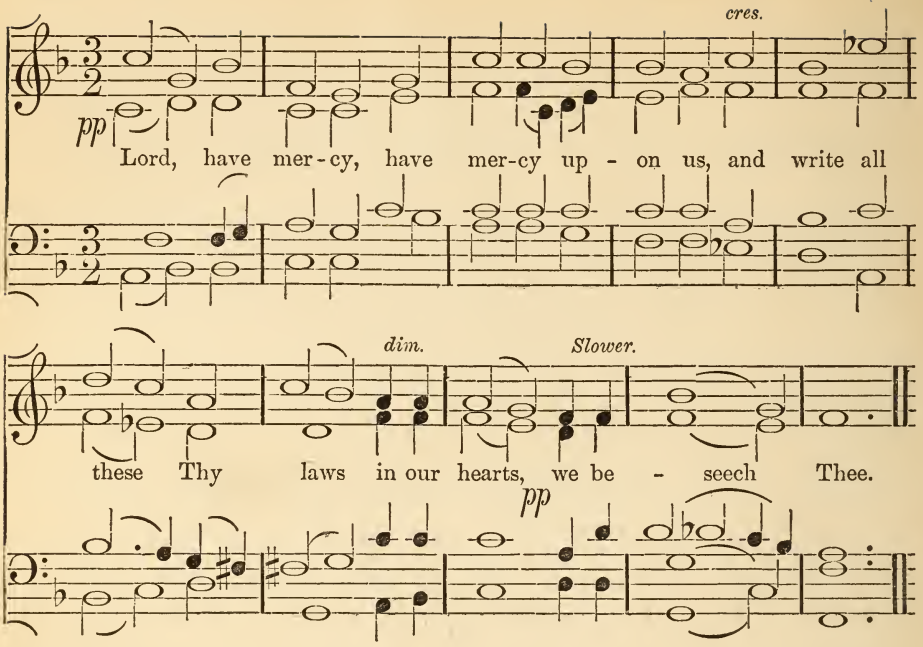
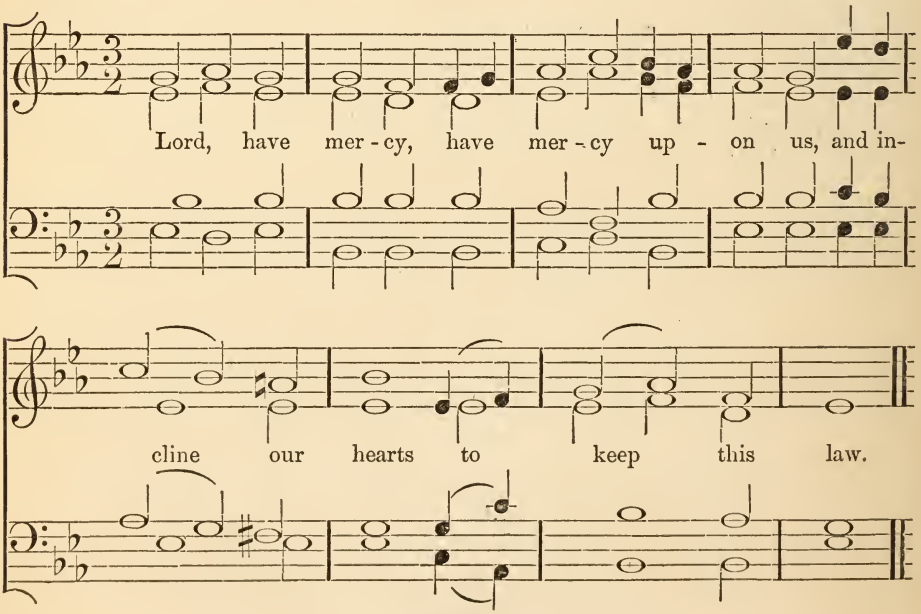
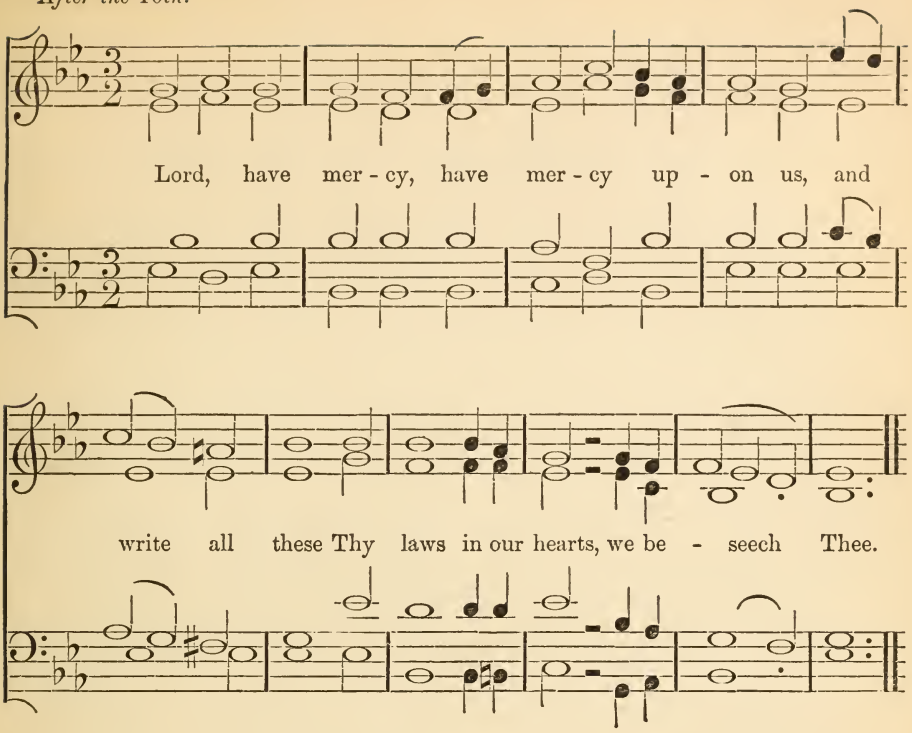


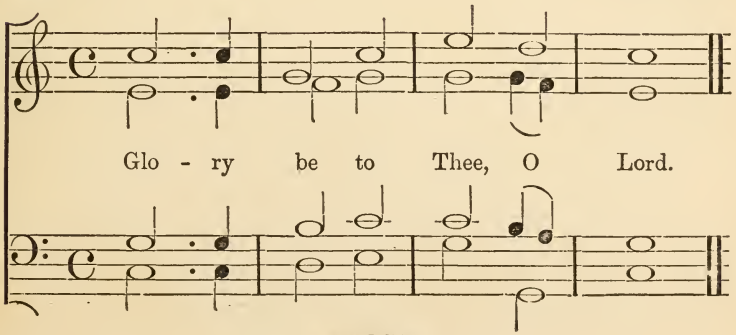
After the 10*th.*

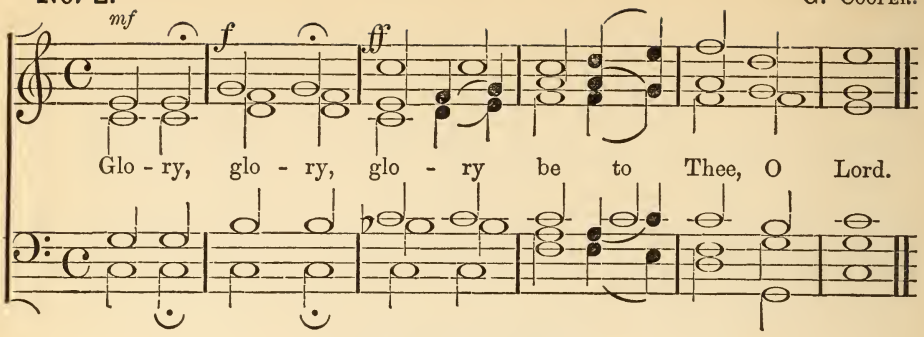




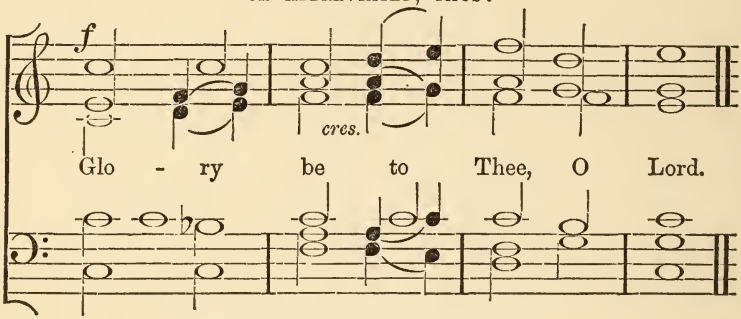
No. 2. T. DAVY.

After the 10*th.*

No. 3.

G. Cooper.

After the 10*th*.

No. 4. C. KRAMER.

After the 10*th*.

Doxologies.

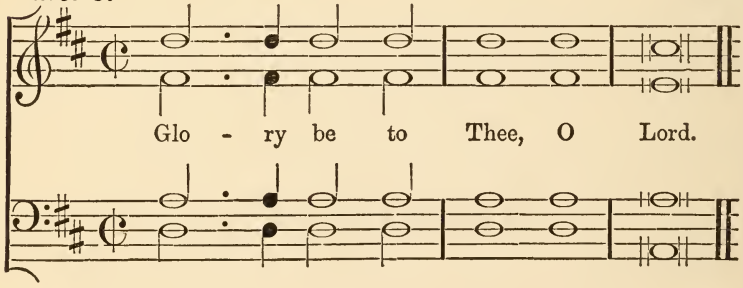
No. 1. G. Cooper.

No. 2. G. Cooper.

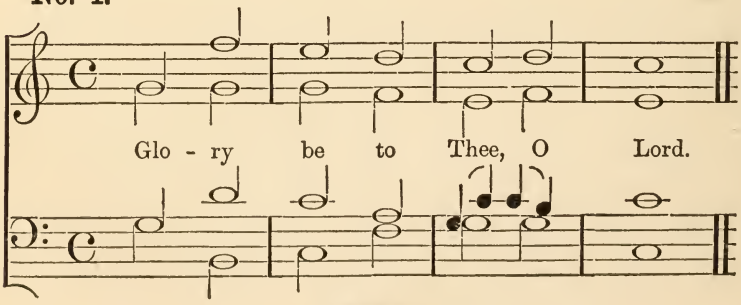
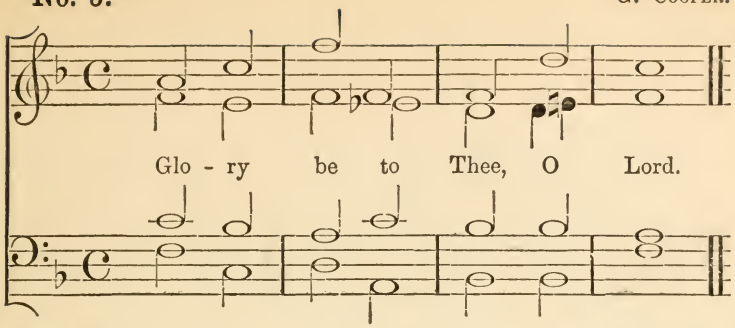
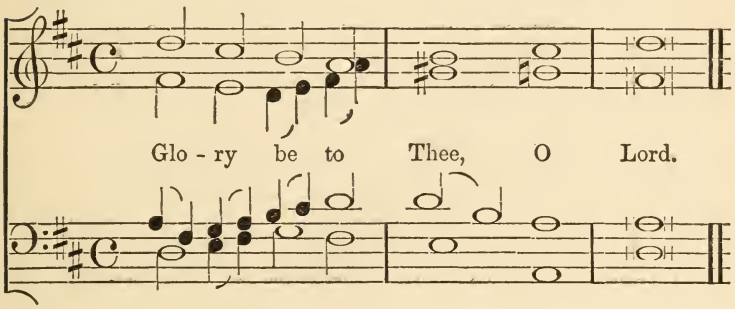


OR ABBREVIATED, THUS:



No. 3. Tallis.



No. 4. G. Cooper.

No. 5. G. Cooper.

No. 6. E. Holdsworth.

TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE REFERRED TO IN THE HYMNS.

	Hy.
Genesis	
i. 3	391
v. 24	299
viii. 22	111
xxii. 14	392
xxviii. 20	271
Exodus	
xiv. 15	110, 298
xv. 26	152
xx. 8	19
xxv. 22	113
xxxii. 29	279
xxxiii. 22	327
Leviticus	
vi. 13	289
Numbers	
x. 33	209
Deuteronomy	
v. 15	328
xxvi. 17–19	238
xxxiii. 25	5
2 *Samuel*	
xxiii. 5	253, 296
1 *Kings*	
iii. 5	15
viii. 39	381
xviii. 21	279
2 *Kings*	
iv. 26	394
xix. 21	80
1 *Chronicles*	
xxix. 14	243
2 *Chronicles*	
i. 11	11
Nehemiah	
ix. 5	40
Job	
i. 21	417
iii. 17	427
xix. 25	176
xxviii. 14	141
— 36, 37	68
xxx. 23	38
xxxiii. 27, 28	23
xxxviii. 7	343
Psalms	
ii. 8	295
iii. 5	10
iv. 4	35
— 8	121, 183, 278, 351
v. 3	400
vi. 2, 5, 9	116
xiii. 5	330
xvii. 15	168
xviii. 1, 2	374
xix. 13	388
xxii. 9	228
xxiii. 6	409
xxiv. 7	215
xxvii. 1	208, 254
— 5	377
xxx. 5	68, 342
xxxi. 15	230, 257
xxxii. 4	172
— 7	256
xxxiv. 3	57, 135
xxxvi. 5–10	293
— 9	92
xxxvii. 4–7	322
— 23	431
xli. 1–3	150
xlii. 5	32
xlv. 3, 4	255
xlvi. 1	84, 437
xlviii.	444
xlix. 15	281
li. 11, 17	229, 367
— 12	163
lv. 6	95
— 17	251
— 22	51
lvii. 7	301
lxi. 2	230
lxv.	91
— 8	88
— 11	128, 313
lxvii.	126
lxviii. 1	339
— 18	138, 357, 382, 401
lxxii.	200
lxxiii. 24	157, 288, 400
— 25	259, 387
— 26	276
lxxx.	274
— 1	338
lxxxi. 10	36
lxxxiv. 10	404
lxxxix. 15	146
xc. 9–12	373, 433
xci.	186
— 5–7	332
— 10	129
xciv. 19	175
xcvi. 13	366
c. 2	76
ciii. 1–10	267
— 14	319
civ. 29	299
— 34	421
cviii. 2	27
cx. 1	164
cxvi. 12, 13	108
— 18	221
cxviii. 14	262
— 24	380
— 27	342
cxix. 25	220
— 37	418
— 54	178
—130	372
cxxi. 3	332
— 4	188
— 5	393
— 6	191
cxxxvi. 23	315
cxxxviii. 8	39
cxxxix. 23, 24	67, 288, 402
cxliii.	153
— 9	199
cxlv. 2	22
— 9	170
cxlviii. 1	71
Proverbs	
xvi. 1	239, 292
xvii. 17	414
xxii. 6	44
— 26	269
xxx. 8	11
Ecclesiastes	
xi. 6	346
xii. 14	12
Cant.	
i. 3	171
— 4	181
v. 1	250, 359
viii. 5	210
Isaiah	
ii. 9	21
iii. 10	406
vi. 3	90, 162, 386
vii. 14	353
ix. 6	159, 325
xii. 2	33
xxvii. 3	129
xxx. 15	323
xxxii. 2	199
xxxv. 3	377

Isaiah — *Hy.*
xxxv. 10 52
xl. 2 307
— 11 ... 334, 335, 336
— 31 30
xliii. 6 81
— 22 408
l. 10 413
li. 5 231
— 9 ... ... 80, 81
— 11 52
lii. 7 166
liii. 6 139
liv. 5 314
lv. 7 68
lvi. 2 328
lviii. 13, 14 6
lx. 18, 19 154
lxi. 10 202
lxiii. 9 365
lxiv. 1 263

Jeremiah
iii. 22 326
v. 24 362
x. 24 86
xiv. 19 305
xv. 9 410
xxiii. 6 48
xxxi. 12 76

Lamentations
iii. 23 260
— 25, 26 368

Ezekiel
xxxiv. 12 285
xxxvii. 5 358
— 9 73

Daniel
vii. 9 ... ... 234, 306
ix. 19 86
xii. 2 ... ... 82, 425

Hosea
xiii. 14 281

Joel
ii. 17 333

Amos
iv. 12 133

Micah
ii. 10 294
vii. 18 132

Habakkuk
ii. 3 368
iii. 17, 18 241, 320, 342

Haggai
ii. 7 72

Zechariah
i. 17 307
iv. 7 130
ix. 9 77
xiii. 1 375

Malachi — *Hy.*
iv. 2 ... ... 55, 73, 350

Matthew
i. 21 171
ii. 2, 11 218
— 9 50
iii. 1 412
— 11 61
vi. 9 310
— 10 252
— 12 428
vii. 7 ... ... 20, 69, 408
— 14 378
viii. 20 170
ix. 38 102
x. 8 103
xi. 2–10 280
— 11 412
— 28 ... { 75, 174, 177, 439
— 29 196
xiii. 19–22 13
— 39 362
xiv. 23 249
— 27 ... ... 51, 438
— 30 356
xv. 25 273
xviii. 20 ... 198, 204, 403
— 21, 22 389
xxi. 9 34
xxii. 9 359
xxiv. 44 297
xxv. 13 360
— 34 90
xxvi. 39 ... ... 79, 252
xxviii. 6 205
— 20 134

Mark
i. 16, 17 195
— 35 96
iv. 28 346
v. 18 212
— 34 152
vii. 37 264
ix. 24 152
x. 14 ... ... 156, 203
— 16 420
— 32 370
— 47 424
xi. 10 165
xiv. 36 79
xvi. 6 54

Luke
i. 38 287
— 47 ... ... 300, 353
— 53 47
— 68 144
— 79 216
ii. 9–14 432
— 10 ... ... 17, 361
— 11 ... ... 56, 145

Luke — *Hy.*
ii. 14 ... ... 8, 119, 159
— 21 87
iv. 18 152
— 19 295
vii. 13 291
xi. 1–4 354
xii. 32 443
— 35 442
xiv. 16 250
xv. 18 98
xxi. 9 34
xxii. 19 4
— 32 184
— 42 ... ... 79, 277
xxiii. 42 282
xxiv. 29 ... ... 3, 331
— 34 18
— 50 224

John
i. 1 137
— 14 ... . 187, 282
v. 28 82
— 46 190
vi. 33 46
— 35 45
— 37 206
— 55 272
viii. 12 216
x. 11, 14 334, 335, 336
— 22 350
xiii. 7 104
— 9 106
xiv. 2 179
— 6 383
— 16 ... ... 61, 348
— 18 70
— 26 180
— 27 207
xvi. 8 62
— 14 ... ... 63, 372
— 16 2
xvii. 23 42
xix. 30 148
xx. 19 58
— 27, 29 290
xxi. 15 143

Acts
i. 9–11 ... 138, 189
ii. 2 347
— 26 168
v. 31 369
vii. 59 411
ix. 11 321
xiv. 22 151
xvi. 9 ... ... 114, 358
xx. 7 43

Romans
i. 14 146
v. 5 64
— 6 ... ... 7, 14
vii. 23 356

Romans — *Hy.*
viii. 12 71
— 14 60
— 16, 17 436
— 21–23 303
— 26 163
— 32 443
x. 1 240
xi. 23 305
— 25, 26 302
— 33 369
xiii. 11 337
xv. 13 161

1 *Corinthians*
ii. 2 266
— 9 407
iii. 16 78
— 17 165
iv. 2 270
vi. 10 74
— 20 1
x. 16 390
xii. 7–11 349
xiii. 8 349
— 13 142
xv. 3 149
— 22 435
— 52 31

2 *Corinthians*
i. 22 131
iii. 15 240
iv. 6 124
— 9 285
— 17, 18 ... 291, 316
v. 2 24
vi. 10 422
xii. 9, 10 ... 172, 213

Galatians
i. 24 105
iii. 13 28
vi. 2 ... 158, 314, 402
— 14 ... ... 266, 419

Ephesians
ii. 18 329
iii. 6 140
— 15 66
— 17–19 ... 59, 246
— 19 309
vi. 4 44
— 10 341
— 12 223
— 18 321

Philemon
i. 21 422
ii. 1 211
— 9, 10 87
— 30 247

Philemon — *Hy.*
iii. 7 197
— 9 ... ... 242, 327
— 10 ... ... 123, 141
— 14 29
iv. 4 127

Colossians
i. 11 74
— 12 169
— 16 325
— 20 100
ii. 10 53
iii. 3 324
— 15 104

1 *Thessalonians*
i. 5 283
iv. 11 109
— 13–17 ... 395, 435
— 14 25
— 16–18 ... 304, 363
— 17 107
v. 10 331

2 *Thessalonians*
i. 7, 8 366
iii. 13 93

1 *Timothy*
i. 17 173
ii. 1, 2 { 226, 233, 235, 275
iv. 19 277

2 *Timothy*
i. 12 ... ... 194, 416
ii. 4 185
iii. 15, 16 160
iv. 6–8 184

Titus
ii. 13 337

Hebrews
i. 6 234
ii. 9, 18 236
— 10 371
— 11 414
— 16 411
— 17 430
iv. 9 ... 237, 294, 376
— 15 ... 364, 415, 440
— 16 ... ... 36, 101
vi. 12 105
— 20 385
vii. 25 364
viii. 1 440
ix. 27 379
x. 4 261
— 25 403
— 37 2
xi. 13 ... ... 136, 182
— 16 112

Hebrews — *Hy.*
xii. 1 ... ... 29, 117
— 2 ... ... 22, 352
— 3 ... ... 93, 437
— 15 35
xiii. 14 ... ... 258, 405

James
i. 21 317
iv. 14 ... 373, 399, 445

1 *Peter*
i. 12 14
ii. 21 249
iii. 22 382
v. 4 318
— 5 232

1 *John*
i. 3 135
— 5 125
— 7 375
ii. 1 286
iii. 1, 2 37
iv. 16 125
— 18 ... ... 89, 312
v. 4 94
— 14 244

Jude
20 78
24, 25 398

Revelation
i. 5, 6 ... 48, 214
— 7 217
iii. 18 202
iv. 8 162
— 11 120
v. 9, 10 265
— 9, 12 340
— 11–13 65, 118, 330
vi. 14 355
— 17 83
vii. 9, 10 265
— 13, 14 ... 169, 219
— 13–17 434
xi. 15 344
— 18 133
xiv. 5 122
— 13 ... ... 155, 167
xv. 3 26
xvi. 1 31
xvii. 14 ... ... 9, 222
xix. 6 147
— 14 371
— 16 429
xxi. 2, 10 ... 192, 193
— 9 49
xxii. 5 ... ... 97, 376
— 1 425
— 17 ... ... 75, 441

The *Index of Subjects* will suggest Hymns for Sacramental and other occasions.

1st Sunday in Advent .	P. 97-ii.	H. 217	P. 18-i.	H. 49	H. 144	H. 234	H. 57
2nd Sunday in Advent .	P. 119-iv.	H. 234	H. 217	H. 178	P. 19-iii.	H. 31	H. 70
3rd Sunday in Advent .	H. 166	H. 411	H. 280	H. 318	H. 102	H. 217	H. 99
4th Sunday in Advent .	H. 236	P. 98	P. 25	H. 245	H. 72	H. 49	H. 2
Christmas Day . . .	H. 56	H. 145	H. 325	H. 17	H. 432	H. 282	H. 159
1st Sunday after . .	H. 137	H. 147	H. 313	H. 331	H. 91	H. 433	P. 39
2nd Sunday after . .	P. 90-ii.	H. 39	H. 128	P. 18-ii.	H. 271	H. 16	H. 263
Circumcision	P. 90	H. 87	H. 48	P. 71-ii.	H. 177	H. 87	H. 227
Epiphany	H. 50	P. 72-ii.	H. 218	P. 67	H. 140	P. 72	H. 92
1st Sunday after . . .	P. 57	H. 164	H. 216	H. 3	H. 288	H. 199	H. 393
2nd Sunday after . .	H. 19	H. 187	H. 416	P. 100-ii.	P. 118	H. 14	H. 208
3rd Sunday after . .	P. 27	H. 389	P. 61	H. 345	H. 98	H. 71	H. 248
4th Sunday after . .	P. 19-ii.	H. 408	H. 76	H. 253	H. 417	H. 97	H. 88
5th Sunday after . .	H. 354	H. 206	P. 9	H. 67	H. 242	H. 351	H. 161
6th Sunday after . .	H. 6	H. 199	H. 217	H. 35	P. 87	H. 182	H. 99
Septuagesima . . .	H. 43	P. 148-ii.	H. 269	H. 438	P. 24	H. 90	H. 183
Sexagesima	H. 180	H. 346	H. 356	P. 6	H. 75	H. 13	H. 224
Quinquagesima . . .	P. 146	H. 8	H. 94	H. 200	H. 312	P. 1-ii.	H. 308
Ash Wednesday . . .	P. 130	H. 244	P. 130-ii.	H. 116	H. 74	P. 86	H. 276
1st Sunday in Lent .	P. 69	H. 388	H. 186	H. 230	H. 367	H. 177	H. 41
2nd Sunday in Lent .	H. 33	H. 152	H. 89	P. 23	H. 408	H. 108	H. 332
3rd Sunday in Lent .	P. 51	H. 327	H. 51	H. 306	P. 1	H. 402	H. 398
4th Sunday in Lent .	H. 214	H. 431	P. 51-ii.	H. 338	H. 174	H. 399	H. 59
5th Sunday in Lent .	H. 400	H. 304	H. 36	P. 34	P. 51-iii.	H. 112	H. 57
Sunday before Easter .	H. 9	H. 196	H. 157	H. 201	H. 206	H. 333	H. 85
Good Friday	H. 79	H. 148	H. 207	H. 14	H. 419	H. 123	H. 106
Easter Day	H. 205	H. 357	H. 18	H. 380	H. 110	H. 54	H. 129
1st Sunday after . .	H. 317	H. 318	H. 176	H. 394	H. 257	H. 58	H. 227
2nd Sunday after . .	H. 65	H. 223	H. 198	H. 335	H. 336	H. 286	P. 117
3rd Sunday after . .	H. 55	P. 119-iii.	H. 95	H. 194	P. 114	H. 52	H. 92
4th Sunday after . .	P. 119	H. 299	H. 163	P. 19	P 92	H. 406	H. 393
5th Sunday after . .	P. 1	H. 271	H. 239	H. 387	P 46	H. 298	H. 360
Ascension	P. 24	H. 382	P. 68	H. 26	H. 139	H. 215	H. 429
Sunday after	P. 84-iii.	H. 365	H. 24	H. 81	H. 236	H. 401	H. 3
Whitsunday	H. 347	H. 78	H. 62	H. 348	H. 60	H. 349	H. 161
Trinity Sunday . . .	P. 93	H. 162	H. 90	H. 40	H. 173	H. 391	H. 209
1st Sunday after . .	H. 135	H. 312	H. 246	H. 165	P. 71	H. 279	H. 42
2nd Sunday after . .	H. 27	H. 238	H. 359	P. 103-ii.	P. 149	H. 158	P. 117-ii.
3rd Sunday after . .	P. 113	H. 232	H. 229	H. 84	H. 323	H. 188	H. 248
4th Sunday after . .	H. 193	H. 407	H. 107	H. 77	H. 204	H. 197	H. 416
5th Sunday after . .	P. 5	H. 244	H. 151	H. 298	H. 296	H. 93	H. 88
6th Sunday after . .	P. 51	H. 379	H. 104	H. 220	H. 26	H. 147	H. 183
7th Sunday after . .	H. 403	H. 261	P. 119-ii.	H. 119	P. 19-iii.	H. 418	H. 182
8th Sunday after . .	H. 118	H. 292	H. 37	P. 105	H. 134	H. 241	H. 192
9th Sunday after . .	P. 95	H. 386	H. 390	H. 243	H. 284	H. 294	H. 368
10th Sunday after . .	P. 100	H. 184	H. 340	H. 191	P. 104	H. 324	H. 224
11th Sunday after . .	H. 260	H. 327	H. 258	H. 231	H. 171	H. 320	H. 360
12th Sunday after . .	P. 69-ii.	H. 174	H. 392	H. 111	H. 125	H. 259	H. 22
13th Sunday after . .	H. 10	P. 18-ii.	H. 9	H. 265	P. 97	H. 279	H. 344
14th Sunday after . .	H. 426	P. 84-iv.	H. 64	H. 33	H. 249	H. 66	H. 154
15th Sunday after . .	P. 5-ii.	H. 375	H. 96	H. 352	H. 342	H. 351	H. 85
16th Sunday after . .	H. 413	H. 300	H. 5	H. 264	P. 107	H. 102	H. 244
17th Sunday after . .	P. 84	P. 139	H. 221	H. 126	H. 384	H. 237	H. 136
18th Sunday after . .	P. 111	H. 170	H. 291	H. 184	H. 363	P. 42	H. 208
19th Sunday after . .	H. 165	P. 46-ii.	H. 347	H. 213	H. 436	P. 139-ii.	H. 225
20th Sunday after . .	H. 127	H. 83	H. 359	H. 310	H. 261	H. 206	H. 278
21st Sunday after . .	P. 67-ii.	H. 341	H. 376	H. 69	H. 293	H. 121	H. 308
22nd Sunday after . .	P. 23-ii.	H. 171	H. 443	H. 389	H. 113	H. 441	H 322
23rd Sunday after . .	H. 404	H. 373	H. 405	P. 107-ii.	H. 131	H. 439	H. 276
24th Sunday after . .	P. 77	H. 124	H. 142	H. 285	H. 53	P. 138	H. 129
25th Sunday after . .	P. 148	H. 202	H. 1	H. 143	H. 440	H. 353	H. 212

INDEX OF PSALMS.

	No. of Ps.	Part or Version.	Page.
A broken heart, my God, my King	51	II.	95
Affliction is a stormy deep	42	II.	49
All people that on earth do dwell	100	O.V.	94
As pants the hart for cooling streams	42		50
Before Jehovah's awful throne	100	II.	94
Behold the sure foundation-stone	118		10
Blest is the man who knows the Lord	112		91
Blest are the souls that hear and know	89		3
Father of mercies, in Thy word	119	IV.	16
From all that dwell below the skies	117	II.	105
From depths of woe to God I cry	130	II.	49
From lowest depths of woe	130		117
Give to our God immortal praise	136	III.	103
Glorious things of thee are spoken	87		147
God is our refuge in distress	46	II.	142
God is our refuge, tried and proved	46		64
God moves in a mysterious way	77		21
God of mercy, God of grace	67	II.	125
God of our life, to Thee we call	69		67
God's perfect law converts the soul	19	III.	17
Great God, whose universal sway	72		87
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	72	II.	180
Happy the man whose tender care	41		15
Have mercy, Lord, on me!	51		116
He that has God his Guardian made	91		142
How are Thy servants bless'd, O Lord	107		5
How blest is he who ne'er consents	1		2
How bless'd the man, with mercy crown'd	32		100
How good, how faithful, Lord, art Thou	78		26
How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord?	13		9
How pleasant, how divinely fair	84	V.	103
How pleasant is Thy dwelling-place	84	O.V.	24
How shall the young preserve their ways	119		55
Humble, Lord, my haughty spirit	131		155
I fain would love the day of rest	69	II.	79
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath	146	II.	142
In tender mercy, not in wrath	6		47
In Thee I put my steadfast trust	71		46
Jehovah reigns, enthroned in state	99		100
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	98		14

	No. of Ps.	Part or Version.	Page.
Let all the just to God with joy	33		7
Let all the lands with shouts of joy	66		41
Let us, with a gladsome mind	136	II.	140
Lord, hear my prayer and to my cry	143		38
Lord, hear the voice of my complaint	5		19
Lord! I have made Thy word my choice	119	V.	21
Lord! in the morning Thou shalt hear	5	II.	38
Lord, I will praise Thee; all my heart	9		11
Lord, my spirit flies to Thee	141		123
Lord of the worlds above	84	II.	163
Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through	139		71
Mine eyes, and my desire	25		111
My Saviour, my Almighty friend	71	II.	57
My Shepherd is the living Lord	23	O.V.	5
My soul, inspir'd with sacred love	103		89
My soul lies cleaving to the dust	119	II.	30
My soul, praise the Lord	104	O.V.	171
My soul, repeat His praise	103	II.	111
No change of times shall ever shock	18	II.	90
O! come, loud anthems let us sing	95		79
O God, how endless is Thy love	3		67
O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent	57		101
O God, my heart is fully bent	108		42
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	84	IV.	64
O God, our help in ages past	90		21
O Lord, the Saviour and Defence	90	III.	25
O Lord, Thy mercy, my sure hope	36		105
O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice	149		170
O Thou, to whom all creatures bow	8		53
Oh! had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove	55	II.	187
Oh! had I the wings of a dove	55		166
Oh, praise the Lord, and thou, my soul	146		55
Oh, praise the Lord in that blest place	150		89
Oh! render thanks, and bless the Lord	105		59
Oh! render thanks to God above	106		71
Oh! that the Lord would guide my ways	119	III.	30
Oh! 'twas a joyful sound to hear	122		23
On God alone my spirit waits	62		60
One thing of God I do desire	27	O.V.	41
Pleasant are Thy courts above	84	III.	126
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him	148	II.	156
Praise ye the Lord. Our God to praise	111		97
Rejoice! The Lord is King	97		182
Remark with awe the narrow bounds	90	II.	7
Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive	51	III.	83
Sweet is the work, O God, our King	92		81
Teach us, O Lord, how brief our date	39		51
The fear of God is excellent	19	O.V.	36

	No. of Ps.	Part or Version.	Page.
The heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord	19	II.	19
The Lord descended from above	18	O.V.	9
The Lord Himself, the mighty Lord	23	II.	61
The Lord is King, let earth be glad	97	II.	93
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	23	III.	160
The Lord my strong salvation is	27	II.	9
The Lord on Sinai made His throne	114		59
The Son of Man is gone on high	68		76
The spacious firmament on high	19	IV.	191
Thee I'll extol, my God and King	145		61
This spacious earth is all the Lord's	24		27
Thou, gracious Lord, art my defence	3	II.	55
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	139	II.	104
Thou Lord of glory and of grace	1	II.	53
Through all the changing scenes of life	34		51
'Tis a pleasant thing to see	133		135
To bless Thy chosen race	67		111
To celebrate Thy praise, O Lord	9	II.	50
To God, the mighty Lord	136		174
To my complaint, O Lord, my God	86		54
To Sion's hill I lift my eyes	121		23
Unto Thee I lift my eyes	123		130
What sinners value, I resign	17		71
When Jesus to our rescue came	126		40
When overwhelm'd with grief	61		117
When we, our wearied limbs to rest	137		68
With all my powers of heart and tongue	138		67
With cheerful notes let all the earth	117		12
With glory clad, with strength array'd	93		75
With songs of grateful praise	107	II.	175
Ye boundless realms of joy	148		163
Ye saints and servants of the Lord	113		191

INDEX OF HYMNS.

No.		Page
1.	A charge to keep I have . . . . . *Wesley.*	119
2.	"A little while"—our Lord shall come	67
3.	Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide . . . . . *Lyte.*	164
4.	According to Thy gracious word . . . . . *Montgomery.*	6
5.	Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near . . . . . *Fawcett.*	82
6.	Again the day returns of holy rest . . . . . *Mason.*	164
7.	Alas! and did my Saviour bleed ? . . . . . *Watts.*	62
8.	All glory to the Sovereign good . . . . . *Moravian.*	168
9.	All hail the power of Jesu's name! . . . . . *Perronet.*	43
10.	All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept . . . . . *Ken.*	92
11.	Almighty God, in humble prayer . . . . . *Montgomery.*	7
12.	Almighty God, Thy piercing eye . . . . . *Watts.*	48
13.	Almighty God, Thy word is cast . . . . . *Cawood.*	23
14.	And can it be that I should gain . . . . . *Wesley.*	178
15.	And dost thou say, Ask what thou wilt . . . . . *Newton.*	91
16.	And now, my soul, another year . . . . . *Browne.*	13
17.	Angels from the realms of glory . . . . . *Montgomery.*	146
18.	Angels, roll the rock away . . . . . *Scott.*	129
19.	Another six days' work is done . . . . . *Stennett.*	92
20.	Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat . . . . . *Newton.*	27
21.	Arm of the Lord, awake, awake . . . . . *Shrubsole.*	101
22.	As every day Thy mercy spares . . . . . *Anon.*	179
23.	As o'er the past my memory strays . . . . . *Bp. Middleton.*	48
24.	As when the weary trav'ller gains . . . . . *Newton.*	99
25.	Asleep in Jesus: blessed sleep . . . . . *Mrs. Mackay.*	82
26.	Awake and sing the song . . . . . *Hammond.*	118
27.	Awake, my soul, and with the sun . . . . . *Ken.*	92
28.	Awake, my soul, in joyful lays . . . . . *Medley.*	66
29.	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve . . . . . *Doddridge.*	25
30.	Awake, our souls, away our fears . . . . . *Watts.*	98
31.	Be still, be still, impatient soul . . . . . *Croly.*	177
32.	Be still, my heart, these anxious cares . . . . . *Newton.*	108
33.	Begone, unbelief! my Saviour is near . . . . . *Newton.*	171
34.	Behold! He comes, the promised seed	17
35.	Behold me, Lord, and if Thou find . . . . . *Croly.*	73
36.	Behold the throne of grace . . . . . *Newton.*	116
37.	Behold, what wondrous grace . . . . . *Watts.*	120
38.	Beneath our feet and o'er our head . . . . . *Heber.*	38
39.	Bless, O Lord, the opening year . . . . . *Newton.*	134
40.	Bless'd be the Father and His love . . . . . *Watts.*	106
41.	Blessed Lord, who Thee receive . . . . . *Rugby Coll.*	135
42.	Blest be the dear, uniting love . . . . . *Wesley.*	3
43.	Blest day of God, most calm, most bright . . . . . *Mason.*	2
44.	Blest is the man whose heart expands . . . . . *J. Straphan.*	53
45.	Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed . . . . . *Conder.*	125
46.	Bread of the world in mercy broken . . . . . *Heber.*	149

No.		Page
47.	Brethren, come, our Saviour bids us . . . . . *Kelly.*	151
48.	Brethren, let us join and bless . . . . . *Steele.*	133
49.	Bride of the Lamb! awake, awake . . . . . *Denny.*	7
50.	Brightest and best of the sons of the morning . . . . . *Heber.*	85
51.	Cast thy burden on the Lord . . . . . *Anon.*	131
52.	Children of the heavenly King . . . . . *Cennick.*	132
53.	Christ is th' eternal Rock . . . . . *Hart.*	114
54.	Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day . . . . . *Wesley's Coll.*	129
55.	Christ, whose glory fills the skies . . . . . *Wesley.*	137
56.	Christians awake, salute the happy morn . . . . . *Byrom.*	162
57.	Christian brethren, ere we part . . . . . *B. Barton.* (?)	135
58.	Come, condescending Saviour, come . . . . . *Doddridge.*	74
59.	Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell . . . . . *Watts.*	101
60.	Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . . . *Browne.*	88
61.	Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire . . . . . *Pr. Bk.*	77
62.	Come, Holy Spirit, come . . . . . *Hart.*	117
63.	Come, Holy Spirit, guide my song	4
64.	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . . . *Watts.*	47
65.	Come, let us join our cheerful songs . . . . . *Watts.*	42
66.	Come, let us join our friends above . . . . . *Wesley.*	28
67.	Come, let us search our hearts, and try . . . . . *Watts's Lyrics.*	39
68.	Come, let us to the Lord our God . . . . . *Morrison.*	39
69.	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare . . . . . *Newton.*	140
70.	Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above . . . . . *Wesley.*	74
71.	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing . . . . . *Robinson.*	153
72.	Come, Thou long-expected Jesus . . . . . *Madan.*	152
73.	Come, Thou mighty King of kings . . . . . *Rolfe.*	134
74.	Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish . . . . . *T. Moore.*	85
75.	Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched . . . . . *Hart.*	121
76.	Come, ye that love the Lord . . . . . *Watts.*	120
77.	Come, ye that love the Saviour's name . . . . . *Steele.*	15
78.	Creator Spirit! by whose aid . . . . . *Dryden.*	161
79.	Dark was the night, and cold the ground . . . . . *H. Moore.*	63
80.	Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness . . . . . *T. Moore.*	85
81.	Daughter of Zion, from the dust . . . . . *Montgomery.*	29
82.	Day of judgment, day of wonders . . . . . *Newton.*	121
83.	Day of wrath! that awful day . . . . . *Dean Alford, altd.*	186
84.	Dear Refuge of my weary soul . . . . . *Steele.*	26
85.	Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord . . . . . *Hart.*	94
86.	Dread Jehovah, God of nations . . . . . *Xtn. Psal.*	157
87.	Eight days amid this world of woe . . . . . *S. P. C. K. Coll.*	33
88.	Ere another Sabbath close . . . . . *Toplady.*	133
89.	Eternal God, we look to Thee	9
90.	Eternal hallelujahs . . . . . *Toplady.*	176
91.	Eternal Source of every joy . . . . . *Doddridge.*	69
92.	Eternal Sun of Righteousness . . . . . *Wesley.*	64
93.	Faint not, Christian! though the road . . . . . *Harland's Coll.*	122
94.	Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss . . . . . *Turner.*	60
95.	Far from my heavenly home . . . . . *Lyte.*	109
96.	Far from the world, O Lord, I flee . . . . . *Cowper.*	15
97.	Far from these narrow scenes of night . . . . . *Steele.*	28
98.	Father, again in Jesu's name we meet . . . . . *White.*	165
99.	Father, before we hence depart	21

No.			Page
100.	Father, Lord, who seest in me	*Lock Coll.*	123
101.	Father of heaven, whose love profound	*Steele.*	108
102.	Father of mercies, bow Thine ear	*Beddome.*	97
103.	Father of mercies, send Thy grace	*Doddridge.*	40
104.	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	*Steele.*	6
105.	For all Thy saints, O Lord	*Bp. Mant.*	109
106.	For ever here my rest shall be	*Wesley.*	22
107.	For ever with the Lord.	*Montgomery.*	119
108.	For mercies countless as the sands	*Newton.*	20
109.	Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	*Wesley.*	100
110.	Forward let the people go		136
111.	Fountain of mercy, God of love	*Flowerdew.*	23
112.	From Egypt lately come	*Kelly.*	120
113.	From every stormy wind that blows	*Stowell.*	83
114.	From Greenland's icy mountains	*Heber.*	180
115.	From the cross uplifted high	*Haweis.*	141
116.	Gently, gently lay Thy rod	*Lyte.*	133
117.	Give me the wings of faith to rise	*Watts.*	18
118.	Glory to God on high	*Rippon's Sel.*	183
119.	Glory be to God on high	*Wesley.*	134
120.	Glory, glory everlasting	*Kelly.*	145
121.	Glory to Thee, my God, this night	*Ken.*	80
122.	Glory to Thee, O Lord		190
123.	Go to dark Gethsemane	*Montgomery.*	139
124.	God in the Gospel of His Son	*Beddome.*	105
125.	God is love, His mercy brightens		147
126.	God of mercy, God of grace	*Lyte.*	125
127.	God of my life, through all my days	*Wesley.*	97
128.	God of our life, Thy various praise	*Heginbotham.*	33
129.	God, that madest earth and heaven	*Heber.*	189
130.	Grace; 'tis a charming sound	*Doddridge.*	113
131.	Gracious Spirit, Love divine	*Noel's Selection.*	123
132.	Great God of wonders, all Thy ways	*Davies.*	178
133.	Great God, what do I see and hear	*Luther.*	169
134.	Great Shepherd of Thy people here	*Newton.*	43
135.	Great the joy when Christians meet	*Burder.*	135
136.	Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah	*Williams.*	149
137.	Hail! Son of God, in glory crown'd		37
138.	Hail the day that sees Him rise	*Madan.*	129
139.	Hail, Thou once despised Jesus	*Bakewell.*	146
140.	Hail! Thou source of ev'ry blessing	*Robinson.*	154
141.	Happiness, delightful name	*Toplady.*	122
142.	Happy the heart where graces reign	*Wesley.*	15
143.	Hark! my soul, it is the Lord	*Cowper.*	139
144.	Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes	*Doddridge.*	8
145.	Hark! the herald angels sing	*Doddr., Pr. Bk.*	124
146.	Hark! the solemn trumpet sounding		121
147.	Hark! the song of Jubilee	*Montgomery.*	127
148.	Hark! the voice of love and mercy	*Evans.*	145
149.	He dies, the Friend of sinners dies	*Watts.*	73
150.	He, who with generous pity glows		84
151.	Head of the Church triumphant	*De Courcy.*	176
152.	Heal us, Emmanuel, here we are	*Cowper.*	61
153.	Hear me, O Lord, in my distress		68
154.	Hear what God the Lord hath spoken	*Cowper.*	155

No.		Page
155.	Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims . . . . . *Watts.*	49
156.	Heavenly Father! may Thy love . . . . . *Elliott.*	140
157.	Heavenly Father! to whose eye . . . . . *Conder.*	130
158.	Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear . . . . . *Cotterill.*	81
159.	High let us swell our tuneful notes . . . . . *Pr. Bk.*	37
160.	Holy Bible, book divine. . . . . *Burton.*	131
161.	Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness . . . . . *Toplady.*	155
162.	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty . . . . . *Heber.*	184
163.	Holy Spirit, from on high . . . . . *Bathurst.*	130
164.	Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn . . . . . *Anon.*	32
165.	Hosanna to the living Lord . . . . . *Heber.*	66
166.	How beauteous are their feet . . . . . *Watts.*	119
167.	How blest the righteous when he dies . . . . . *Barbauld.*	72
168.	How blest, to rest in lively hope	31
169.	How bright these glorious spirits shine . . *Watts and Cameron.*	31
170.	How do Thy mercies close me round . . . . . *Wesley.*	96
171.	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . . . . *Newton.*	16
172.	I asked the Lord that I might grow . . . . . *Newton.*	96
173.	I give immortal praise . . . . . *Watts.*	175
174.	I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . . *Bonar.*	34
175.	I journey through a desert drear and wild . . . . . *Walker.*	165
176.	I know that my Redeemer lives . . . . . *Medley.*	70
177.	I lay my sins on Jesus . . . . . *Bonar.*	181
178.	I love the sacred book of God . . . . . *Kelly.*	107
179.	I prais'd the earth in beauty seen . . . . . *Heber.*	161
180.	I sing of judgment and of grace . . . . . *Com. Psalter.*	96
181.	If human kindness meets return . . . . . *Noel.*	31
182.	I'm but a stranger here . . . . . *Taylor.*	158
183.	In mercy, Lord, remember me . . . . . *American.*	31
184.	In the hour of trial . . . . . *Montgomery.*	188
185.	In token that thou shalt not fear . . . . . *Alford.*	15
186.	Incarnate God! the soul that knows . . . . . *Newton.*	29
187.	Incarnate Word, who wont to dwell	104
188.	Inspirer and Hearer of prayer . . . . . *Toplady.*	166
189.	Is Jesus gone? shall mortal eye . . . . . *Com. Psalter.*	77
190.	Israel in ancient days . . . . . *Cowper.*	174
191.	Jerusalem, Jerusalem, enthroned . . . . . *Heber.*	35
192.	Jerusalem, my happy home . . . . . *Anon.*	56
193.	Jerusalem, the golden . . . . . *Bernard (Neale tr.)*	167
194.	Jesus! and can it ever be . . . . . *Grigg.*	75
195.	Jesus calls us o'er the tumult . . . . . *S. P. C. K. Coll.*	148
196.	Jesus! exalted far on high . . . . . *S. P. C. K. Coll.*	41
197.	Jesus, I my cross have taken . . . . . *Lyte.*	153
198.	Jesus, in Thy blest name we meet . . . . . *Steele.*	86
199.	Jesus, lover of my soul . . . . . *Wesley.*	154
200.	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun . . . . . *Watts.*	87
201.	Jesus, these lips can ne'er proclaim	78
202.	Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness . . . . . *Wesley.*	86
203.	Jesus, we lift our souls to Thee . . . . . *Beck.*	47
204.	Jesus, where'er Thy people meet . . . . . *Cowper.*	85
205.	Jesus Christ is risen to-day . . . . . *Pr. Bk.*	129
206.	Just as I am, without one plea . . . . . *Elliott.*	172
207.	Lamb of God, whose dying love . . . . . *Wesley, alt.*	123
208.	Lead, Saviour, lead, amid the encircling gloom . . *J. H. Newman.*	185

No.		Page
209.	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us . . . . . *Edmeston.*	148
210.	Leaning on Thee, my Guide and Friend . . . . . *Ryle's Coll.*	102
211.	Led by a Father's gentle hand . . . . . *Bathurst.*	107
212.	Let me be with Thee where Thou art . . . . . *Ryle's Coll.*	85
213.	Let me but hear my Saviour say . . . . . *Elliott.*	103
214.	Let us love, and sing, and wonder . . . . . *Newton.*	151
215.	Lift up your heads, ye gates of light . . . . . *Croly.*	44
216.	Light of those whose dreary dwelling . . . . . *Toplady.*	153
217.	Lo! He comes with clouds descending . . . . *Wesley and Madan.*	143
218.	Lo! in the East appear'd a star	106
219.	Lo! round the throne at God's right hand . . . . . *Duncan.*	101
220.	Long have we heard the joyful sound . . . . . *Watts.*	39
221.	Look down, O Lord, and on your youth . . . . . *Cotterill.*	80
222.	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious . . . . . *Kelly.*	143
223.	Lord, a thousand foes surround us . . . . . *Com. Psalter.*	157
224.	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing . . . . . *Burder.*	151
225.	Lord, go with us, grant Thy blessing . . . . . *Burder.*	148
226.	Lord God of hosts! who dost fulfil	190
227.	Lord! help us on Thy word to feed	59
228.	Lord, I am Thine; brought into life . . . . . *Com. Psalter.*	44
229.	Lord I have sinned, but oh, forgive . . . . . *Lyte.*	2
230.	Lord I look for all to Thee . . . . . *Lyte.*	139
231.	Lord I would stand with thoughtful eye . . . . . *Lyte.*	62
232.	Lord if Thou Thy grace impart . . . . . *Madan.*	123
233.	Lord, look on all assembled here . . . . . *Bickersteth's Coll.*	25
234.	Lord of every land and nation . . . . . *Elliott's Coll.*	151
235.	Lord of heaven and earth and ocean . . . . . *Crosse.*	156
236.	Lord of mercy and of might . . . . . *Heber.*	186
237.	Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray . . . . . *Doddridge.*	87
238.	Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee . . . . . *Xtn. Ps.*	160
239.	Lord, teach us how to pray aright . . . . . *Montgomery.*	20
240.	Lord, Thine ancient people see	131
241.	Lord, when earthly comforts flee	127
242.	Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove . . . . . *Doddridge.*	78
243.	Lord, when our offerings we present . . . . . *Bathurst.*	58
244.	Lord, when we bend before Thy throne . . . . . *Carlisle.*	35
245.	Lord, who hast sought us out unsought . . . . . *Croly.*	40
246.	Love divine, all love excelling . . . . . *Wesley.*	153
247.	Mark'd as the purpose of the skies . . . . . *Noel.*	97
248.	May the grace of Christ our Saviour . . . . . *Newton.*	151
249.	My dear Redeemer and my Lord . . . . . *Watts.*	78
250.	My God! and is Thy table spread . . . . . *Doddridge.*	75
251.	My God! is any hour so sweet . . . . . *Elliott.*	103
252.	My God, my Father, while I stray . . . . . *Elliott.*	102
253.	My God, the cov'nant of Thy love . . . . . *Doddridge.*	59
254.	My God, the spring of all my joys . . . . . *Watts.*	60
255.	My heart its noblest theme has found . . . . . *Merrick.*	86
256.	My Hiding-place, my Refuge, Tower . . . . . *Watts.*	58
257.	My times are in Thy hand . . . . . *Edmeston.*	113
258.	My rest is in Heaven, my rest is not here . . . . *Lowestoft Coll.*	187
259.	Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . . . *S. F. Adams.*	158
260.	New every morning is Thy love . . . . . *Keble.*	89
261.	Not all the blood of beasts . . . . . *Watts.*	115
262.	Now begin the heavenly theme . . . . . *Langford.*	125
263.	Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal . . . . . *Newton.*	46

No.			Page
264.	Now in a song of grateful praise	*Watts's Supplt.*	79
265.	Now let us join with hearts and tongues	*Newton.*	79
266.	Now, Lord, to ev'ry heart make known		98
267.	O bless the Lord, my soul	*Watts.*	114
268.	O Christ, the Leader of that war-worn host	*Fr. the German.*	185
269.	O for a heart to praise my God	*Wesley.*	50
270.	O God, from Thee alone	*S. P. C. K. Coll.*	118
271.	O God of Bethel, by whose hand	*Doddridge.*	57
272.	O God unseen, yet ever near	*Osler.*	8
273.	O help us, Lord, each hour of need	*Milman.*	11
274.	O Israel's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide	*Tate.*	99
275.	O King of kings, Thy blessings shed	*Xtn. Ps.*	77
276.	O Lord! I would delight in Thee	*Ryland.*	29
277.	O Lord, my best desires fulfil	*Cowper.*	11
278.	O Lord, that art my righteous Judge		45
279.	O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart	*Oberlin.*	168
280.	O Saviour, is Thy promise fled	*Heber.*	93
281.	O Saviour of the faithful dead	*S. P. C. K. Coll.*	48
282.	O Saviour! whom this joyful morn	*Heber.*	37
283.	O Spirit of the living God	*Montgomery.*	91
284.	O Thou, from whom all goodness flows	*Haweis.*	13
285.	O Thou that dwellest in the heavens high	*Hogg.*	191
286.	O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend	*C. Elliott.*	172
287.	O Thou, to whose all-seeing eye		35
288.	O Thou, to whose all-searching sight	*Wesley.*	70
289.	O Thou, who camest from above	*Wesley.*	66
290.	O Thou, who did'st with love untold	*S. P. C. K. Coll.*	24
291.	O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear	*Moore.*	5
292.	O Thou, who hast at Thy command	*Cotterill.*	90
293.	O Thou, whom thoughtless men contemn	*Lyte.*	173
294.	O where shall rest be found	*Cotterill's Coll.*	190
295.	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	*Williams.*	144
296.	Of every earthly stay bereft	*Lyte.*	53
297.	Oft as the bell, with solemn toll	*Newton.*	72
298.	Oft in danger, oft in woe	*H. K. White.*	132
299.	Oh! for a closer walk with God	*Cowper.*	6
300.	Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing	*Wesley.*	14
301.	Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice	*Doddridge.*	105
302.	Oh! that the Lord's salvation	*Lyte.*	167
303.	Oh! what a bright and blessed world	*Com. Psalter.*	108
304.	Oh! what a lonely path were ours	*T. Moore.*	26
305.	Oh! why should Israel's sons, once bless'd	*Xtn. Psal.*	91
306.	O worship the King, all glorious above	*Sir Robt. Grant.*	170
307.	On the mountain's top appearing	*Kelly.*	144
308.	On what has now been sown	*Newton.*	182
309.	One there is, above all others	*Newton.*	150
310.	Our Father, Lord, who art in heaven	*Judson.*	45
311.	Our friend is gone before	*Com. Psalter.*	159
312.	Our God is love, and all His saints	*Wilkinson.*	12
313.	Our Helper, God, we bless Thy name	*Doddridge.*	106
314.	Our souls shall magnify the Lord	*Montgomery.*	69
315.	Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	*Watts.*	63
316.	Poor and afflicted, Lord, are Thine	*Kelly.*	81
317.	Pour down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord	*Newton.*	8
318.	Pour, Lord, Thy Spirit from on high	*Montgomery.*	71

No.		Page
319.	Praise, my soul, the King of heaven . . . . . *Lyte.*	145
320.	Praise to God, immortal praise . . . . . *Barbauld.*	137
321.	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . . . . *Montgomery.*	4
322.	Put thou thy trust in God . . . . . *Luther, altd.*	119
323.	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . . . . *Newton.*	141
324.	Rejoice, believer, in the Lord . . . . . *Newton.*	12
325.	Rejoice in Jesu's birth	111
326.	Return, O wanderer, return . . . . . *B. Noel.*	75
327.	Rock of ages! cleft for me . . . . . *Toplady.*	125
328.	Safely through another week . . . . . *Newton.*	136
329.	Salvation is for ever nigh	69
330.	Salvation! oh, the joyful sound . . . . . *Watts.*	4
331.	Saviour, abide with me . . . . . *Neale.*	112
332.	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing . . . . . *Edmeston.*	155
333.	Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . . . . *Sir R. Grant.*	138
334.	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding . . . . . *S. P. C. K. Coll.*	156
335.	See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands . . . . . *Doddridge.*	10
336.	See the good Shepherd, Jesus stands . . . . . *Anon.*	55
337.	Servants of God, awake, arise	46
338.	Shepherd of Thine Israel, lead us	145
339.	Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine . . . . . *Watts.*	65
340.	Sing we the song of those who stand . . . . . *Montgomery.*	65
341.	Soldiers of Christ, arise! . . . . . *Wesley.*	109
342.	Sometimes a light surprises . . . . . *Cowper.*	181
343.	Songs of praise the angels sang . . . . . *Montgomery.*	124
344.	Soon may the last glad song arise . . . . . *American.*	93
345.	Soon shall the evening star with silver ray . . . . . *W. Mason.*	165
346.	Sow in the morn thy seed . . . . . *Montgomery.*	113
347.	Spirit divine, attend our prayer . . . . . *Ryle's Coll.*	43
348.	Spirit of mercy, truth, and love . . . . . *S. P. C. K. Coll.*	77
349.	Spirit of truth, on this Thy day . . . . . *Heber.*	47
350.	Stern winter throws his icy chains . . . . . *Steele.*	56
351.	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear . . . . . *Keble.*	84
352.	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . . . . *Batty.*	152
353.	Sweeter sounds than music knows . . . . . *Newton.*	141
354.	Teach us, Almighty Lord, this day . . . . . *Croly.*	54
355.	That day of wrath, that dreadful day . . . . . *W. Scott.*	73
356.	The billows swell, the winds are high . . . . . *Cowper.*	73
357.	The happy morn is come . . . . . *Haweis.*	175
358.	The heathen perish, day by day . . . . . *Montgomery.*	76
359.	The King of heav'n His table spreads . . . . . *Doddridge.*	52
360.	The light is wearing fast away	105
361.	The long expected morn . . . . . *Kelly.*	182
362.	The Lord of Harvest, let us sing . . . . . *S. Wesley.*	90
363.	The Lord of might from Sinai's brow . . . . . *Heber.*	169
364.	The Lord who died on earth for men . . . . . *Lyte.*	27
365.	The Lord who once on Calv'ry bled . . . . . *Logan.*	95
366.	The Lord will come! the earth shall quake . . . . . *Heber.*	99
367.	The Lord will happiness divine . . . . . *Cowper.*	18
368.	The saints should never be dismay'd . . . . . *Cowper.*	3
369.	The Saviour! oh, what endless charms . . . . . *Steele.*	19
370.	The Saviour! what a noble flame . . . . . *Cowper.*	36
371.	The Son of God goes forth to war . . . . . *Heber.*	32

No.			Page
372.	The Spirit breathes upon the word	*Cowper.*	10
373.	Thee we adore, Eternal Name	*Watts.*	39
374.	Thee will I love, my strength and tower	*Watts.*	160
375.	There is a fountain fill'd with blood	*Cowper.*	29
376.	There is a land of pure delight	*Watts.*	35
377.	There is a safe and secret place	*Lyte.*	22
378.	There is a path that leads to God	*J. Taylor.*	33
379.	There is an hour when I must part	*Reed.*	33
380.	This is the day the Lord hath made	*Watts.*	59
381.	This stone to Thee in faith we lay	*Montgomery.*	81
382.	Thou art gone up on high	*Toke.*	115
383.	Thou art the way, to Thee alone	*Dr. Doane.*	36
384.	Thou boundless Source of every good	*S. P. C. K. Coll.*	31
385.	Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb	*Cennick.*	17
386.	Thou God of power and God of love	*Walker.*	173
387.	Thou hidden love of God whose height	*Wesley.*	179
388.	Thou Lord of mercy and of might	*Croly.*	62
389.	Thou ransomed sinner, wouldst thou know	*Keble.*	11
390.	Thou whom my soul admires above		99
391.	Thou, whose almighty word	*Marriott.*	183
392.	Though troubles assail and dangers affright	*Newton.*	171
393.	Through the day Thy love hath spared us	*Kelly.*	150
394.	Through the love of God our Saviour	*Bowly.*	189
395.	'Tis sweet to think of those at rest		5
396.	To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now	*American.*	63
397.	To God be glory, peace on earth	*Pr. Bk.*	45
398.	To God the only wise	*Watts.*	113
399.	To-morrow, Lord, is Thine	*Doddridge.*	112
400.	To Thee, O Lord, with dawning light	*S. P. C. K. Coll.*	19
401.	Triumphant, Christ ascends on high	*Mrs. Steele.*	51
402.	Try us, O God, and search the ground	*Wesley.*	17
403.	Welcome days of solemn meeting	*Ch. Psalter.*	147
404.	Welcome, sweet day of rest	*Watts.*	110
405.	We've no abiding city here	*Kelly.*	72
406.	What cheering words are these	*Kent.*	110
407.	What tongue can tell, what fancy paint	*Kelly.*	104
408.	What various hindrances we meet	*Cowper.*	88
409.	When all Thy mercies, O my God	*Addison.*	45
410.	When blooming youth is snatch'd away	*Mrs. Steele.*	58
411.	When Christ came down on earth of old	*S. P. C. K. Coll.*	74
412.	When Christ the Lord would come on earth		83
413.	When darkness long has veil'd the mind	*Cowper.*	88
414.	When every scene this side the grave		83
415.	When gathering clouds around I view	*Sir R. Grant.*	179
416.	When I can read my title clear	*Watts.*	41
417.	When I can trust my all with God	*Conder.*	177
418.	When I listen to Thy word	*J. Taylor.*	159
419.	When I survey the wondrous cross	*Watts.*	98
420.	When Jesus left the throne of God	*Montgomery.*	22
421.	When langour and disease invade	*Toplady.*	57
422.	When musing sorrow weeps the past	*Noel.*	25
423.	When on Sinai's top I see	*Montgomery.*	131
424.	When our heads are bow'd with woe	*Milman.*	138
425.	When rising from the bed of death	*Addison.*	49
426.	When streaming from the Eastern skies	*Sir Robt. Grant.*	161
427.	When the world my heart is rending	*Bathurst.*	149

No.			Page
428.	When this passing world is done	*McCheyne.*	137
429.	Whence those unusual bursts of joy	*Kelly.*	42
430.	Where high the heavenly temple stands	*Logan.*	76
431.	While passing through this wilderness	*Xtn. Psal.*	95
432.	While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night	*Pr. Bk.*	52
433.	While, with ceaseless course, the sun	*Newton.*	133
434.	Who are those arrayed in white	*De Courcy.*	127
435.	Why do we mourn departed friends	*Watts.*	63
436.	Why should the children of a King	*Watts.*	24
437.	Why sinks my weak, desponding mind	*Steele.*	68
438.	Why those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus	*Kelly.*	149
439.	With anxious eyes I look around	*Hugh White.*	107
440.	With joy we celebrate the grace	*Watts.*	29
441.	Ye dying sons of men	*Boden.*	175
442.	Ye servants of the Lord	*Doddridge.*	116
443.	Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears	*Beddome.*	3
444.	Zion is Jehovah's dwelling	*Kelly.*	157
445.	Brief life is here our portion	*Bernard* (*Neale tr.*)	1

THE END.

THE CHURCH AND HOME

Metrical Psalter and Hymnal.

EDITED BY THE

Rev. W. WINDLE, M.A.

THE MUSIC REVISED

By GEORGE COOPER, Esq.,

The Organist.

LIST OF PRICES AND BINDINGS.

Specimen Copies sent Post Free on receipt of Cost.

Special Terms are made to Clergymen, &c., who purchase quantities at a time.

A.—SMALL EDITION.—Two Columns.

A 1.	Cloth limp, sprinkled edges	0s. 4d.
A 2.	Cloth boards, sprinkled edges	0s. 6d.
A 3.	Roan embossed, gilt edges	0s. 8d.

B.—POPULAR EDITION.

B 1.	Cloth boards, lettered, red edges	0s. 9d.
B 2.	Roan, gilt letterings, red edges	1s. 0d.
B 3.	Morocco (French), gilt edges	2s. 6d.

C.—LARGE TYPE EDITION.

C 1.	Cloth boards, red edges	2s. 6d.
C 2.	Roan, red edges	3s. 6d.
C 3.	Best Morocco, gilt edges	6s. 0d.

D.—PULPIT EDITION.—The margin broad.

D 1.	Cloth boards, red edges	3s. 6d.
D 2.	Roan, red edges	5s. 0d.
D 3.	Best Morocco, gilt edges	8s. 0d.

E.—MUSICAL EDITION.

E 1.	Cloth boards, red edges	2s. 0d.
E 2.	Roan, red edges	2s. 6d.
E 3.	Morocco (French), gilt edges	3s. 6d.

F.—MUSICAL EDITION.—Large Type.

F 1.	Cloth boards, red edges	5s. 0d.
F 2.	Clerical half calf, red edges	7s. 6d.
F 3.	Best Morocco, gilt edges	12s. 6d.